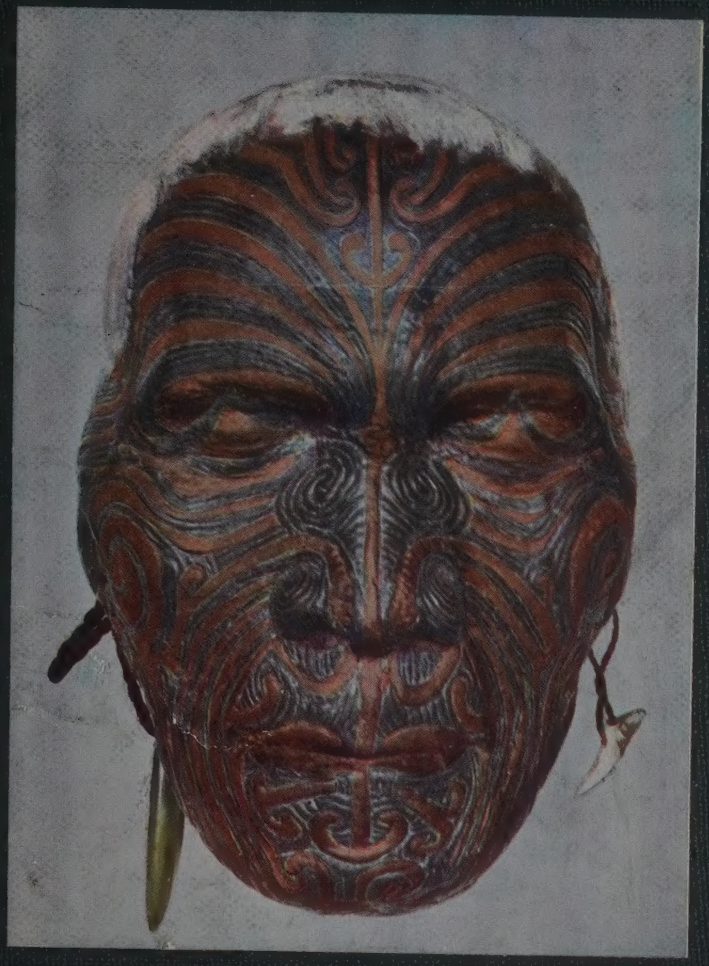
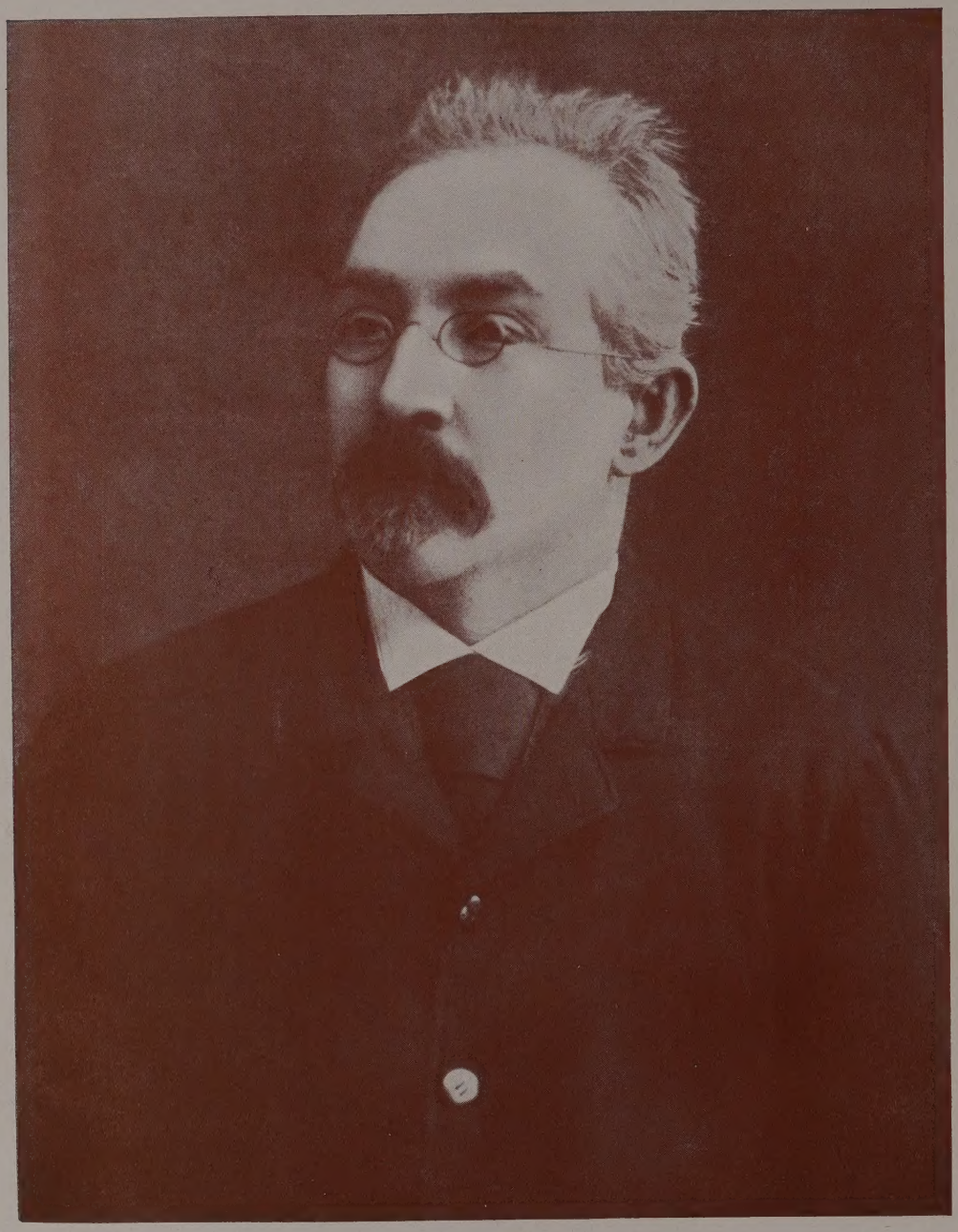


# PICTURES OF OLD NEW ZEALAND

Auckland, N.Z.
Apr 29/13 Globe.

# Pictures of Old New Zealand



Gottfried Lindauer

(Born 1839, Died June 13, 1926)

# Pictures *of* Old New Zealand

## The Partridge Collection of Maori Paintings

*by*

GOTTFRIED LINDAUER

*Described by*

JAMES COWAN

Whitcombe & Tombs Limited
AUCKLAND CHRISTCHURCH DUNEDIN WELLINGTON
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# Preface

This book is a descriptive catalogue of a series of Maori portraits and illustrations, of primitive native life and customs, painted by Gottfried Lindauer for the Partridge collection, now the possession of the citizens of Auckland, New Zealand. Mr. H. E. Partridge's collection of Maori portraits and pictures of the old native ways is unrivalled in the world. It gives the visitor from abroad, as well as the colonist, an excellent idea of what the native people of the old school were like, the dignified rangatiras and warrior chiefs, who have now all passed away to the Reinga, the spiritland. We have seen the last of the tattooed old chiefs who were the types of a splendid primitive race. The portraits in the Lindauer Room in the Auckland Art Gallery are those of people now dead; it is impossible ever again to make such a collection of characteristic pictures of native chiefs and men and women of note. The tattooed features of these fine old scions of the famous Polynesian explorers' stock are of peculiar interest now that the men themselves are no longer in the flesh. The whole of the portraits were painted by the late Mr. Gottfried Lindauer, who during half a century's residence in New Zealand sketched and painted from life scores of people of the native race. The pictures in the gallery, numbering about eighty, were painted to Mr. H. E. Partridge's order at various times by Mr. Lindauer. As studies in moko (tattooing) alone the portraits are of great ethnological value.

The biographical sketches of these notable men and women of the Maori race have been compiled carefully from the most reliable data and from personal knowledge. Most of the narratives given have been collected by the writer from relatives of the chiefs concerned, or from other well-informed members of their tribes; while with a number of the subjects, the biographer was personally closely acquainted. The collection of pictures and biographies will, it is hoped, form an addition of some value to the historical records of Old New Zealand.

It was during the Great War that this collection became the property of the citizens of Auckland, as the result of an appeal in connection with the Belgian Relief Fund. The following extract from an article by the present

writer at the time explains the manner in which the gallery passed from the collector's hands:

"The fine generosity of the New Zealand people in response to the ever-repeated calls upon them for assistance to the distressed Belgians will have a permanent memorial in at least one of our cities. The name of H. E. Partridge will be handed on to future generations of Aucklanders as that of the citizen who sacrificed the art collection of a lifetime when 'the cry of the little peoples went up to God in pain,' a cry that carried to him a peculiarly strong appeal, for he knew the Belgians, and he could appreciate to the full the calamity that had overtaken the brave little nation. Yet Mr. Partridge would scarcely call his parting with the Lindauer art gallery a sacrifice, after all, for it will remain as the heritage of the city in which he has lived for more than forty years, a legacy that will not only bring to mind this country's liberal answer to the call for help, but that will preserve something of the real Old New Zealand for the coming years when the adventurous and romantic period in the Dominion's history will have assumed the remoteness and dimness almost of a dream.

"The Auckland public performed their part of the giving to the Belgians with excellent promptness and cheerfulness. The conditions on which Mr. Partridge presented his gallery, of between seventy and eighty pictures, valued at £25,000, was that the public should subscribe £10,000 to the relief fund. This, of course, was in addition to the tens of thousands already given for the Belgians. The money came pouring in, in big cheques and in shillings and even pence, and in a very few weeks the list was closed over-subscribed, and the £10,000 cheque handed to Mr. Partridge and handed over by him to the Consul for Belgium, while at the same time he handed to the Mayor of Auckland the documents conveying the pictures to the city for all time. The story of that £10,000 cheque and its triple handling will always be a pleasant memory in Auckland, a place which has benefited more than any other centre in the Dominion from the munificence of its private citizens, from the days of Grey and Costley and Mackelvie onwards."

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# Introduction

## THE ARTIST AND HIS LIFE WORK

Some account of the artist from whose brush these Maori portraits and illustrations of Maori customs came, will interest admirers of the Gallery. Gottfried Lindauer was born at Pilsen, Bohemia, Austria, on January 5th, 1839. At the age of sixteen he left Pilsen for Vienna to study portrait painting under Professors Fuehrich and Kuppelwiesser. After seven years' close study, Lindauer's work began to attract the attention of a number of wealthy and prominent persons from whom, for several years, he received many valuable commissions. Later he was engaged to visit various parts of Austria, Moravia and Russia, painting Biblical subjects for a number of Catholic cathedrals, churches and eminent churchmen.

On completion of these commissions, Mr. Lindauer returned to Bohemia. While there he happened to read an article in one of the local journals giving a glowing account of the beauties of New Zealand and its native people, the Maoris. The article appealed so strongly to all that was artistic in Lindauer's soul that in spite of the entreaties of his relatives and other influences brought to bear against his intention of going, he rapidly made arrangements to visit this country in order that, as he thought, he might secure the opportunity of studying primitive life and scenes in the far South Seas.

Accordingly, in the early part of the year 1873 he sailed from Hamburg in the ship *Reichstag* for Wellington, landing there in August of the same year. Immediately afterwards he began travelling through the native districts of both Islands of New Zealand, securing sittings from a large number of the most influential Maori chiefs and members of their families, many of whom figured prominently in the early history of the Colony.

It was during Mr. Lindauer's first visit to Auckland in the year 1874 that he and Mr. H. E. Partridge met. From this meeting sprang the friendship which the succeeding half-century only helped to cement more securely together.

It was at this first meeting, at which he inspected some of Lindauer's sketches, that the idea of making a collection of the portraits of these notable

Maori people and illustrations of their old-time customs occurred to Mr. Partridge. The result of the compact then made is shown in this book of reproductions of Lindauer's works. Mr. Lindauer also painted portraits of a number of public men, among others the late Sir Walter Buller, who also gave him several commissions to paint the portraits of some of his Maori friends. It was at the opening of the India and Colonial Exhibition in London that our late King, then the Prince of Wales, greatly admired one of the Maori subjects painted by Lindauer and exhibited by Buller. It was a picture of a Maori girl with clematis wreathed round her head. Buller, noticing the Prince's admiration, sent the picture the next day to Marlborough House, begging his acceptance of it.

King Death having now claimed nearly every one of the old Maori warrior chiefs and rangatiras, both Mr. Lindauer and Mr. Partridge were compelled to consider the collection complete as herein represented.

No living artist had such splendid opportunities of painting the old-time Maori as Lindauer enjoyed, and the Gallery which has been made of his pictures is a monument of artistic skill, industry and patience. No artist has equalled him in the truthful painting of the Maori flesh tints. Particularly has he excelled in the painting of women and young children, who have been the despair of many an artist. The best testimony of the fidelity of his work is that from the lips of the Maori people themselves. The natives who visit the Gallery are the keenest and closest critics and will sometimes remain for hours sitting before the pictures and wandering from one to the other and back again. And in no instance has a Maori ever pointed out a mistake in the technical make-up of the pictures—the patterns and colour of the tattooing, the flax and the feather garments, weapons, houses and all the multitudinous details in which errors might very easily be made by those who had not made a very long and close study of the native people in their own homes.

A few people have criticised the technique in these works of Lindauer's either not knowing, or overlooking the point, that fidelity to truth and nature was necessarily of the prime importance in works of this nature.

Mr. Lindauer considered himself amply rewarded by the great number of appreciative letters received from eminent artists, statesmen, ethnologists, Native Land Court Judges, old pioneers and settlers, and more particularly, from the Maori people themselves, who are born and truthful critics. All who have inspected Lindauer's works declare them to be faithful to Maori life and customs, and in fact, technically correct in both colouring and detail, two most important features for the ethnologist of the future.

# Pictures of Old New Zealand

# Part I

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF MAORI CUSTOMS

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No. 7—The Time of Kai

No. 8—Maori Children Playing Knuckle-Stones

[See Page 20

# The Tohunga Under Tapu

[*No. 1, Page 1*]

THIS fine painting depicts a very remarkable phase of the deeply-ingrained faiths and religious customs of the olden Maori—the belief in the sacred institution of the Tapu, which has not yet quite fallen into disuetude. The tapu is the most interesting of the many ancient customs, beliefs, and laws of the ancient Polynesian. It may be briefly translated by the word "sacred," but the Maori tapu has a host of variations and peculiar applications which it would take many pages to describe. There was a personal tapu and local tapu, and the olden Maori found it very hard to escape their myriad ramifications. Priests, or tohungas, were imbued with the mysterious essences of the tapu because of their knowledge of ancient and potent karakia (incantations), religious ceremonies and their office as supposed mediums of communication with the dread atua (gods). All high chiefs also had a strong personal tapu which prevented any common person eating out of the same food-basket or using anything belonging to the chief, the tribal Ariki. The remains of the dead and all connected therewith were and are extremely tapu, and certain places such as wahi tapu (burial grounds) are similarly sacred. The association of food with anything tapu is exceedingly objectionable in the Maori eye, and it is in connection with food, and the act of eating, that the full operation of this mysterious unwritten law is seen. It was a dreadful thing for a person under the sway of the severer forms of tapu to eat food with the hands, for it was considered that the atua and the malignant spirits of the tapu would slay the unwary wight therefor. A man who had handled the remains of the sacred dead or in any other way become infected with a specially virulent phase of the tapu could not dare to touch food with his hands, which, being infected with the shadowy sacredness, would communicate it to the food and render it if consumed most surely fatal to the eater. Another, but minor, consequence would be that any vessel or utensil touched by the tangata tapu would also become sacred, and consequently useless to anyone else.

The picture represents a scene in an old-time Maori pa, the outer palisaded fence of which with its roughly carved posts, usually totara, is shown in the background. The old tohunga (priest, medicine-man, sorcerer) is kneeling on his mats in front of an old whare, in a remote corner of the settlement. The old raupo hut is his temporary dwelling

place, for to enter the tribal wharepuni (sleeping-house) or the carved assembly-hall (whare-runanga or whare-whakairo) would be to infect those buildings with tapu, to the great inconvenience of the community in general. So here the deeply tattooed ancient kneels, to receive his food in the manner prescribed by the strict regulations of the tapu. He is more than ordinarily sacred (a tohunga always has a certain amount of tapu attaching to him which renders him an awkward person to meddle with), especially as to his hands, which are trebly sacred, and quite useless to him for the time being as far as his meals are concerned. He has probably been engaged in handling a chief's dead body, in the scraping or raising (hahunga) of departed tribesmen's bones, or in some other of the multifarious duties and rites of the Maori priest. Accordingly he must either grub for his food on the ground, or else receive it in a cautious manner as shown in the picture. A little girl quite naked, so that her garments may not be infected with the dangerous tapu has brought the old man his food, a plaited flax kono or basket full of potatoes, and is half-fearfully feeding him with the boiled taewa stuck on the end of a long fern-stalk. The old fellow, whose great muscles and still athletic form show that he has been a powerful man in his time, is eagerly leaning forward with his blue-marked lips parted to receive the kai, his hands held resolutely behind his back so that he should not touch the food, and his long flax mat thrown down beneath him. Near the young girl, in the foreground, is a taha, or calabash, of water, for the priest; the calabash is made from the hue or vegetable gourd. In this manner does the venerable sage and wizard take his daily food for the time being. Should the tapu'd man be so daringly impious as to eat cooked food—which defiles and violates the tapu above everything else—with his own sacred hands, his life would be forfeit to the offended gods.

The venerable tohunga in the picture was painted from life in the Wanganui district. The girl is also a life-study. These grizzled, tattooed witch-doctors, sorcerers, and heathen priests of the Maoris have scarcely any representatives now above ground. A noted tohunga of this class was the centenarian Tuhoto who died in 1886, at Rotorua, after being resurrected from the ruins of Wairoa village, and whose portrait may be seen in this gallery. Another priest of dread repute was Te Ao-Katoa ("The Whole World") of the Ngati-Raukawa tribe, who died in 1885, and who was once painted by Lindauer. Te Ao-Katoa was the Hauhau leader from whose savage band Lieut. Meade, R.N., had a very narrow escape in the Taupo district in 1864, an exciting episode which is described in Meade's book *A Ride Through the Disturbed Districts of New Zealand*. Another great tohunga was Werewere te Rangi-pu-mamao, of Taupo, who had a great reputation as a tohunga-tapu, a wizard and a worker of witchcraft (makutu). A pupil (tauira) of Werewere's was the warrior-chief Te Rangitahau, who escaped with Te Kooti from the Chatham Islands in 1868, in the schooner *Rifleman*, and thereafter fought in many an engagement against the pakeha, and acted as one of the

rebel chieftain's executioners of captives. Rangitahau died in April, 1900, at Rotorua, whither he had been brought by his people from Taupo Moana, to perform his sacred rites for removing the tapu from "Rauru," Mr. C. E. Nelson's carved house at Whakarewarewa. Ta Rangitahau was a true warrior tohunga type, a bullet-headed, firm-jawed, sullen-lipped sage with white hair and moustache, and his face deeply scrolled with the blue lines of the tattooer's chisel. His tribesmen of Ngati-Tuwharetoa revered him as the repository of countless dread secrets and occult powers and they said of him that so potent were his spells that he could by their agency, should he so chose, control the powers of the air, and cause thunder and lightning to resound. He had the reputation of a tangata makutu, that is, of being able to cause death by means of his incantations and ceremonies, and the projection of the will.

The much-feared Rangitahau was a sample of a class which influenced Maori society very largely. To him and his fellows, educated in the awesome secrets of the whare-maire, the priestly lodge of the instruction, Alfred Domett's word-picture of the tohunga Kangapo in *Ranolf and Amohia* would well apply:—

*" . . . A priest*
*And fell magician famous far and near;*
*A Thaumaturge regarded with more fear*
*Than any living or than most deceased.*
*Men whispered that his very body swarmed*
*(Crammed as a war-canoe with warriors armed)*
*With evil spirits rustling thick*
*As blue-flies buzzing in a wayside copse."*

Rangitahau, however, himself fell a victim to the wiles of the tapu in the eyes of the natives, for when he died suddenly at Rotorua after performing the ceremony of whaikawa over the carved house, the report spread, and is firmly believed by many of his people, that he was killed through trampling on the tapu by divulging certain sacred karakia to the owner of the house; others that he was fatally bewitched by a certain jealous rival tohunga.

The puré or whakanoa ceremony, for removing the ban of tapu from a person or a particular locality, is not yet lost to the Maoris. A comparatively recent instance which bears some analogy to the custom illustrated in the picture occurs to the writer:—A half-caste acquaintance of his, residing near Otorohanga (King Country) was placed under the quarantine of tapu by his household and Maori friends because he had committed the heinous sacrilege of cutting up a certain ancient and very sacred totara log, which by a figure of speech and by virtue of ancestral traditions, was regarded as an ancestor and powerful tipua rakau (a demon or enchanted tree), and of using the chips for cooking purposes. His native household deserted him and left him to his own re-

sources for a considerable time. At last one day—either because they thought the tapu had passed its most virulent stage or because they considered the impious man had been punished sufficiently, and took pity on him—the hapu assembled in front of his house, bringing with them the old chief Hopa te Rangianini, who was a tohunga. The priest lit a fire and roasted therein some kumara, which he handed round to all hands, who ate them while the ancient karakia or formula necessary for such occasions was recited by the tohunga. This ceremony over, the place was pronounced noa, or free from tapu.

The horror of cooked food or anything connectetd with food coming in contact with the head or any other sacred part of a chief's person was an outcome of the tapu law. Many years ago a high chief eloped with a woman of high rank from the Waikato, but one day his regard for her suffered a shock when he saw her working with the old woman at the hangi, and allowing the steam from the newly-opened earth-ovens to envelop her sacred head. This was an unforgivable breach of the laws which regulate the behaviour of chiefs, and chieftainesses, for to permit the polluting vapour from a food-oven to touch one's upoko-tapu (sacred head) was as bad as placing the cooked food itself thereon. So the indignant husband divorced his wife there and then, telling her that she had forgotten the duties and restrictions pertaining to her exalted rank; that she had shown herself wanting in the respect due to herself and her position and that she was, in short, "no lady."

When the sacred bones of King Potatau were removed in 1888 from a cave in the mountains of the King Country, and borne to the lower Waikato, to the ancestral burial-ground, they were carried, wrapped in native mats, by old Te Wharepu on his back. The first part of the journey was made on foot and fasting, and the old chief who bore the bones was to the native mind saturated with the tapu emanating from the sacred remains. His whole body was for the time being extremely tapu, and as he dared not according to his ideas touch food with his hands, he had to feed like a child much in the manner shown in Lindauer's picture.

Judge F. E. Maning in *Old New Zealand*, writes thus concerning the tapu of those who handled the dead:—"This tapu was, in fact, the uncleanness of the old Jewish Law, lasted about the same time, and was removed in almost the same way. It was a most serious affair. The person who came under this form of the tapu was cut off from all contact, and almost all communication, with the human race. He could not enter any house, or come in contact with any person or thing, without utterly bedevilling them. He could not even touch food with his hands, which had become so frightfully tapu or unclean as to be quite useless. Food would be placed for him on the ground and he would then sit or kneel down, and, with his hands carefully held behind his back, would gnaw it in the best way he could. In some cases he would be fed by another person, who, with outstretched arm, would manage to do it without touching the tapu'd individual; but

this feeder was subjected to many severe restrictions, not much less onerous than those to which the other was subject."

Maning, in fact, was once tapu'd himself in the early days, through handling a human skull at a tribal burial ground, and his Maori household deserted him. He was compelled to remain in solitary state in his house until a tohunga came and duly exorcised him with the appropriate karakia and baked kumara.

Even the shadows of great tohungas and witchcraft workers were looked upon as endued with some ghostly form of tapu. It is related of the celebrated Southern Ngai-Tahu chief Tamaiharanui (who was captured and executed by Rauparaha's warriors in 1830) that his visits were always dreaded by his people, owing to the extreme sacredness of his person, as he was the hereditary high-priest and Upoko Ariki of his tribe. His movements when he entered a pa were watched with great anxiety by the inhabitants, for even if his shadow happened to fall upon a whata or rua (food storehouse) it was immediately destroyed with all its contents, because the sacred shadow of the Ariki having fallen on it the food became tapu and fatal to those who might partake of it.

A characteristic instance of the tapu custom in regard to the dead is contained in the history of this sacred Ngai-Tahu family. Tu te Hou-Nuku (the son of the great Tamaiharanui) was drowned with his crew in a war-canoe in which they were returning to Otago from an expedition of revenge against Rauparaha in Cook Strait. The canoe capsized in a gale while rounding Cape Campbell, and the only one who reached the shore alive was an old woman named Mawhai. The rest of the expedition had witnessed the accident from the beach, and waited till the bodies were cast up. "On finding the remains of Tu te Hou-Nuku," writes the Rev. Canon Stack in his *South Island Maori History*, "they prepared at once to conduct his funeral rites which were superintended by Te Wera. He commenced by killing the poor woman who had reached the shore alive as an offering to the manes of the deceased. He then cut up the canoe and with the fragments burnt the body of the young chief. The actual handling of the corpse was assigned to one Rangitihi, who was in consequence subjected to the inconvenience of being fed for a long period by the hands of his wife. His own hands having become tapu from the contact with the sacred body, he dared not touch anything in the shape of food cooked or uncooked, nor engage in the cultivation of the soil for a whole year afterwards.

# Tattooing—The Tohunga-ta-moko at Work

[*No. 2, Page 2*]

THIS large canvas is a splendid memorial to one of the now vanished arts of Maoridom —face tattooing. In some tribes the women are still tattooed, on the lips and chin, but the tattooing of the men has ceased, never to be revived. The Maori Wars which prevailed with little intermission from 1860 to 1871 were responsible for the revival of a number of partially forgotten arts, amongst them tattooing, and a few years ago many old warriors were to be seen with their faces decorated with the indelible pigments of the Maori. But the really-well tattooed Maoris were those who were operated upon in this fashion in the "early days" before 1860 or so, in the era when the tattooing-artist—the Tohunga-ta-moko—was a person of much consequence, commanding a reputation in his day and generation quite equal to that of a good portrait painter amongst the pakeha.

The painting represents the operation of tattooing a young chief's face. The patient, as we may truly call him, is lying on a whariki or floor-mat of flax in the front of a raupo reed whare. The young man's left cheek has been operated upon and his right is now being done. The tohunga in a squatting position, holds in his left hand his chisel, its blade dipped in the blue pigment with which the deep-cut lines are to be coloured; in his right hand is his tapper or mallet, a flax-bound fern-stick, and between the thumb and forefinger of the same hand is the blue ngarahu or pigment. Round the little finger of the left hand is wrapped some soft flax tow; this for the purpose of wiping away the blood. The old tohunga—himself a well-moko'd man—is chanting, as he works, his little waiata, his tattooing-song bidding the patient be strong and endure the pain with a stout heart—"Kia kaha, kia kaha, kia manawanui," and so on.

Sitting facing the man being operated upon is an old chief with a partly tattooed face; he is intently scanning the operation and is, like the tohunga, chanting the tattooing song. The original of this figure is a veteran warrior of the Upper Waikato district, by name Tupotahi, first cousin to the celebrated Rewi Manga Maniapoto. Tupotahi fought with his tribe in the famous pa at Orakau in 1864 and was wounded there, shot through the collar-bone—the mark of the wound is visible in the portrait. His home was on the bank of the Puniu River—the olden aukati line, or border—not far from the township of Kihikihi, where Lindauer sketched out this picture from life. Tupotahi is clothed in a korowai cloak of dressed flax; in his right hand he holds a weapon of wood, a carved and plumed taiaha.

The accessories of the tattooing picture are splendidly handled by the artist. The native hut in front of which the operation is proceeding is an exact type of the now all

but vanished raupo whare, with its single low door, and its small square unglazed window like a ship's port-window. On the ground there is a specimen of the wood-carver's art, a canoe bow-piece showing the elaborate spiral design similar to that used in tattooing.

It was not only the face that the Maoris tattooed; the body, particularly the thighs and posterior, were often closely tattooed; the thigh tattooing was called the puhoro and that on the breech rapé. In the olden days this form of tattooing was universal, and very proud were the warriors—and the women too—of an elegant and well-executed tattooing design on what Captain Marryatt would have called their "stern-works." The warriors displayed their puhoro and rapé in the war-dance and haka.

## Maoris Plaiting Flax Baskets

[*No. 3, Page 3*]

THIS picture represents a typical native industry, the plaiting of kits or baskets from the leaves of the flax plant (*phormium tenax*, Maori name harakeke).

Seated in front of a carved house, with its projecting front, is a group of native women and girls, their beautiful black hair flowing loose, and flax garments about them. One lovely fair-skinned girl, bare-bosomed, with a greenstone tiki depending on her breast, is a delightful type of Maori womenkind. Another girl has for her only garment a piupiu or waist-mat of dangling flax strings. These two are remarkably fair of skin—kehu or urukehu the Maoris call the type, which is met with in many tribes; these fair-skinned people are not half-caste but pure Maori. The central figure in the group has nearly finished weaving a large basket, its rim thick and plaited, such as are commonly used in native communities for carrying loads of potatoes and other food. Another woman, fully clothed in a korowai cloak, has her little child on her lap. In the verandah of the house sits a rangatira woman, a chieftainess, handsome of face, tattooed on chin, silently watching the progress of the kit making. The artist has succeeded remarkably well in this picture in fixing on canvas the illusive blue-black tint of the women's luxuriant hair.

## Maori Women Weaving Flax Garments*

[*No. 4, Page 4*]

THE ART of weaving soft and beautiful garments out of the fibre of the native flax, or *phormium tenax*, is probably the most interesting of all the primitive handicrafts practised by the Maori people. A great variety of articles of apparel were produced by the

* Whatu-Pueru.

natives from the flax which grew so abundantly all over the Islands of New Zealand; these garments ranged in quality from the beautiful and valuable kaitaka cloak and the soft and silky korowai to the rough pureke and other rain-cloaks and working garments of unbleached flax.

In this picture the work of weaving the korowai and other robes is depicted. Two women, a young girl, and a little child are seated in a porch of a carved house with its scroll painted rafters and lattice-work walls. The figure in the foreground, a handsome tattooed woman, her long thick hair flowing loosely over her shoulders and a red handkerchief—a bright colour-dash—bound about her brows, is intently at work on a nearly completed korowai, which is stretched in front of her upon its four turuturu or weaving sticks, fixed upright in the ground. She is in the act of fastening on the black threads or thrums which hang like a fringe all over the outside of the garment. Her little naked child, a delightful dot of brown humanity, is intelligently watching her; some day she will be an expert weaver herself. Near the entrance to the porch another woman is at work on a rich cloak of dressed flax, fringed with white dog's hair, and beautifully bordered with the pattern known as taniko, in geometrical designs of red, black and white; the colouring has been done with native dyes obtained from the bark of the hinau and other forest trees. The garment is stretched upon two turuturu. The weaver is completing the work of stitching in the fringes of dog's hair. She is clothed in a long korowai cloak, most beautifully and naturally draped by the artist. In the corner of the mahau or verandah a young girl is engaged in plaiting one of the rougher kinds of mats. In this picture Lindauer displays some of his finest work in figure painting and in flesh tones.

## Fire-Making*

[*No. 5, Page 5*]

This picture represents the ancient operation of obtaining fire from wood by friction. Before the days of flint and steel, and later, of wax matches, the Maori was obliged to keep a fire constantly alight in some part of his village, or else to kindle it by means of rubbing one piece of wood against another. Fire was readily obtained from several of the forest trees, but particularly the kaikomako. The pointed stick of another and harder wood was rubbed up and down a piece of kaikomako until the thin shavings which accumulated began to smoulder. Some readily inflammable material, such as flax (muka) tow, was kept close at hand, and this was applied to the ignited shavings, and then waved rapidly to and fro in the air until it burst into flames.

In the picture a woman is shown pressing her foot upon the end of the fire-stick, or kauati, to steady it. This was the ancient custom; the male and female principles must

* Hika-Ahi.

co-operate in the work. The fire is required to kindle a hangi or cooking-oven, the fire-wood and stones for which are shown close by the fire-maker. The village is a typical Maori pa of other days; the palisading and the raupo houses are in every respect accurate.

The most rudimentary art of primitive man, the obtaining of fire from wood by friction, was often practised in the bush in later times, especially in the war-days of the "sixties" when the Maoris seldom had matches, and did not always even possess flint and steel. The mako, or kaikomako, tree was the most used for fire-making: an expert in bush-craft can obtain fire from a dry piece of this timber in a few minutes. The kaiko-mako is the fire-goddess's tree, in Maori legend. Mahuika was the goddess; she literally had fire at her finger-tips. To her the cunning Maui, half-god, half-mortal, went in the dim old days when wonders were wrought in the Maori Isles of the Sea, and cajoled from her all her fiery finger-nails and toes, except one. This she refused him, and he by his incantations brought down a deluge of rain which threatened to extinguish the fires of Mahuika. The goddess, to save the remnant of the fire, threw it into the kaikomako tree which holds it to this day. Wherefore it was that the Maoris sought out the kaiko-mako in the Great Forest of Tane and with a rubbing stick of tawa wood coaxed the saving fire from its heart.

An old "pakeha-Maori," the runaway soldier Kimble Bent, who lived with the Taranaki Hauhaus all through the wars of 1865–69, tells me that he had frequently to procure fire by friction in this way when out pig hunting or on the warpath. "I would hunt round," he says, "until I found a good dry kaikomako, and would set a chunk of this on the ground and get to work with a sharp-pointed piece of tawa. The dust from the groove formed by the rubbing would collect at one end and this would at last ignite and then I would have some dry moss or a piece of old flax mat or something of that sort ready for the fire. If I wanted to carry fire when on the march to the bush, I would cut a short piece of hollow rata vine and set fire to one end of it; it would burn away slowly inside, and all I had to do was to stuff up the end and wrap up the rata in moss and it would smoulder away slowly for hours. Thus, when it was time to camp, we could quickly get a fire for warmth and cooking without the trouble of hunting for a dry kaiko-mako and sweating over it with a rubbing stick."

Civilised man is very helpless if deprived of his little box of matches. Castaways on desert islands and explorers lost in the great wildernesses of savage countries would some-times be the better for a knowledge of the fire-making methods of primitive man. That unexpected disaster may suddenly reduce adventurers to the straits of the savage was well exemplified some years ago by the experience of Mr. Stainforth Smith, the Admin-istrator of British New Guinea, and his fellow explorers in the vast jungly interior of Papua. They lost nearly all of their matches by the capsize of their raft in a river, and in order to husband the precious matches remaining they were obliged to carry fire about

with them for thirty-four days. Probably they managed it somewhat in the manner Kimble Bent described to me as his method of fire-carrying in the New Zealand bush.

When the use of flint and steel became generally known the old-time Maori was saved many a weary fire-raising task. The common use of these primitive materials survived until recent times in some remote parts of Maoriland; and probably it has not yet been quite abandoned. On one of my visits to the Urewera tribe, in their mountain homes, about twenty-five years ago I noticed flint and steel in regular use for pipe-lighting in a household at Mataatua, in the Ruatahuna Valley. The steel was the back of a knife and the flint was an old gun-flint; the tinder used to catch the sparks was a little bundle of flax-tow.

An interesting bit of folk-lore concerning fire-making by friction was told to me many years ago by an old native of the Ngai-Tahu and Ngati-Mamoe tribes, at Oraka (Colac) Bay in Foveaux Straits, at the extreme south end of the South Island. The Takitimu Mountains, in Western Otago, he said, were haunted by the spirit of one Kai-heraki, a woman of the "fairy people" (i.e., the early aborigines who were in occupation when the canoe "Takitimu's" immigrants landed here from Hawaiki in the fourteenth century). She was in appearance very beautiful, with the fair skin and hair that betokened her a fairy. One day a Maori from one of the ancient villages on the shores of Lake Manapouri ascended the Takitimu Range in order to catch weka (wood-hens) which were very abundant in its wooded gullies. Suddenly he saw a tall fair handsome woman gazing at him fearfully through the bushes. He pursued and seized her. Perceiving that she was a fairy woman he prepared to perform a certain ceremony known as ta whaka-moe, in order to remove the tapu or spell of enchantment from her before he could make her his wife. Producing his kauati or fire-stick which he carried when on hunting expeditions for the purpose of producing fire by friction he directed the woman to place her foot on it to steady it (just as in the painting under notice) whilst he rubbed away with a pointed piece of wood in order to kindle the sacred fire necessary to the rite. The tinder in the groove of the kauati presently smouldered and then burst into flames. A spark happened to alight on Kai-heraki's foot, which began to spurt blood. This was because fairies are strangers to fire. The woman, terrified, fled into the bush. The weka-hunter pursued her and bringing his "wahine tawhiti" back resumed his fire-making. The fairy lady made another dash for freedom and succeeded in escaping into the thick woods and eluding her disappointed lover. And the old Maoris say that the spectral form of the "wahine-tawhiti" is still sometimes to be seen with the eye of faith on dim and cloudy days, striding along the foggy flanks of the Takitimu Mountains.

## Digging with the Ko

[*No. 6, Page 6*]

THIS painting represents a typical scene in a Maori commune in the olden days. A number of men, each stripped to a waist-mat, are preparing the ground for the reception of the seed kumara (sweet potato) in a mahinga-kai or food cultivation. The implements they are using are the old-fashioned wooden ko, each about seven feet in length, sharpened to a point at the digging end, and provided with a step lashed on, on which one foot is pressed in the same fashion as is done with the pakeha spade. The men are bending to their work in unison. They are working to the accompaniment of a song, for all labour of this sort was formerly performed to the music of a chant, often of a sacred or tapu character. The cultivation of the kumara patch has from time immemorial been done in a particular fashion. The little hillocks in which the seed-kumara are planted run diagonally across the plot, instead of at right angles to the boundaries or the fence. This practice of planting in diagonal lines is still universal among the Maoris; if they planted as Europeans do, they say, the crop would never grow.

Outside the paling-fence of the cultivation are to be seen the roofs of many whares, a large native village or kainga. Beyond again and stretching away to the right and filling in most of the background is a characteristic bit of bush, with many familiar cabbage trees, the ti or whanake of the Maoris.

## The Time of Kai

[*No. 7, Page 7*]

THIS painting depicts a scene that will be familiar to all who know the Maori ways of living, particularly in the matter of preparing and distributing food. With the adoption of European habits, this custom, like many others of the past generation, is passing away, and it is well that the forethought of Mr. Partridge and the skill of the artist have preserved it on canvas.

Quite a number of curio collectors had been devoting valuable time and considerable sums of money to the purchase and collection of Maori carvings, greenstone, wood and bone specimens of fighting weapons and ornaments, flax mats and other such memories of the past. But the idea of preserving for all time the actual visages of so many old warrior chiefs and chieftainesses, who have now passed away, must be highly commended by all who take an interest in ethnology. Even now, many visitors to this country are expressing doubts that such men and women, as represented in the Lindauer Gallery, ever existed. The owner therefore decided to publish a number of comments culled

from the Visitors' Books, which attestations to the fidelity of the artist's work will surely convince the most sceptical of their faithful accuracy. No member of any of the white races can compare with the average Maori in the matter of severe criticism of anything unreal, therefore the expressions of praise from descendants and relatives of these old warrior chiefs will assuredly be respected.

In further reference to the picture under review, the Maori, except where he has thoroughly adopted European ways, has two meals a day. This meal is probably the principal one, that of the forenoon. In the left foreground the women and girls are busy lifting kumara (sweet potatoes), eels, and shellfish from the hangi in which they have been cooked, and are placing them in small round baskets (kono) of green flax for distribution to the other villagers. On the right the old people are enjoying a basket of shellfish (pipi); on the left again, a man is busy with a cob of corn (kaanga) and two small boys close by are having their customary good time with a water-melon. Between the kauta (kitchen) and a stack of firewood, to the extreme right of the picture, hangs a string of eels drying.

The large house in the background on the left is the village whare-manuhiri (guest-house), and communal meeting house, and is also used as a place for religious services, as is indicated by the bell hanging in a belfry at the side of the whare. The tinkle of the bell calling the people together for prayers is heard night and morning in many a village; for the Maori is more punctilious in his religious observances than is the average pakeha.

The older whares, in the background, it will be observed, are thatched with reeds, the swamp plant raupo. This picturesque old material is now replaced in most parts by wooden shingles or the ugly but convenient galvanised iron.

## Maori Children Playing Knuckle-Stones*

[*No. 8, Page 8*]

THIS picture represents one of the games popular amongst the Maoris in former years, and still played to a certain extent. Football and other European sports have supplanted most of the old Maori games and recreations but this diversion, the game of ruru, may be seen to-day in some of the backwoods kaingas. It is an interesting proof of the universality of this ancient game that it should be found in these islands of New Zealand. Knuckle-stones, or knuckle-bones as it is sometimes called, is played by the children pretty well all the world over, from China to Peru. Sometimes, as in ancient Maoriland, it is played by grown-ups too. It is usually played with five stones, which are thrown into the air and deftly caught on the back of the hand.

* Ruru.

# Part II

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# Tamati Waka Nene

[*No. 9, Page 25*]

The fine old chief Tamati Waka Nene, of the Bay of Islands, was one of the most picturesque Maori figures in New Zealand history. He was ever a friend of the white people, and up to the time of his death (on August 4th, 1871) he enjoyed the confidence and high esteem of both races. Honourable mention of his services was made on various occasions by the Imperial Parliament, the Colonial Legislature, and the Press. In the Northern War of 1845, against Hone Heke, he took up arms on the side of the British, and aided the white people considerably. For these and other services he was rewarded by the Government with a pension of £100 per year.

Tamati Waka Nene was the son of Tapua, a renowned warrior chieftain of the Ngatihao tribe, Hokianga, and in his young days he took part in the sanguinary wars and cannibal feasts of his countrymen. The noted centenarian chief Patuone who died at North Shore, Auckland, in 1872, was a brother of Tamati Waka, and, like him, was a firm friend and supporter of the whites.

Nene's ancestors, Nukutawhiti and Ruanui, arrived in New Zealand from the South Sea Islands in the canoe Mamari. According to olden Maori custom, when a male child was born, the tohungas (priests) performed the ceremony of christening and naming the child. They would take a branch of the karamu, akeake, or hutu tree, twine a portion of it round the child's waist and after the "tohi" ceremony, plant the other part of the twig in the ground. If it grew the child was sure to become a noted warrior. The tree sprung from a branch used in such a ceremony over Nene, according to the late Mr. John White, is still to be seen—or was at the time White wrote of it—near the Kerikeri, at the Bay of Islands.

Nene in after-life acted up to the expectations formed of him by his elders when they saw that his baptismal tree was flourishing. He was early trained to the use of arms and proved himself a valiant fighter and a stern strong leader of his warriors. He was one of the chiefs who accompanied Hongi Hika in his historical raids about 1822 against the Hauraki tribes, when the Totara pa, at the Thames, was taken. Afterwards Nene marched on to Taranaki with a Ngapuhi army, and secured victories over the people there, who were not armed, like the Northerners, with muskets. The bodies of the slain were cooked

and eaten, and many of the survivors were torn away from their homes and taken into exile up North as slaves. Before this he had accompanied other chiefs as far south as Cook Strait, leading war-parties; among his brothers in arms there was Te Rauparaha, who soon afterwards migrated from Kawhia to Kapiti Island in order to be near the white traders.

The following characteristic incident concerning Tamati Waka Nene is from Judge J. A. Wilson's *Story of Te Waharoa,* and is related as occurring shortly after the destruction of the brig *Hawes* and the murder of most of her crew at Whale Island, Bay of Plenty, in 1829, by the chief Ngarara and those who accompanied him from Whakatane:—"One of the natives who took part in the affair was a Ngapuhi man who at the time was visiting at Whakatane, but actually lived at Maungatapu, at Tauranga, having taken a woman of that place to wife. It so happened that Tamati Waka Nene, of Hokianga, was on the beach of Maungatapu when this Ngapuhi native returned from Whakatane to his wife and friends. Tamati Waka Nene advanced to meet him and delivered a speech, *taki*-ing up and down, while Ngatihi, the natives of the pa, sat round. 'Ugh! you're a pretty fellow to call yourself a Ngapuhi. Do they murder pakehas in that manner at Ngapuhi? What makes you steal away here to kill pakehas? Has the pakeha done you any harm that you kill him? There—that is for your work," and he suddenly stopped short and shot the native he addressed dead in the midst of his connections and friends. This act, bold even to rashness, on Nene's part, stamped his character for the future throughout the length and breadth of New Zealand as the friend of the pakeha, a reputation which that veteran chief has since so well sustained."

Nene was baptised by the missionaries by the name of Thomas Walker (Tamati Waka) and in the early years of the colony he was a warm friend of the pioneers of religion. Innumerable instances of his friendship for the missionaries and traders are recorded. In 1827, when the Wesleyan missionaries at Whangaroa were plundered and driven from their homes, Nene, Patuone, and their brother-in-law, Te Wharerahi, raised a force to rescue them, and place them and their families in safety at Mangungu on the Hokianga. The Rev. John Hobbs, one of the pioneer Wesleyan missionaries, wrote: "The mission party have always considered themselves indebted to Patuone, Nene, and Te Wharerahi, of the Bay of Islands, for protecting them from imminent danger (in 1827) from an armed party of two or three hundred men among whom the question was being discussed whether we should be killed or not." Mr. C. O. Davis, in his *Life and Times of Patuone,* says of this incident: "On the near approach of this hostile army with their guns, tomahawks, and spears, Patuone and his people requested the European families to kneel on the ground, a command which was immediately obeyed. Patuone and a band of his noble-hearted warriors in the meantime surrounded the missionaries, stretching forth their arms over the heads of the messengers of peace to guard them

from danger, on the discovery of which touching act the enemy moved on allowing them and their protectors to proceed on their journey unmolested."

On one occasion a body of pagan Maoris made an attack on some native Christian teachers at Mangamuka, Hokianga, and killed one of them. An army of Christianised natives, headed by Patuone and Nene, marched at once from Mangamuka to avenge the murder. On the arrival of the Ngapuhi Christians in sight of the enemy's pa, "they received," says the Rev. W. Turner, "a succession of musket balls. One chief fell dead and another seriously wounded. After the third shot the Christian natives fired; then the balls flew thick, some whizzing close by the missionaries, who had followed to restrain them if possible from violence." Nene's men stormed the pa, killed twelve of the inmates, and took the rest prisoners, including the leader, Kaitoke, who was wounded in the fight.

On another occasion, according to Mr. C. O. Davis, in the period preceding the annexation of New Zealand to the British Crown, Nene and his people went to the assistance of the high chief Moetara, at Hokianga, as the result of a tribal feud with Whirinaki and Rarawa natives, who had seized certain articles from a stranded Sydney schooner, the *Fortitude*. Moetara, like Nene and his brother, was ever a strong champion of the Europeans. Patuone and Nene joined Moetara at One Tree Point, Hokianga, with three hundred followers, including a European named John Marmon, who had been in the habit of shouldering his musket and fighting side by side with Patuone's people against the foes of the tribe. Marmon and about thirty of Nene's army crossed the river and fired into the Orongotea pa, occupied by a section of the Rarawa, and a series of skirmishes ensued. After some time, the schooner's papers, which had been seized, were given up, and the fighting ceased.

It is said that Nene, when a young man, ran after a Maori, known to pakehas as "Big Jack," for fourteen miles and killed him, because he had assaulted a European. "Patuone and Nene," says a Maori narrative, "always looked on the pakeha as their parent, and said they were bound to defend him when their services were required."

It was during the Northern War of 1845 that Nene established himself in the eyes of the Government as a firm friend of the whites. He took the field with several hundred of his tribesmen, all well armed, against Hone Heke, and rendered great assistance to the British forces. When Heke's men sacked and burned Kororareka, Bay of Islands, after cutting down the flagstaff, Nene, according to the author of *Old New Zealand*, called together his family, and all his friends, and said he would fight against Heke and seek revenge for his friends the pakeha people. Nene had always been a friend and protector of the Europeans; and also Hongi Hika, Heke's relation, had killed in former times, Te Tihi, at Hokianga, and swallowed his eyes, and Te Tihi was a matua (elder relative) of Nene. From this it appears, that besides helping the pakeha, Nene was

working off an old score against Heke's people when he took the field against them. After the fight against Heke at Taumata-tutu (or Puketutu), on the shore of Lake Omapere, where the British forces were unsuccessful, the soldiers and a party of native friendlies under Nene went up the Waikare River, Bay of Islands, and attacked the Kapotai tribe. An engagement between Nene's warriors and the Kapotai took place in the bush, and the young Hikutu chief, Hauraki (brother-in-law of Judge Maning), got his death wound there. At Te Ahuahu a stirring fight took place between Nene's friendlies and Heke's men, when the latter were defeated and their leader wounded. At the disastrous attack on the pa at Ohaeawai, when so many of Colonel Despard's men were killed and wounded, Nene was very indignant at what he considered such a waste of men's lives, to send them in a desperate attack on a practically impregnable position, and he expressed his opinion of the British colonel very forcibly.

After the war the Government recognised in a substantial manner Nene's services, in bringing about a termination of the strife, and a great deal was made of him. Amongst other honours he was made an honorary post-captain in the British Navy. For his faithful loyalty during the war he received a pension of £100 a year, and when Governor Grey was made a K.C.B., he became one of his two esquires. When Sir George Grey became Governor for a second term he was commissioned by the Queen to present to Nene a beautifully chased silver goblet or "loving-cup." This heirloom was afterwards in the possession of Mr. John Webster, of Hokianga, to whom the old chief bequeathed it.

Nene, in his later years, frequently visited Auckland, coming down from his home at the Bay of Islands, and, dressed in his best European style, used to attend the Governor's levees. He died peacefully at the Bay of Islands in 1871, at the age of about ninety years, and his funeral was attended by a large concourse of Maoris and Europeans. He had every attention paid him during his last illness by some of his European neighbours, by whom he was much beloved. Before he died he expressed a wish to be buried in the churchyard at the Bay of Islands and not to be taken away by his Maori people, according to native custom. The natives decided to allow the old chief's white friends to conduct his funeral, after the pakeha fashion, saying that Nene was to all intents and purposes a pakeha. The plate on the coffin bore the following inscription:—

"Ko Tamati Waka Nene, te hoa o te Kawanatanga me te Matua o te Pakeha, i mate i te 4 o nga ra o Akuhata, 1871." ("The friend of the Government and the parent of the Europeans, died August 4th, 1871.")

The coffin, covered with the Union Jack, was carried to the grave at Russell by twelve young men of the place, in relays of six. The chief mourners were Hohaia (son of Eru Patuone and nephew of Nene), Hori Hari, Hetaraka Ripa, Paora Whataparaoa, Dr. Ford (medical attendant), Messrs. E. M. Williams, J. H. Greenway, and Laing, on behalf of the Government. The service was read by the Rev. W. Taylor.

The Government erected a tombstone over the chief's grave in the little churchyard at Russell. The following is the inscription on the stone:—

"Tamati Waka Nene, Chief of Ngapuhi, the first to welcome the Queen's Sovereignty in New Zealand, a consistent supporter of the Pakeha. Died August, 1871. This stone was erected by the Government of the Colony, which for upwards of thirty-one years he faithfully served. Sacred in a country's remembrance."

The following lines in memory of Nene are from E. S. Garton's *Lays of Northern Zealandia*:—

*Oh Chief renowned; I stood beside thy grave*
*And thought of all thy good and mighty deeds,*
*And read thy epitaph—A Nation's thanks;*
*Though cold it seemed for such a noble mind*
*That pierced the future, and could see*
*The noble Briton was the future lord*
*And guardian of his brave though failing race.*
*First on the annals of Zealandia's fame*
*History claims thee as her starting point,*
*The first bright star upon an opening page.*
*Future ages shall speak and write thy fame,*
*The first to welcome to this genial isle*
*The white-faced teacher, from the far confines*
*Of the ocean, and kingdoms o'er the sea."*

## Patuone

[*No. 10, Page 26*]

Eruera Maihi Patuone, a famous and benevolent chief, elder brother of the celebrated Tamati Waka Nene, died at Waiwhahariki, near Lake Takapuna, Auckland, on September 19th, 1872, at the age of over a hundred years. Patuone sprang from a noble line of ancestors, and he was a notable link with the very earliest history of New Zealand, inasmuch as he was one of the Ngapuhi natives who saw Captain Cook's ship the *Endeavour* at Cape Brett, near the Bay of Islands, in 1769. Patuone used to relate that his father, Tapua, and many other people went off to the strange ship in their canoes, and were given various presents. His father received gifts and brought off to the shore a cooked joint of pork, which was eaten by little Patuone and his sister Tari. This was the first time the Maoris had seen the flesh of a pig. From this data, it is estimated that Patuone must have been at least one hundred and eight years of age at the time of his death. Captain Cook's journal agrees with the Maori version of the visit, which took place in November, 1769.

When Patuone grew up he became a toa, a noted warrior, and he took a conspicuous part in the war expeditions and cannibal slaughters in the early years of last century

when the normal state of the Maori was one of war. On one occasion he led a Northern army of eight hundred warriors on a killing and eating expedition down as far as Taranaki and Whanganui. But Patuone never lifted his hand against the Pakeha. He was the firm friend of the early missionaries and settlers, and several incidents illustrative of his kindness to the white people are narrated in *The Life and Times of Patuone*, by C. O. Davis.

Patuone was a friend and comrade in arms of the celebrated Hongi, and took part with the Ngapuhi in the storming and capturing of Mauinaina pa, on the Tamaki River (near where Panmure village now stands), in 1822. He fought in a number of other fierce battles of the cannibal times, and established a reputation for personal courage and skill in warfare. On a battlefield in the Kaipara district he had a combat with the chief Tatakahuanui, whom he slew with a greenstone méré, and whose head he cut off with a tomahawk and carried away with him in his mat. On another occasion in a fight at Kuratope, in the Bay of Islands district, he was wounded in the arm and the leg. This was the first occasion on which he used the musket. This battle, like all others in the savage time, was followed by a cannibal feast on the bodies of the slain.

However, when the missionaries became established in New Zealand, Patuone abandoned the deeds of old and became noted for his peace-making and for his friendliness to the white people. He was associated with Nene, Moetara, and others in the kindliest of relations with the early traders, ship-captains, and missionaries. In the Thirties of last century, when living on the shores of the Hauraki Gulf, far away from his tribe and his old settlement, Patuone was a most influential man, and was frequently sought out by the chiefs of the Gulf, as mediator between hostile parties, and by the missionaries who desired his assistance in their work.

In the days of the Maori Wars Patuone threw all his influence on the side of the Government and the white people, and was very highly esteemed by both races. In his later days he was the recipient of a small pension from the Government. A monument to the memory of "Patuone the Peacemaker" was erected over his grave at North Shore by the Government of New Zealand.

## King Tawhiao

[*No. 11, Page 27*]

Tawhiao Matutaera Potatau Te Wherowhero, the second King of the Maori federated tribes in the interior of the North Island, was a chief of very high lineage. He was descended from Hoturoa, the chief who commanded the Tainui canoe which landed on these shores from the South Sea Islands some six hundred years ago, and was also connected by another line of descent with Tama-te-Kapua, the captain of the Arawa

canoe which landed in the Bay of Plenty. Tawhiao's father, Te Wherowhero (afterwards known as King Potatau), was a celebrated cannibal chieftain, distinguished for his warlike expeditions against other tribes. He was the head of the tribe Ngati-Mahuta and was allied to all the other Waikato tribes. Te Wherowhero periodically made bloody raids on Taranaki with his followers, dealing out death and destruction. In 1857 he was proclaimed "King of New Zealand" by the Waikato Maoris with great ceremony, but he did not survive his honours long, for he died in 1860, before the Waikato War began, and his son Tawhiao reigned in his stead.

Tawhiao was born about the year 1825 at Orongokoekoea, on the Mokau River, where all the Waikatos had gone from fear of Ngapuhi under Hongi and Pomare who had driven them out of the Waikato with their newly-acquired guns after the fall of Matakitaki Pa, on the Waipa. Afterwards they returned to Waipa and Kawhia. Tawhiao was accustomed to narrate that the first white man he saw was at Kawhia—Captain Kent. The first missionaries he remembered in the Waikato were Stack, Hamlin, Williams and Morgan, and he said: "The missionaries told us we would be burned up with fire unless we believed—so we believed (whakapono)." Tawhiao was baptised by the name of Matutaera (Methusaleh) at Mangere, by the Rev. W. Burrows. He remembered a European—Archdeacon Maunsell—coming to ask his father, Te Wherowhero, to sign the Treaty of Waitangi in 1840. This was at Mangere, on the Manukau.

Tawhiao was declared King at Ngaruawahia in 1860, on his father's death. The popular rejoicings were soon, however, to be turned into battle cries, for in less than three years the lamentable Waikato War began. The British troops under General Cameron crossed the Mangatawhiri, the frontier river, and battles soon followed. The Maoris were determined to maintain their isolation and their "kingitanga," and it took a year to reduce them to sullen submission.

Tawhiao was at the battle of Rangiriri in 1863. This is his account of it.

"I and Wiremu Tamehana (William Thompson, the Maori 'Kingmaker') tried to persuade our people to leave Rangiriri and retire to the depths of the forest; then, finding that our efforts were unsuccessful we left. The balls were then flying about us. I took refuge behind a flax-bush. A bullet passed close to me, and struck the bush. I was not hurt. I had a gun and a cartridge-box. I saw some of my people escaping, and told them to be swift and move on. They said: 'You must look after yourself: are you not in danger?' I said 'No; I will rest awhile here.' I took off my coat and vest and after awhile I succeeded in getting on board a canoe belonging to the Ngati-Tamaoho tribe, and in making my escape. Previously ten guns were levelled at me and a big gun also. Messengers had gone before and told the people I was safe."

The Maoris fell back fighting right up the Waikato basin, until at Orakau, in the Waipa Valley, in 1864, they made their final stand under Rewi and Te Paerata and other

chieftains. Tawhiao had by that time retired beyond the aukati line (the Puniu River) to what is now known as the King Country and after the war he lived in seclusion at Hangatiki and Te Kuiti and Hikurangi for many years.

After the general amnesty of 1871, when the hatchet was finally buried between both races in New Zealand, Tawhiao still remained quietly in the King Country. It was not till 1881 that he made formal peace and signified his submission to the Queen's mana by laying down his guns at Major Mair's feet at Alexandra (Pirongia). Soon afterwards he made a peaceful tour through the Waikato district attended by nearly six hundred Maoris. He established a large settlement of his followers at Whatiwhatihoe, near Alexandra. In 1884 he visited England in company with Major Te Wheoro, Patara te Tuhi and other chiefs. After his return he lived at Whatiwhatihoe and Pukekawa (near Mercer) and later established a settlement at Parawera just beyond the scene of the historic fight at Orakau. It was at Parawera that he died.

In 1892 Tawhiao, who had for so long been a thorn in the side of the Government of New Zealand, accepted a Government pension of £210 a year, and it was believed that henceforth nothing more would ever be heard of the Maori "Kingite" difficulty. However, acting on the advice of his chief adherents, Tawhiao in 1893 formally repudiated, in the *Paki o Matariki,* his official gazette, published at Maungakawa, the idea of surrendering his authority to the Government. He declared that he would not accept a penny more of the Government pension. He went further and sent back to the Government the first instalment of the pension which he had already received, placing his genuine patriotism beyond a doubt. Not many men in poor old Tawhiao's position would have resisted the temptation of a pension and a free house for the rest of their days.

Speaking at a large native meeting held at Maungakawa, near Cambridge, in 1893, Tawhiao made his last important public utterance. Amongst other things he declared:— "The Governor, the Government, and all the Government officers must leave New Zealand. The island is mine. But the bakers, carpenters, and the storekeepers may remain! I will look after them."

Despite his faults, his alternate vacillation and obstinacy, and the childish hopelessness of his schemes of late years, there were some good traits in the old man's character. The chief of these was his patriotism, and his aspirations for a separate Maori kingdom were free from selfish considerations. When he was called on to sacrifice his pension to save the Kingdom, he did so at once, when many another would have clung to the utu and let the nation go.

Tawhiao died on August 26th, 1894. A great tangi or funeral gathering took place at Taupiri, on the banks of the Waikato River, in October, when the remains of the old King were laid to rest to the accompaniment of gun-fire and wild dances and the mournful wailing of his sorrowing people.

Pathetic funeral-songs and poetic dirges were chanted. To the imaginative Maori the death of a great chief was accompanied by portenous phenomena of nature, the lightning flashing above the tribal burial-hills and the thunder rolling in terrifying volume along the mountain-peaks. The following is a translation of a portion of one chant embodying such ideas, which was sung by many hundreds of voices in the crowded marae or place of assembly, at the Taupiri tangihanga.

*The lightning flashes,*
*The thunder crashes*
*Above me in the sky;*
*It is the sign of death;*
*The arising of the spirit from the depths.*
*Alas, Alas, Alas! My grief!*
*From Mokau unto Tamaki*
*The earthquake shakes the land;*
*The moon has disappeared;*
*The stars fall from the sky;*
*'Tis the spirit of the great one*
*Released from the grave!*
*Alas, Alas, Alas! My grief.*

The long-drawn-out chorus, "Aue! Aue! Aue! Te mamae i au!" was the wild expression of a sorrow which could not be assuaged. And well might Waikato lament, for with Tawhiao the old order of things in Maoriland passed away for ever.

# Wiremu Tamehana*

[*No. 12, Page 28*]

THE name of Wiremu Tamehana (William Thompson) Tarapipipi te Waharoa will always be remembered as that of probably the most admirable man of the Maori race who figures in our New Zealand history. A high-souled patriot, he earnestly laboured for the political, and social good of his countrymen. He desired to see the Maori elevated in social status, civilised, industrious, and law-abiding, but the Waikato war of 1863-64 frustrated all his hopes, and he soon died worn-out, dispirited, broken. He was the principal chief of the Auckland province responsible for the setting up of the Maori kingdom. His advocacy of a King for the Maoris was not prompted by any feeling of hostility to the white government. He was loyal to the Queen, but seized upon the idea of a King for the Maoris, as a means of securing for the natives a desirable measure of

* The Maori "King-Maker."

local self-government, and of preventing them parting with their lands for mere trifles and so in time being reduced to the status of an iwi taurekareka, a race of slaves.

Wiremu Tamehana (often also spelled Tamihana) was the head chief of the powerful Ngati-Haua tribe, whose headquarters were Tamahere and Matamata, and who owned all that fertile and beautiful tract of country extending from Maungatautari and where the town of Cambridge now stands, on the Waikato River, across to the Waitoa and Waihou Rivers, in the Upper Thames Valley. He came of warrior blood, for his father was the great fighting chief Te Waharoa, who stood equal in military fame to Hongi Hika and Te Rauparaha. As a young man he accompanied his father and his clan on one or two of their cannibal campaigns against the Rotorua and Bay of Plenty tribes, but though of strong character he had no taste for war, desiring rather to see his people advance in the arts of peace. He was in early life known as Tarapipipi, but when the Ngati-Haua became Christianised he was baptised under the name of Wiremu Tamehana. When the Kingite movement first began in the middle Fifties, he threw himself into the crusade and devoted all his energies and all his eloquence to the furthering of the Maori national cause.

The most interesting accounts of Wiremu Tamehana on record are those which Sir John Gorst has preserved for us in his books *The Maori King* and *New Zealand Revisited*. Sir John (then Mr. Gorst) as a young man was sent by Sir George Grey to the Waikato, then a purely Maori district, with the position of Government Commissioner and Magistrate, and was placed in charge of the Government station at Te Awamutu; this station on the lands of the Church Missionary Society, included a technical school for the Maoris. During his travels in the Waikato in 1860–63, and his residence at Te Awamutu the young Commissioner frequently met Tamehana and had long conferences with him, and the two became close friends. Tamehana grieved greatly when Gorst was forced by Rewi and his warriors to evacuate Te Awamutu in April 1863.

The following reminiscences from Gorst's *New Zealand Revisited* will give some idea of the character and ability of this greatest of Maori patriots:—

"We discussed the Maori King question. (This was at a meeting between Tamehana and Gorst Tamahere in 1861 just after Tamehana had returned from a fruitless attempt to make peace in Taranaki). His position was logically unassailable. He told me that only seven old men out of Old Waikato had signed the Treaty of Waitangi which purported to surrender the sovereignty of New Zealand to the Queen of Great Britain; he told me they had been given blankets for signing. Neither he nor his father, Te Waharoa, chiefs of the independent Ngati-Haua tribe, had ever signed. I gave him these reasons which made the King movement unwise:—(1) The Maoris did not all agree, and this provoked dissensions amongst themselves. (2) If accomplished it would deprive them of the assistance of pakehas in establishing law and civilisation. (3) They

would deprive themselves of public money for establishing schools and hospitals. (4) In case of dispute with the Colony there would be no Queen to defend their rights.

"Tamehana sat wrapped in his blanket listening to all I said. He answered by assenting to all. He had no wish to separate from the Queen. They wanted to be a distinct but not a separate nation. He set up two sticks. 'These,' he said, 'are the Government and the King.' He placed a third stick: 'This,' he said, 'is the one law, that of God and the Queen, which will bind together both races'; and, he added, drawing a circle with his finger, 'Let the Queen be a fence to protect them.' I said we objected to the name 'King.' He asked, 'Why? What is in a name?' And had Shakespeare been translated into Maori he would doubtless have quoted him, as others do, in support of his position. He said they had long desired and would gladly accept English law but they saw no reason for changing the name.

"Tamehana was a pleasant man to argue with; he heard patiently all you had to say, took the greatest pains to find out exactly what you meant, and replied calmly and always to the point. I have met many statesmen in the course of my long life, but none superior in intellect and character to this Maori chief, whom most people would look upon as a savage."

Sir John Gorst also quotes a long letter written by Tamehana to the Governor of New Zealand, on the question of the right to set up a Maori King. The epistle displayed an acute mind and some knowledge of the history of the outside world. "Come now," he said, "if the Kings of all countries come from Rome only, thence also might one come here. But is not the Queen a native of England? Nicholas of Russia? Buonaparte of France? Pomare of Tahiti? each from his own people. Then why am I and this people rebuked by you, and told that we must unite with you under the Queen? How was it that the Americans were permitted to separate themselves? Why are they not brought under the shadow of the Queen? For that people are of the same race as the English, whereas I am a foreigner. This island is not near to you; I am only near to you in Christ. Were all the different countries under one sovereignty—that of the Queen—it would be quite right; no one would differ, all this island would also be united to the rest. Instead of which, the nations are separated from each other, and I also standing here in my independence desire to have a King for myself. My friends, why have you grudged us a King as if it were a greater name than that of God? If it were that, God would not permit it, then it would be right to object, and it would be given up. But it is not He who forbids, and while it is only our fellow man that is angry it will not be given up. And now, my friends, leave the King to stand in his own place, and let it rest with our Maker whether he shall stand or fall."

The Government treated this very reasonable letter as a defiant one, and both sides prepared for war. The recall of Sir George Grey caused the suspension of the Maoris'

warlike preparations for a while, but Grey quietly set to work to overturn the Maori Kingdom. Soon after Mr. Gorst's eviction from Te Awamutu the advance on Waikato was begun by the British troops, and the disastrous war commenced, to Tamehana's great sorrow.

In 1865, after the war had ended, Tamehana was persuaded to meet Brigadier-General Carey in the Waikato and give him his allegiance to British rule. The Waikato Valley was confiscated by the Crown, and many tribes were expatriated. Tamehana besought the Government many times to restore Waikato to the Maoris, but his appeals were in vain. He himself did not long survive the ruin of all his hopes.

Tamehana's son, the late Tupu Taingakawa, head of the Ngati-Haua tribe, who lived at Waharoa (the olden Matamata) was as honestly patriotic as his father. Sir John Gorst, who was welcomed and entertained by the Ngati-Haua, in 1906, when he revisited New Zealand after an absence of over forty years, said that Taingakawa's acuteness and persistence in his efforts to enforce his views reminded him of Tamehana. Another son, the eldest, named Hote Tamehana, who was a well-known figure in the Upper Waikato, died some years ago. Hote was more belligerent than his father, and as a youth fought against the white troops both in Taranaki and in Waikato in the campaigns of the Sixties.

## Rewi Manga Maniapoto

[*No. 13, Page 29*]

THE name of Rewi Manga Maniapoto, the fighting chief of the Ngati-Maniapoto tribe, will never be forgotten in New Zealand. Rewi was one of the bravest spirits that fought for the Maori national cause in the wars which lasted with little intermission from 1860 to 1870. He came of high rank in the Ngati-Maniapoto and allied tribes, and was descended from Hoturoa, the chief who navigated the ancestral canoe Tainui to Kawhia Harbour, New Zealand, from the isles of Polynesia six hundred years ago. His father was a warrior of fame in the intertribal wars of the early part of last century, and Rewi early imbibed a taste for war, and was on the war-path when he was still a boy in 1832. When the Taranaki War began in 1860 he and his warriors of Ngati-Maniapoto—whose headquarters then were Kihikihi and adjacent villages in the valley of the Upper Waipa—were off to the scene of hostilities. It became a practice of the Waikato and Maniapoto young men to go off to Taranaki each season for a bout of fighting. Rewi and his fellow-chiefs did not enter the war without adequate také, or cause, to go to Taranaki. They sent a delegation to Taranaki to investigate the Waitara dispute, and when this mission reported that Wiremu Kingi was justified in his resistance to the Government they raised a war party to assist their compatriots against the white troops. Rewi

personally showed great courage in the course of the fighting at Taranaki, and when the Maoris made their desperate night attack on the No. 3 Redoubt, at Huirangi, near Pukerangiora, on the Waitara, he was one of their leaders. He was as a rule a shrewd general, but on this occasion his calculations were all astray and his men were beaten back and badly cut up.

It was Rewi and his tribes who precipitated the Waikato War, and upset the peaceful efforts of Wiremu Tamehana, the King-maker. A taua or war-party of eighty men from Rewi's villages at Kihikihi and elsewhere marched down to Te Awamutu early in 1863, led by a man named Aporo but really controlled by Rewi, who sat looking on while they raided the Government school-station, conducted by Mr. (later the Right Hon. Sir John) Gorst. They broke up the establishment and took away the printing-press, with which the famous "Pihoihoi" had been printed, (it was afterwards returned to the Government) and ordered Mr. Gorst to leave. Rewi wrote the following letter to the Governor, Sir George Grey, who was then in Taranaki:—

> "Friend, Governor Grey. Greeting.—This is my word to you. Mr. Gorst has been killed by me. The press has been taken by me. They are my men who took it —eighty, armed with guns. The reason is to drive away Mr. Gorst, that he may return to town; it is on account of the great darkness caused by his being sent to live here and tempt us also on account of your saying that you would dig around our King till he fell. Friend, take Mr. Gorst back to town; do not leave him to live with me at Te Awamutu. If he is to stay he will die. Let your letter be speedy to fetch him away within three weeks—From your friend, Rewi Maniapoto. To Governor Grey, at Taranaki."

The result was that Mr. Gorst had to return to Auckland, for the Ngati-Maniapoto were bent on war. A little later the Waikato campaign began, and lasted till well on into 1864.

Rewi fought throughout the Waikato war, and finally fell back with his people on Orakau, where for three days a force of about three hundred and twenty Maoris, half-starved and without water, held out bravely against one thousand eight hundred British and Colonial troops. It was in this siege that the Maoris used the famous expression of defiance in reply to General Cameron's demand to surrender: "Ka whawhai ahau kia koe, ake ake." "I will fight on against you for ever and ever and ever." During the siege of Orakau, a tohunga or priest proposed to tear out the heart of a dead soldier, lying within the fence, in order to perform a heathen ceremony, so that they might not be deserted by their Maori gods. Rewi said: "I forbid you to mutilate the bodies of the dead. I care not for your Maori god. We are fighting in Christian times." When it was resolved to leave the pa, and that the garrison should endeavour to cut its way through the English lines, Rewi said: "We shall now have to leave the pa, but not as the Waikato left at Rangiriri (that is, as prisoners). We shall go from here as free men, or leave our

bodies on the land." He escaped unwounded through the swamp, though more than half his followers were killed or wounded.

Rewi, in his own account of the fight at Orakau, and the last scene, when, on the third day of the siege, the Maoris decided to leave the pa, said: "As soon as it began to show daylight I took two guns and put on six cartouche-boxes—three in front, and three behind. I also took two tomahawks, one with a long handle and one with a short handle. Some people commenced to go out from the pa, and a lot of heavy firing came from the soldiers. Some hand-grenades were thrown in among us and the soldiers rushed us. I then came out at the angle of the pa. The soldiers commenced to close in on all sides, but it was the saving of the Maoris, because they could not fire, as there were troops upon both sides. I called out to my people: 'Haere, haere!' (Equivalent to 'Sauve qui peut')."

Rewi went on to say, as he stood on the site of the pa twenty-one years afterwards, that when he got outside the redoubt he prayed to the God of the Europeans to save him. However, he stumbled and fell twice, which was a bad omen. When he got up the second time he commenced two ancient Maori incantations or karakia, one beginning, "Wetea mai te whiwhi, wetea mai te hara" (praying to the gods to remove from him his transgressions), and the other beginning "Tupe runga, tupe raro," a potent incantation in time of battle. "Then," he said, "I started on again, for my head was clear. I had not, however, got clear of the circle that the soldiers were making round us. I saw some soldiers; three parties of them. I had no guns then—only a short-handled tomahawk. I gave directions to my people as to when to fire, and my companions kept firing at the soldiers as we went on. Then I prayed again. I uttered the words 'Matiti, matata!' That was all my prayer."

This is an expression of olden times, equivalent to our "Open, Sesame." It is said to have been used by the ancestor Hatupatu near Rotorua when pursued by the goblin-woman Kurangaituku. Hatupatu used the magic phrase in his despair in front of a rock, which, says a legend of the Arawa, immediately opened and received him, and closed again before the dreaded Kura came up.

Rewi's appeal to his gods was apparently efficacious; at any rate he escaped although many of his comrades were shot. He got into the shelter of the swamp and high manuka, and reached the Puniu River, and crossed to the other side. "When we got across the Puniu," he said, "we rested ourselves and collected together the survivors; they were sixty altogether. Some of the soldiers fired at us from a long range, across the Puniu River, one of us was hit and killed. It was a chance shot. That is all. We were clear away then."

After the war Rewi (in 1873) saved the life of Mr. James Mackay, who had been sent to Tokangamutu (Te Kuiti) in the King Country, to investigate the circumstances

of the murder of a European, Timothy Sullivan, at Pukekura. Mackay's life was attempted by some fanatical natives. In 1879, Mr. Sheehan (Native Minister) induced Rewi to visit Auckland. The old warrior, who had not been in Auckland for twenty years, was warmly received by the Europeans. He was given a pension by the Government, and a large house was built for him at Kihikihi, three miles from the scene of his fight at Orakau. He died on June 21st, 1894. A monument to his memory stands in the Kihikihi township, a short distance from the spot where his council-house called "Hui-te-Rangiora" stood in the old days. This whare-runanga was burned when the British troops invaded Kihikihi early in 1864.

## Wahanui

[*No. 14, Page 30*]

THE high chief Wahanui Reihana te Huatare, who died in the King Country in 1899, was the principal man of rank in the powerful Ngati-Maniapoto tribe. In appearance he was a splendid chieftain, of massive and imposing build and dignified bearing, and he was celebrated as an orator. In his early years he was educated at the Three Kings Wesleyan College, Auckland, but when the Waikato War broke out in 1863 he threw in his lot with his people. At the Haerini engagement, near Rangiaowhia, in 1864, he is said to have shot two soldiers, and himself received a bullet wound in the calf of the leg. However, he was not distinguished for his warlike qualities, and was more of a diplomatist than a fighting man. Later on he was one of Tawhiao's closest advisers, and was regarded as "the power behind the throne." At one time he was strongly opposed to European settlement in the King Country, but he turned over to the Government, who built a large house for him at Alexandra, Pirongia, and allowed him an annual pension. Wahanui was noted for his herculean proportions; he weighed at one time twenty-four stone.

When Wahanui stood forth to speak all was deep silence in the Land Court or on the village marae. His kingly head covered with thick silvery hair, his imperious mouth and white moustache, circled by the blue-lined marks of tattoo on cheeks and chin, his majestic deportment, graceful gestures and measured flow of eloquence compelled admiration alike from pakeha and Maori.

The late Major Wilson of Cambridge, Waikato, writing years ago of Wahanui's oratorical gifts, said:—"His dignified deportment before the bar of the House of Representatives excited the surprise and admiration of a whole house of legislators. To hear and see him addressing an assemblage, as it was once our privilege to do at Maungatautari, was a pleasure not to be forgotten. When the Kingites, for whom he was the spokes-

man, and the Queenites, who were also well represented, met to discuss the great and burning question of land, which was then agitating all the Island, seldom has one witnessed such a display of grand oratorical debate as was there furnished by those debating gladiators, Wahanui and Tarapipipi, the latter ably assisted by the Queenites, Raihi and Te Rangikaheke, both orators of no mean degree. But it was towards Wahanui that all eyes were directed. There was no straining of the ears to catch the sonorous sentences as they were poured forth deliberately and distinctly and with due and marvellous precision and emphasis. Every syllable was clearly enunciated until the speaker ended with the words, 'Ko te ruri, me te reti, me te hoko, me mutu, me mutu, me mutu' ('the survey, the letting and the sales of land must cease, must cease, must cease!'), and those listening knew that he not only meant them to, but that they should.

"To observe the action and gesture—not much of either—the gracefulness personified, of this ponderous Demosthenes action which the best of our English tragedians might emulate, but whose perfection in that respect he may never hope to reach, was worth a long day's journey to behold. His sonorous sentences and graceful accompanying gestures electrified even opponents, and drew forth the admiration of those who understood not one word of the language spoken, even as in Italian opera an English audience will sit spell-bound for hours."

## Tamati Ngapora (Manuhiri)

[*No. 15, Page 31*]

THE good old chief Tamati Ngapora came of aristocratic Maori stock. He was cousin to Te Wherowhero, better known to Europeans as Potatau, the first Maori King. He took part in the Waikato expeditions against the Taranaki tribes in 1829-30. On the introduction of Christianity he was one of the first of the Waikato people to embrace it, and eventually became a catechist of the Anglican Church. Te Wherowhero desired to have a place of residence at Mangere, where the Maoris who brought wheat from the Waikato, via Waiuku, to Auckland could stay for the time being. The Government also desired to have an outer line of defence against possible attack from the south and east, and in furtherance of this an area of land was given at Mangere, where the Ngati-Mahuta tribe of friendly natives was settled. Tamati Ngapora erected a stone church at Mangere—it is still standing there—and regularly held services, until the outbreak of hostilities with the Waikato tribes, in 1863. The natives at Mangere, Papakura, Pukekohe, Pokeno, and the other settlements south of Auckland were notified that they must make a declaration of allegiance to the Queen or remove from that district. The majority joined the rebels, Tamati Ngapora among them. Being a man of quiet disposition, he

took little part in hostilities, and on the evacuation of Waikato by its tribes he accompanied them to Tokangamutu, which was then styled Te Kuiti ("the narrowing in") in consequence of the diminution of the King's lands by the conquest and occupation of the Waikato by Europeans. Tamati Ngapora also changed his name to Manuhiri (a traveller or sojourner), on account of the Waikato having to occupy the lands of the Ngati-Maniapoto tribe.

When Mr. James Mackay, Agent for the General Government, was attacked in his tent, at Te Kuiti, in 1873, by a native named Ruru, and narrowly escaped being murdered, Manuhiri took the culprit by the ear and led him through the settlement saying "Who is this low fellow? Let him be killed!" Both he and Rewi strongly condemned the attack. Manuhiri was one of the old class of high bred honourable chiefs, and was an unassuming, generous, and peaceable man.

## Whitiora te Kumete

[*No. 16, Page 32*]

Whitiora te Kumete was a Ngati-Mahuta chief, of Kawhia, who took a leading part in the Waikato War of 1863-4. He was a rangatira of high rank, a relative of King Tawhiao, and a fighting man of great energy. He was a patriotic Maori and an ardent Kingite, and to the last retained much of the ancient warrior fire. The last important occasion on which he appeared in public was in 1894 at the great tangi over King Tawhiao at Taupiri, where he was one of the orators.

Whitiora was one of the warriors who surrendered to General Cameron at Rangiriri Pa, on the Waikato, after the unsuccessful attack by the British troops. He was one of the one hundred and eighty prisoners taken to Auckland and kept on board a hulk in the harbour. All these prisoners were sent to Kawau Island, in the Hauraki Gulf, and they all escaped from there by boat and canoe and landed near Matakana and took up a fortified position on a high hill.

A Government officer was sent to Matakana to try to coax the Waikato into surrendering and returning to the island. Whitiora laughed satirically and asked "Does a bird which has once escaped from a snare return to it?" The Government wisely left the escapees alone, and presently they made their way through the Kaipara district to the West Coast and Waikato again.

In his book *The Maori King*, Sir John Gorst made the following reference to this warrior chief: "It became the fashion for all the adventurous men to spend a month or two in the year at Taranaki 'shooting pakehas.' . . For example, Wiremu Kumete, a Ngati-Mahuta chief, having planted his crops and having nothing else in particular to

do, marched down to Taranaki, joined in a most reckless assault upon one of our redoubts, in which thirty-six men lost their lives, and, according to General Pratt's despatch, fell himself. His name is handed to fame in the returns of killed as 'a chief of high rank.' Notwithstanding this, however, he arrived in safety at his home in Kawhia, in time to reap his crops, and having brought his produce over to Waipa made a peaceful expedition down to the Waiuku market to sell his goods, and buy powder and shot for the further prosecution of his warlike propensities. At Ngaruawahia he was severely called to task by his kinsmen for taking part in the war, but defended his conduct in a playful, good-humored vein, made himself very merry over some Englishmen because he had been killed in the 'Governor's newspaper,' went on to Waiuku, sold his produce, came home again with whatever it was that he had bought, and would no doubt have gone again to the war, had not hostilities been by that time suspended."

The attack on a redoubt mentioned in this reference was the desperate attempt to storm the No. 3 Redoubt at Huirangi, on the Waitara, in the early morning of January 23, 1861. The Maoris were beaten off by the soldiers of the 40th and 65th Regiments.

## Taonui

[*N. 17, Page 33*]

Taonui Hikaka was one of the best types of his race. Those who knew him well described him as a really fine man, an upright, honest, chivalrous rangatira and a thorough patriot. He was a King Country chief, and fought in the Maori national cause in the Waikato War of 1863-4. He came of a distinguished warrior family, and could trace his descent from Rakataura, who came to these shores from Hawaiki between five and six centuries ago. Some say Raka came in the Tainui canoe, of which he was the chief tohunga or priest; others that, like the founder of the clan McPherson at the time of the flood, he "had a boat o' his ain"; others again aver that he was supernaturally transported to New Zealand in a whirlwind, no less!

Taonui Hikaka, a great warrior of the early years of the nineteenth century, was the father of the subject of this picture. Taonui was of the Ngati-Rora and Ngati-Hia sections of the Ngati-Maniapoto tribe—but more particularly of Ngati-Hia—and the family home was for generations at Waiteti, not far from the present township of Te Kuiti, in the King Country. Though Taonui fought in the Waikato war, for racial patriotic motives, he was by inclination a man of peace. In the old days he was often to be seen in the frontier townships of Kihikihi and Alexandra. He died in 1892.

# Wiremu Nera te Awaitaia

[*No. 18, Page 34*]

THE West Coast chief and warrior, Wiremu Nera Te Awaitaia, was a very fine specimen of the old-fashioned Maori chief, according to a description by Mr. S. Percy Smith who saw him in the early 'Sixties. "He was," writes Mr. Smith in his *History and Traditions of the Taranaki Coast*, "a man of about middle height, stout, and very fully tattooed, of a benevolent expression of countenance, an eloquent speaker, and one of the firmest friends the Government had during the wars of the 'sixties. He died at Raglan (West Coast), 27th April, 1866."

Te Awaitaia was one of the Tainui cannibal warriors who flourished and fought and ate their way southward and back again in the early decades of last century. The *Waka Maori*, No. 75, of May 5th, 1866, gave the following summary of his life and fighting adventures:

"He was born at Waipa, a son of Te Kata and his wife Pare-hina. He had four wives, of whom two (Rangi-hikitanga and Hinu) survive, and has left two sons and one daughter. His nephew, Hetaraka Nera, takes his place as chief of Ngati-Mahanga. From his early youth his bravery was displayed. On one occasion the daughter of Te Wehi of Waikato was killed by Ngati-Koata (of Ngati-Toa), then living at Whaingaroa (Raglan). Te Awaitaia gathered his forces and drove Ngati-Koata away to the south and took their land. At that time there was peace between Ngapuhi and Waikato, but the former tribe came to make war on Te Rauparaha at Kawhia, in which Ngati-Tipa (of Waikato Heads) joined under their chief Kukutai: in all of this fighting Te Awaitaia took part."

"After the peace made at Matakitaki in 1822 Waikato went to Taranaki under Te Wherowhero, Taonui, and Pehi-Tukorehu (a distant matua of Rewi's); and the coastal tribes were under Te Awaitaia, Muri-Whenua, and Te Ao-o-te-rangi. On another occasion Te Awaitaia went against Taranaki at the head of three hundred and seventy of his own men. One of the chiefs of the southern forces was a very brave man named Raparapa, and in a fight that took place he dashed into the forefront of battle and killed four men of Waikato with his own hand. He engaged Te Awaitaia, who warded off the blow, struck at him with a pou-whenua, and in return struck Raparapa with a wahaika and felled him. Rising they wrestled, and Raparapa seized his man and was carrying him off when he slipped and fell, and then a struggle took place on the ground. At last Te Awaitaia's patu resounded on Raparapa's head and killed him. The victor was also with the Waikato at Puke-rangiora in 1831 when two hundred of Ati-Awa were killed by Te Wherowhero, and three hundred and forty prisoners brought back, Te Awaitaia finishing off those not killed by the former.

"It was during a subsequent visit to Taranaki to obtain revenge for some of his people killed that he met a European minister, and was then persuaded to abandon man-killing. He shortly afterwards built the first church at Raglan, and abandoned eight of his nine wives. He then proceeded to Taranaki (about 1834) to convey the Gospel to those people, and subsequently to Waikato and Taupo with the same object, and ever after became a firm friend of the white man."

Mr. Percy Smith said that he well remembered seeing Te Awaitaia on his visits to Auckland to see the Governor in 1859-64. He was then a very fine old man, handsomely tattooed, dignified and courteous.

Mr. James Mackay, late Civil Commissioner, wrote:—"When hostilities commenced at Taranaki in 1860, Te Awaitaia armed his people in defence of the Raglan settlers. He gave valuable assistance to Major McGregor, and other Imperial officers, during the Waikato war. When the Waikato rebels looted Mr. Gorst's place at Te Awamutu and captured the Government printing press, they sent an insulting message to Te Awaitaia, daring him and his Europeans to cross the Mangatawhiri stream. The old warrior replied, 'Are you not aware that I am a descendant of Muriwhenua, who was a constant eater of men in the olden time?' The old chief's attitude and the presence of a portion of Her Majesty's Twelfth Regiment at Raglan effectually prevented any hostile movements on that flank of our forces. Wiremu Nera Te Awaitaia was a very honourable man, of a quiet disposition, but when roused he was a brave fighter and he was a good general. He must have been nearly ninety years of age when he died."

## Taraia

[*No. 19, Page 35*]

This fierce old cannibal chief, Taraia Ngakuti te Tumuhuia, will live in New Zealand history as a thorough-going representative of the barbaric past, a savage of the savages. He is shown in fighting costume, with his war-tomahawk in his hand. He died at his village at Ohinemuri, on the Upper Thames (Wahou), Auckland Province, in 1871.

Taraia was one of the principal war-chiefs of what was known as the Marutuahu confederation, the numerous and powerful tribes inhabiting the basin of the Waihou Valley. From the early years of last century he was almost constantly on the war-path, leading his tribe, the Ngati-Tamatera (a clan of Ngati-Maru), on some cannibal expedition or other.

In the year 1824 Taraia went out on the war-path down as far as Hawke's Bay with his man-eating braves. He and several other chiefs led a party of Ngati-Maru men to

the village of Ruatahuna, in the Urewera Country, where they joined a strong expedition of Urewera, Arawa, Ngatiawa, and other tribes, and marched over the mountains of Huiarau, canoed across Lake Waikaremoana, and thence took the track for Wairoa. Their object was to attack the Ngati-Kahungunu tribe, of Wairoa, and obtain revenge for the deaths of the Urewera chiefs, Te Toroa and Rangi-wai-tatao, who had been slain by Ngati-Kahungunu. Simultaneously with this expedition overland, a Ngapuhi taua from the north came round the East Cape in their canoes and assaulted the Ngati-Kahungunu pa, Titirangi; their newly obtained muskets gained them a complete victory. The Urewera and their allies then overran the Wairoa and Nuhaka districts, and Taraia and his fellow-warriors captured the fortified villages Moumoukai, Waikotero, and Pukekaroro, and slaughtered a great many of the defenders. Then they returned to their homes to tell of their wild forays against the tribes which dwell by the "Tai-Rawhiti."

One of Taraia's principal campaigns was in the year 1831, when he and Te Rohu led a war-party of Ngati-Tamatera to Cook Strait, and there joined Te Rauparaha, and sailed with him to make war on the Ngai-Tahu tribe, in the South Island. This expedition of Rauparaha's was a very large well-armed one. The force paddled in their war canoes to Kaikoura, stormed a pa there, and then went on to Kaiapoi (near Christchurch), where the Northerners laid siege to the great pa of the Ngai-Tahu tribe. After besieging the pa for several weeks, Rauparaha's men who had laboriously sapped towards the palisades, piled up a great heap of manuka and other scrub close to the southerly outer fences and waited for a south wind to blow, so that they might set it alight and burn the defences and then rush the fortified town. A version of the siege given by Ngati-Toa (Rauparaha's tribe) says:—

"Rauparaha waited half a moon for a south wind, but one did not come. The priests of the Ngai-Tahu in the pa were continually performing the ceremonies and chanting the incantations to stay the south wind and prevent it from blowing at that time. The priests of Rauparaha's war party performed the ceremonies and chanted incantations to cause a south wind to blow at once, so that a fire might be put to the brushwood. One still fine day the people of the pa thought they might as well set fire to the scrub placed in position by the enemy, and thus get rid of it while the weather was so calm, as the flames would not then incline towards the pa. They set fire to the heap near the spot from which they fired their guns at Rauparaha's men. Rauparaha, when he saw the smoke and flames, ordered his men to carry the brushwood close up to the stockade, so that it might not burn in vain, under heavy fire of musketry from the Ngai-Tahu. The savage raiders carried out this order, piling the dry scrub alongside the wooden palisading. Just at this time the wind changed, and blew from the south, and Kaiapoi was doomed. The fence caught fire, and the smoke blew into the pa and filled the place with

smoke. At this the savage warriors rejoiced, and gave a shout of glee, and danced a war dance; and as they danced they chanted this famous ngeri or war-song:—

*Awhea tou ure ka riri?*
*Awhea tou ure ka tora?*
*Tukua te ihu ki te tamaiti!*
*Me pewhea!*
*Ka kite koe*
*I nga tai whakamanamana*
*Te toa haere ana*
*Ka riro he Rongo-mai-whiti!*

*(When will your valour begin to rage?*
*When will your valour be strong?*
*Bid farewell to your children*
*For what else can you do?*
*You see how the brave*
*Like the great waves of ocean*
*Are marching on!*
*They fly, they fly!)*

"As the warriors shouted the song and danced, the noise they made was like thunder, and the earth trembled. Then they dashed into the burning pa, and slew a great many. Others escaped by swimming across the lake at the other side of the pa, and the waters were black with the heads of the fugitives, looking like a flock of wild ducks."

More than six hundred people were killed there, and the Northerners feasted on the bodies of the slain. Afterwards they assaulted and took two pas, at Akaroa (Banks' Peninsula) and returned to Kapiti Island and Otaki, with many slaves. Then Taraia and his fighting band returned to their homes at the Thames.

Sir John Logan Campbell, the "Father of Auckland," made reference to Taraia in his book *Poenamo*. In 1840, before Auckland City was founded, Sir John (then Dr.) Campbell and his mate were living with Ngati-Tamatera, at Waiomu, on the shores of the Hauraki Gulf, near Thames, and occupied themselves in cutting out a canoe. While a tangi was proceeding there, over a dead chief, two natives named Rite and Pirete were injured by an explosion of gunpowder. Dr. Campbell attended to their injuries, converting his tent into a hospital. Te Rite recovered, but the other died, not, however, from the burns sustained. This Te Rite was a son of Taraia, whom Dr. Campbell describes as "an old warrior of dread renown." Taraia and his son, in payment for services rendered, got their tribe to drag out from the forest to the beach the kauri log which was to form the canoe. "It thus came about," said Dr. Campbell, "that the explosion of a half-keg of gunpowder dragged out our canoe, for after four days' work it lay on the beach in front

of our door all safe and sound, and on the same day there were also piled in front of our door some forty kits—nearly a ton—of the delicious taro, and tied with a flax-leaf by the hind leg to a stake stuck in the ground was a huge porker grunting. Of course, we had to make a considerable distribution of pipes and tobacco. Indeed, it was a kind of understood thing that the value of the food offering was paid back again to go amongst the members of the tribe as just a little palm-salve for dragging out the canoe."

Not long after this display of gratitude for kindness rendered by the pakeha, Taraia showed that his native savagery was unabated. In 1842 he and a war-party from the Hauraki attacked a pa at Ongare, Katikati, and killed several people of the Ngai-te-Rangi tribe. There was a long-standing feud between Taraia's tribe and the people of the Tauranga district, and it was in consequence of this that he surprised the pa. Four men, one woman, and a child were killed. Taraia also fired into a canoe in which a number had escaped, killing and wounding several, and he carried off about twelve women and children as slaves. Several bodies were cooked and eaten by the raiders. Acting-Governor Shortland, on being informed of this, went to Taraia's pa at the Puru, Thames. Taraia on being spoken to about his conduct, replied that it was a matter in which natives alone were concerned, and he did not see what business the Governor had to interfere in it. He also said he had heard that the Governor intended sending soldiers to capture him, that the Europeans informed him he would be hanged. "If this be true," said the savage warrior, "I will first take payment for myself," meaning that he would kill some Europeans as satisfaction for his own death. "What relation is the Governor to Whanake?" (the chief killed at Katikati). He exclaimed, "that he should love him so much? I have no objection to pay his people provided they pay me for all my relations whom they have killed. Have they not eaten my mother?" And the Governor prudently left him alone.

## Tukukino

[*No. 20, Page 36*]

THE old fighting chief Tukukino belonged to the same people as Taraia Ngakuti, the tribe Ngati-Tamatera. For many years he did his utmost to prevent the Ohinemuri district being occupied by Europeans for gold-mining or other purposes. Finally, with his kinswoman, Mere Kuru, he gave way in 1875. From that time until his death he lived quietly at Te Komata, near Paeroa. Mr. James Mackay, Native Agent, who was chiefly instrumental in overcoming the scruples of the Maoris and in opening up the Ohinemuri, describes Tukukino as a "pretty good fellow but intensely obstinate."

The old chief was a cannibal, like Taraia, in his young days, and had taken part in many wars. In the picture he is shown wearing the dried skin of a huia bird in his ear, a typical ornament of a high-born Maori chief of former days.

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No. 21—Mere Kuru te Kati

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No. 22—Hori Ngakapa

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No. 23—Paul Tuhaere

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No. 24—Te Hira te Kawau

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No. 26—Te Hau-Takiri Wharepapa

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No. 29—Te Ua, the First Hauhau Prophet

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No. 30—Tamaikoha

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No. 31—Major Ropata Wahawaha, N.Z.C.

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No. 32—Henare Potae

# Mere Kuru te Kati

[*No. 21, Page 61*]

NEXT to Taraia on the walls of the gallery hangs the portrait of one of his near female relatives, the celebrated Mere (Mary) Kuru, of Paeroa, Ohinemuri. This was one of Lindauer's later works, and it is one of his best, a perfect reproduction of the flesh colour of the Maori, the wrinkled face of the venerable kuia, the blue-tattooed lip and chin. She was a remarkable type, this dour old chieftainess, a woman whom one can well imagine handling a gun or a tomahawk fully as determinedly as the men. Her firm-set grim old face expresses courage, and hate for the pakeha. Indeed, old Mere was ever a Maori of the Maoris. No one of the native race ever opposed the advance of the pakeha race more bitterly than she did.

Mere Kuru, who was the Ariki tapairu or head chieftainess of the Ngati-Tamatera tribe of Ohinemuri, was born about the year 1815. On one ancestral side she was Ngati-Tamatera, on the other side connected with the Waikato, Ngati-Mahuta tribe. She married a Thames chief, but had no children. She was a very determined woman, and in conjunction with her cousin, Te Hira Te Tuiri, she strenuously opposed the opening up of the Ohinemuri portion of the Hauraki goldfields. On the first sitting of the Native Land Court at Paeroa, she, in company with two other women, drove all the members of her tribe out of Court and flourished her méré over the heads of the presiding Judges, and it was some considerable time before she could be pacified or would allow the Court to proceed.

Mr. James Mackay, Chief Magistrate and Civil Commissioner, in 1868-9, had persuaded the friendly natives at Ohinemuri to cede their lands for gold-mining purposes, but Mere Kuru and Te Hira obstinately declined to come to any arrangement respecting the Ohinemuri lands. Mr. Mackay temporarily left the Government service in 1869, and for six years Governors and other Govern nent officers tried in vain to soften the obduracy of the old chieftainess. Finally in February, 1875, Mackay was successful in procuring the assent of Mere Kuru and Te Hira, and the Hauhau members of the Ngati-Tamatera tribe, to allow gold-mining at Ohinemuri, and it was proclaimed to be a gold-mining district from the 3rd March, 1875.

The Government built a large house for Mere Kuru, but she leased it to Europeans, preferring to live conservatively in the old Maori style. She consistently adhered to the Anglican Church in which she had been baptised, and although she agreed with the Hauhaus in their obstructive policy in matters of sales or leases of Maori lands, she never joined in their fanatical religious ceremonies. After the opening up of Ohinemuri for gold-mining purposes the old chieftainess ceased to take any active part in the affairs of

the tribe. She was not at all distinguished for hospitality or generosity to Europeans, but was strictly honest in all land or monetary transactions. Before the opening of the lower Thames district for gold mining, she resided near Captain Daldy's sawmill at Waikawau (between Thames and Coromandel) but on the settlement of the Thames she removed to Ohinemuri, where she continuously lived until she died, August 6th, 1905.

Many of these dignified old Maori chiefs and chieftainesses instinctively abhorred the idea of having their portraits painted or being sketched or photographed, and this dislike was equally shared by pretty well every member of their tribe. In the case of old Mere Kuru, the artist and Mr. Partridge were compelled to spend quite a considerable amount of time and money in their endeavours to persuade her immediate relatives to request Mere Kuru to give a few sittings. They probably would have failed but for the fact that they finally secured the assistance of Mr. James Mackay, whose great influence with the tribe at last overcame their objections and secured their consent and that of the old lady herself on the promise that a copy of the portrait would be sent them to hang in the tribal meeting house.

## Hori Ngakapa

[*No. 22, Page 62*]

The Hauraki chief Hori Ngakapa Te Whanaunga was one of the last of the tattooed warriors of the old generation living in the Auckland district. He came of distinguished ancestry, in the Tainui tribes, and he was a man of experience and courage in the field of war. An elder relative of his was the celebrated venerable chief Horeta Te Taniwha, the subject of a biographical note in this volume.

Hori Ngakapa's early years were spent at Waiau and the Tiki, Coromandel. When he was about twenty-five years old he was one of the chiefs who led his people, the Ngati-Whanaunga and Ngati-Paoa tribes, in their memorable war-canoe invasion of Auckland town in 1851. This raid on the infant capital was organised by the natives of the Hauraki Gulf in order to seek redress for an affront suffered by one of their chiefs, Hoera, a leading man of the Ngatipaoa tribe, who had been struck on the head by a native policeman in the town and arrested, but who was soon after released by the authorities. The Ngati-Paoa and Ngati-Whanaunga launched their war-canoes, armed themselves, and to the number of between two hundred and fifty and three hundred men angrily paddled up the Waitemata to Auckland, and landed at Mechanics' Bay, then known as Waipapa. The leading chiefs of the expedition were Hoera, Haora Tipa, Te Rauroha, Aperahama Pokai and Hori Ngakapa. Hori was, as he told the present writer, armed with a tupara [double-barrelled gun] and a patu-paraoa [a sharp-edged whalebone club]. Old Te

Taniwha's hapu were there, in the great waka-taua, "Te Wai-Kohari," and other canoes. Ngati-Maru and Ngati-Paoa came up in their big canoes, whose bows were decorated grotesquely with pitau figureheads—fierce-staring carven figures, with tongues projecting in defiance, and wooden arms braced stiffly back. Haora Tipa and his immediate section of the Ngati-Paoa paddled up in their big pitau canoe called "Maramarua," manned by eager half-naked warriors, their fifty sharp manuka blades "tearing through the tortured water."

"We landed on the beach," said Hori, "then we danced the tutu-waewae [war-dance] and loudly chanted songs of defiance, and pukana'd [made ferocious grimaces] as we danced." The natives demanded from the European authorities the Maori policeman who had assaulted their chief, but His Excellency the Governor (Sir George Grey) ordered them at once to leave, threatening that they would be fired on by the military and by H.M.s. *Fly*, then lying in the harbour, if they did not take their departure. The hills were lined by armed men, and seeing this and the guns of the man-of-war turned on them, the Maoris wisely decided to obey "Hori Kerei," dragged their canoes out through the mud, and sullenly paddled away, after having laid a greenstone mere at the Governor's feet in token of submission.

The next we hear of Hori Ngakapa is in 1863, when he and a large number of Ngati-Whanaunga and kindred tribesmen took up arms and went to the assistance of their cousins, the Waikato, in their war against the white men. Their first fight was at a place known as Martin's Clearing, in the bush near the northern side of Pukewhau, now known as Bombay Hill. There Hori and a party of his men laid an ambuscade for the troops. The soldiers attacked were an escort of fifty of the 18th Regiment (Royal Irish), who were taking a convoy along the Great South Road from the Queen's Redoubt, at Pokeno, to Drury. They had temporarily piled arms, when they were fired on at close quarters. Five of the escort were killed, and eleven were wounded. In the sharp engagement, Hori had just fired at a soldier, and had not time to reload before another pakeha had him covered. Instantly his brave wife Hera Puna, who accompanied him, jumped out and stood in front of her husband. The soldier, seeing that it was a woman, hesitated to fire, and Hori quickly got behind the safe shelter of a tree, where he reloaded at his leisure. The plucky wahine, too, got safely out of the affair and lived to survive Hori. Maori women often shared in the fighting in those days; at Orakau they fought as well as the men.

After the engagement at Martin's Clearing, Hori and his men made their way up the Waikato, and took part in the defence of Rangiriri Pa. Hori was armed with his trusty tupara, and wore a méré in his belt, while he carried his precious ammunition in cartouche belts across his shoulders and around his waist. He did not wait to be captured at Rangiriri, but escaped, with a large number of others—seventy men and thirty women—by

swimming across the lake which separated the ground on which the pa stood from the safe country beyond. After the fall of Rangiriri, he went up to Ngaruawahia, the Maori capital, and thence to Paterangi, where he was one of the men who garrisoned that strongly-fortified Kingite pa. The natives left Paterangi after the fight at Rangiaowhia. At the end of the war in 1864 he and his men, all those who survived of them, returned to their homes on the shores of the Hauraki.

From that time onwards Hori Ngakapa was unflinchingly loyal to the Government, and he was always found a very honest and reliable man. He was one of those who materially assisted in the opening up of the Hauraki lands for gold-mining purposes.

Mr. Partridge tells a little anecdote concerning Hori. This picture of him was painted at the Thames in 1874. After the portrait was finished it was exhibited in Butt's Hotel, in the Thames township. When it was on view one day, Hori stood at the entrance to the room and collected a shilling from everyone who went in to see it, then at the close of the exhibition he went into the bar, which was crowded, turned out the money in his hat on to the counter, and "shouted" therewith for all hands.

## Paul Tuhaere

*[No. 23, Page 63]*

THE chief Paora (Paul) Tuhaere, of Orakei, Auckland, was one of the best known and most widely respected members of the native race, and was a fine specimen of the genuine old Maori rangatira. He and his contemporaries could speak of the time when they saw the first European settlers run up their tents and raupo wharés on the fern-hills where now the city of Auckland stands. He was born about the year 1825, and was a nephew of the celebrated old fighting chief Apihai te Kawau, who was sketched by the English artist Angas in 1844.

On Apihai's death, Paul became the most influential and energetic chief of the Ngati-Whatua tribe, who were the owners of the Auckland district or Tamaki, as the Maoris called it, at the time the first Europeans arrived here in 1840. Paul never was a man of war. In the Waikato war he and his people remained thoroughly loyal to the Government. In his young days, in the year 1844, he and other chiefs of his tribe went to Whangarei and made peace with Te Parawhau, then hostile to Ngati-Whatua and in May of the same year he was present at the great gathering of native tribes held at Remuera, at which Governor Fitzroy was present. Throughout his life the late chief was a staunch supporter of the Government and a friend of the white people, and his genial tattooed face was familiar to visitors to his settlement of Okahu on the Orakei block, where a stone monument now marks his last resting place. He died on March 12, 1892.

# Te Hira te Kawau

[*No. 24, Page 64*]

THIS aristocratic old chief was a good specimen of a rangatira and in former days his tattooed face was familiar in Auckland streets. He lived most of his life at Okahu, the Maori settlement on the Orakei block on the shore of Auckland Harbour, and his death occurred there in June, 1888. Te Hira te Kawau was a man of the highest birth in the Ngati-Whatua tribe. He was the son of the old warrior-chief Apihai te Kawau, and cousin to the late Paul Tuhaere. He was generally called "Paul's Rangatira" for being Apihai's son, he was really of higher rank than Paul. He was an unassuming man and took little part in native politics; he was more fond of fishing than of anything else, and he left the tribal political leadership to Paul.

A story of Te Hira is related in Sir John Logan Campbell's book *Poenamo*, in which the narrator describes his early colonial experiences. In 1840 Campbell was one of an exploring party from Waiau (Coromandel) who came up to where Auckland now stands in order to make a purchase of land for the purpose of laying out a township. The scheme, however, came to grief through a squabble with Te Hira, then a young man, while the party were storm-stayed at Orakei. The incident is thus related in *Poenamo*:—

"One of the young chiefs of the party, Te Hira, who had come to be a party to the intended sale of land, considering he had the best right to the spoils of his own territory, made a grab at our ragout pot (which contained the remains of a pigeon-stew), when Cook [Campbell's friend and partner, Wm. Brown], standing up for his boy, interfered and asked Te Hira why he was 'tahae-ing the kohua.' He meant 'taking away the pot,' but in his imperfect knowledge of the language he used the word 'stealing.' So Te Hira returned to nurse his wrath, and we found on the following day he had nursed it to some purpose. The weather prophets had made a miscalculation, and instead of our having three days' rain the next morning broke fine, so we pulled up the harbour looking at all the bays and the pretty shores and ever asking "Won't you sell this and that, and the other?' and it was always 'Kahore! Kahore! Kahore!' We pulled almost to the head waters of the harbour until we came to an island called Pahi [now known as Pine Island] with only a narrow boat channel to get at it; and this choice spot Te Hira would sell, but it was ourselves and not the land he was 'selling,' for Waipeha, getting hold of some of the other Orakei natives who had come with us, soon found out that Te Hira was in the sulks. He had been called a thief, and he was only leading us a dance, and he would not consent that any land should be sold, and it would only be a fool's errand to go any further; and so there was nothing for it but to turn our boat's head the other way, and just 'gang back agin' with what grace we could." And that was why Campbell and his friends were unable to buy any of the land on which the City of Auckland now stands.

# Paratene te Manu

[*No. 25, Page 65*]

This grim old cannibal-warrior, who lived on the Little Barrier Island, one of the mountain-outliers of the Hauraki Gulf, was one of the Ngati-Wai warriors who joined with Ngapuhi in the cannibal raids along the coast a century ago. At the time of his death at Ngunguru, at the end of 1896, he was over ninety years of age. Paratene was seen by the present writer in his island home at the Little Barrier (Hauturu) in 1895, when the Government evicted Tenetahi (Paratene's nephew) and his hapu of Ngati-wai as a preliminary to turning the island into a sanctuary for native birds. The Maoris had sold the island but did not want to leave it. Old Te Manu, when served with his summons to quit by the Crown officials, regarded the bit of blue paper with great aversion. The ancient warrior, bent with age, would not touch his summons so it was laid on the ground at his feet. He picked up a manuka stick and danced feebly around the obnoxious paper, making digs at it as if he were spearing an enemy. The old man said he was not going to court, and was not going to leave the island; it was his, and he was doing to die there. However, Paratene left with Tenetahi and the rest. He did not long survive his banishment from his ancestral home.

Paratene, when asked his age, replied, "Kotahi rau" ("one hundred"). He first went on the war-path in 1822, when, as a youth, he followed Hongi and his man-eating Ngapuhi on the expedition which resulted in the capture of the Mauinaina and Mokoia towns, on the Tamaki River, near where the township of Panmure now stands. Here a great cannibal feast was held by the savage victors.

When at the Little Barrier Island in 1895 the writer asked Paratene to give him an account of his life. The old warrior promised to do so, and as it was too long a story to tell at the time, he agreed to dictate it to one of his relatives on the island. This relative, Mrs. Kiri Paraone, faithfully wrote down in Maori the story as it fell from the old man's lips, and many weeks later I received the laboriously written notes. They are valuable as giving a picture of an old-time toa's thrilling life in the days when Ngapuhi and their newly-acquired muskets were the terror of Maoridom. The following is a literal and verbatim translation of Paratene's autobiography:—

"This is an account for you of my life from my youth to my old age (koroheketanga) and of the battles in which I took part in former days, when I went as a warrior to the fights of old. I am an old man now, a very old man, and it is a great many years ago since I first went forth to fight in battles after the fashion of the Maoris. I learned the use of the weapons of our race, and when I was a young man I also learned the use of the gun.

I fought in a number of battles with the Ngapuhi of the north, under Hongi and other chiefs against the tribes of the Thames and the East Coast.

"My first fight [whawhai tuatahi] was at the Tamaki, where in those days many people lived. I and my elders went with a great army of Ngapuhi, under Hongi, to the pa of Mauinaina on the Tamaki. This pa belonged to Ngati-Paoa. We captured it. We had many guns, which Hongi had brought home after his visit to England, and the killing was great. My second fight was at the Totara, near the mouth of the Thames River. That pa was held by the Ngati-Maru people and we went in canoes to attack it with our guns. The pa fell—we captured it and killed the people thereof. (It is related that at this storming of the Totara pa, held by the Thames natives, several hundreds of people were killed in the night attack).

"The third war expedition in which I took part with my people was along the East Coast southward. We started away, killing as we went. We arrived at Whakahau (Slipper Island, in the Bay of Plenty). There we fought with the warriors of the Ngati-Maru tribe. They knew not that we were approaching them in the night, two hundred of our warriors rushed under cover of night; we were the victors. I fought in this battle! Three chiefs of Ngati-Maru were killed by me [i.e., by me and my people].

"My fourth fight was at the island of Tuhua [Mayor Island, in the Bay of Plenty]. We were armed with guns as well as our Maori weapons—the spear, the club, the battle-axe of stone, and the greenstone and whalebone patu. We embarked in our canoes; we landed on Tuhua; we fought with the people there; then fell that pa (ka horo tena pa). The name of that fort was Ngauwhiapo. Then there were taken by us the wife of Puru, the chief of that pa, and her children. At daylight next morning Puru approached us, and when he had arrived in the midst of the war-party, he cried and lamented for his wife. Then spoke the chiefs of our party and said 'Let us return his wife to him.' Then Puru's wife returned to her husband. At this Puru called to the war-party (taua): 'Let a warrior from your taua come with me.' Then went Te Tawheta and three of his friends to return Puru, his wife and children to their place amongst the people whom we had beaten. When they arrived at one of the villages on the island where the people were gathered, peace was made and a certain woman was given to us so that peace would be made. The name of that woman was Te Rautahi, and Te Ruruanga was her daughter. Rautahi was a chieftainess of Tuhua. After this we returned to our homes.

"The next taua of mine, the fifth, was to the Bay of Plenty. We paddled in our war-canoes. I and my elders landed at Tauranga. It was an army we were with, warriors of the nation of Ngapuhi. We remained there for a time and then embarked in our canoes again and shaped a course for the Mouth of the Awa-o-te Atua [the River of the God]. On we paddled; we landed, it was at Opotiki. There we fought; it was a battle [he pare-

kura ano]. The name of my hapu was Ngati-Taka, a section of the Ngapuhi tribe. It was with Whakatohea that we fought on this occasion.

"Tua-ono (the sixth): This war expedition was also to the district of the Bay of Plenty. After we left Opotiki we paddled on in our canoes; we landed on the beach; it was at Toka-a-kuku. That place was a fortified stronghold of the tribe known as Te Whanau-a-Apanui, Katahi! We came in sight of our enemies, then jumped I in the war-dance! We rushed to kill! We slew the whole of that pa. The seventh taua of mine was to Whangaparaoa. We paddled there in our canoes; we rushed to kill there, and we fought a battle.

"Our next expedition—my eighth taua—was to the East Coast again. [This was about 1828-9, when on Hongi's death, several chiefs led an expedition of Ngapuhi down the coast, killing and eating, from the East Coast to where Napier now stands]. We went in our war-canoes; we had our guns and our powder and bullets. We paddled and sailed down the East Cape, and landed at Waiapu. There we marched on the pa which stood there; the name of the fort was Taitai, then we rushed to battle. We fought, that pa fell to our arms. It was in this wise: Ngati-Porou, the men who held that pa moved out to fight us on the ground below the pa. We killed them there, defeated them altogether. Then we made peace with Ngati-Porou. Then called out the children of Tawaputa: Te-Kani-a-Takirau has arrived to unite with us that so that we two shall sail to Turanga [Poverty Bay] and make war upon Te Aitanga-a-Rongo-whakaata. Then Ngapuhi, that was the name by which the whole of our tribes were known, went on to fight. We won the battle there, and captured the fort also (a ka hinga hoki te pa).

"Then we returned to our canoes and went on to Mahia Peninsula. There we jumped from our canoes and landed on the beach, and we saw there the people armed with whalebone weapons to withstand us. We rushed on them and went along the beach, killing as we went (patua haeretia) for we had many guns. When we had arrived at one end of the beach the warriors of that place turned back on us. Then fought our chief Tau-ko-kopu, himself and his dog only, with two hundred of the people of that place, for a long time, until we rushed to the place where he was fighting. There fell Tau-ko-kopu. He was a warrior indeed, he was a younger brother of my father. We slew the warriors of Ngati-Kahungunu at that place; they died there in great numbers before our guns. When we left this beach after the customary scenes which follow a battle we remained for a short time at the Mahia, then we sailed away in our canoes further south along the coast and landed at Wairoa, Ahuriri [now known as Napier], and Whakapunaki, and fought battles at each place. We killed Tu-akaiki, and captured the pa. Returning northward we landed again at the Mahia, then finally paddled away from the scene of our slaughter and returned to our homes here in the north, I and my hapu to our kaingas on the Great Barrier Island.

"After the days of fighting were thus ended, I went to live at Whangaruru. 'Wiremu, te Minita' arrived at Whangaruru while I was there, and preached to us the Rongopai of the pakeha. [This refers to the Rev. Henry Williams or his brother, and the date would be about 1830]. Williams baptised me (ka iri-iri a ahau) as a Christian at that place. Then were ended my days of warfare and of shedding blood. Amongst our enemies were the Ngati-Maru of the Thames country. A party of Ngati-Maru came to look for Te Heru of our hapu, and visited us at Ahuriri-Waihi, on the Great Barrier Island. They took Te Heru with them to Hauraki, and Te Heru went to the place where his daughter lived with the Ngati-Maru, in order to make peace with the tribe. That woman's name was Kahu-waero. It was then that we made peace with the Ngati-Maru people. This is the end of my story regarding the deeds of war.

"Now, friend, I will tell you about my visit to England and to the Queen. I went to Auckland where I saw a European, who invited me to take a trip to England with certain other Maoris, all rangatira people. The names of my friends who were given this trip to England were Te Hautakiri Wharepapa [there is a portrait of this chief in the Lindauer Gallery], Reihana, Hirini, Wi te Whai, Hare-Pomare and his wife Hariata, Tere, Te Kihirini, Ngahuia, Haumu, Te Hapimana, Takerei, Horomona (Solomon). We sailed away to England over the sea, the name of our ship was *Ira Tekerea* [the *Ida Zeigler*]. It was on the first day of February in the year 1862, that we sailed for England, and in May we arrived there. I was the 'Kai-karakia' or minister for our party on the voyage.

"The morning after we arrived in London we were taken to the railway station. Then rushed along towards us the taipo [the demon, i.e., the steam engine]; we got on board, then rushed away in the train and arrived at the house where we were to live. After this we went to meet the Prince of Wales ['Te Piriniha-Wera'], the son of the Queen, and then we were taken to see the Queen. Presently arrived for us the steamer of the Queen; we embarked and we were taken to the island where the Queen lived. When we arrived there we attired ourselves in our Maori garments, and took in our hands our weapons, the spear, the club, the greenstone mere and the hani, and then we went into the presence of the Queen. We tangi'd and uttered salutations to her, and then we went up to her to hariru [the Maorified form of 'How do you do?']. Ngahuia was the first of us to say hariru after the pakeha fashion to the Queen, and she extended her hand to her, and she (Ngahuia) kissed it, then the rest of us did the same, and I, Paratene te Manu, was the last to say hariru to the Queen.

"Then the Queen said to us: 'Tena koutou, te iwi Maori o Niu Tireni' ['Salutations to you the Maori people of New Zealand']. We said to her: 'We heard in London that if we remained there we would be killed by the white people.' But the Queen told us: 'I will not be pleased if my Maori people are killed, I am not willing that New Zealand should be destroyed.'

"This ended, the Queen said to me: 'Are you not going to say anything?' Then I replied: 'Be generous to the Maori people,' and the Queen said to me 'Yes, I am kindly disposed to the Maori race.'

"Then the Queen invited us to partake of food before we returned to the steamer. We took our native garments to the Queen, and Ngahuia gave her greenstone heitiki to that great lady, who presented her with a diamond pin.

"When we returned to London we were taken to see the Queen's lions. When we saw them I expressed a wish that the lions might be brought out so we should fight them. But our conductors replied that the Queen would not be pleased if the lions were killed by us.

"When our visiting in London was over we returned to New Zealand, and I lived at Whangaruru, and at Hauturu (Little Barrier Island). And now in this my old age, I am telling the story of my life to you. This is all, O Friend, from Paratene te Manu."

## Te Hau-Takiri Wharepapa

[*No. 26, Page 66*]

Kamariera te Hau-Takiri Wharepapa, whose home was at Mangakahia, in the North Auckland district, had a romantic story. When he was a young man he and a party of other chiefs (*see No. 25*) were taken on a voyage to England in the ship *Ida Zeigler*, in the year 1862. They were allowed to meet the Queen at Osborne. Te Hau-Takiri was then a fine-looking man, and his appearance captivated the fancy of an English girl, who determined to share the lot of the tattooed New Zealander. They were married, and the young white woman came out to Auckland as Mrs. Hau-Takiri. She lived with him for some years in the North, and then he bought her a home in Parnell, Auckland, where she lived until her death. The old chief died at Mangakahia in 1920.

## Te Horeta Taniwha

[*No. 27, Page 67*]

"Old Hooked-Nose" was the nickname the early settlers gave to this ancient fighting chief, who lived to be very nearly if not quite a hundred years old. He was the principal chief of the Ngati-Whanaunga tribe of the Coromandel and Thames districts, Hauraki Gulf, when the first white men settled on the shores of that many-islanded sheet of water. The principal claim the fine old chief has to fame is that he was one of the Maoris who saw and met Captain Cook when the great navigator first arrived in the Hauraki Gulf in 1769, and he was very fond of relating stories of that memorable epoch in New Zealand's history.

"Te Horeta," said Mr. James Mackay, of Paeroa, who knew the old chief, "was styled the Taniwha because of this incident: In a fight on board a canoe he was speared and fell into the sea. His assailant jumped after him to renew the attack, but was killed by Te Horeta in the water. Taniwha was the name of a fabulous reptile which the Maoris described as a species of crocodile or alligator (probably originating in their early sojourn in Egypt and its neighbourhood, and handed down in their traditions); hence through his prowess he is said to resemble that monster. On the discovery of gold at Coromandel in 1852 the old man was one of the first to agree to allow prospecting on his land. He was always friendly to Europeans. He allowed the Government store-ship *Coromandel* to load kauri spars and squared timber at Waiau and the Captain named the harbour Coromandel in commemoration of that event. Te Horeta* Taniwha died early in the Sixties, nearly one hundred years old."

The pakeha-Maori William Webster (Wepiha) of Coromandel was a son-in-law or nephew-in-law of the Taniwha. When Sir John Logan Campbell, "the Father of Auckland," arrived at Waiau (Coromandel) in 1840 Te Taniwha was the principal chief of the district. In Campbell's book *Poenamo* there is this reference to the trader and the old chief of Waiau:

"Waipeha [Wepiha] had taken a wife, native fashion, and without the benefit of clergy, from the tribe of the great chief Taniwha who could muster his three hundred—I don't mean wives, but fighting men. Under the shadow of the great Taniwha, who was known by the sobriquet of old Hook-Nose from a certain resemblance to Wellington—under his shadow lived and reigned Waipeha."

## Tuhoto

[*No. 28, Page 68*]

Tuhoto Ariki, of Rotorua, was remarkable as being one of the very last of the old order of Maori priests and reputed wizards. He was believed to be about one hundred years of age at the time of his death, which occurred at Rotorua soon aften the Tarawera eruption of 1886. Old Tuhoto was living at Wairoa village on Lake Tarawera, at the time of the eruption, with his kindred of the Tuhourangi tribe. When the mountain burst forth, and hot mud and ashes were rained all over the country that terrible night in midwinter, the priest was buried alive in his house beneath a mass of mud and other volcanic debris. Wonderful to relate, he was still alive when dug out by the rescue party, one hundred and four hours later, thus surviving an awful ordeal which killed more than a hundred of his people. He was taken to Rotorua and cared for at the Rotorua sanatorium

* Horeta means "red ochre."

—the natives were so afraid of his reputed occult powers that they would not touch or feed him—and he died there soon afterwards. The Maoris attributed the eruption of Tarawera to Tuhoto. They averred he had invoked the spirit of a deified ancestor, the *genius loci* of Tarawera, to arise and destroy the tribe, and that he also appealed to the god of volcanoes to visit the tribes with death.

Mr. Partridge, the owner of this collection, was in Rotorua in 1886, when the old tohunga was brought in by the rescuing party, from the Wairoa. When Mr. Partridge visited the Government Sanatorium, the ancient man was lying wrapped up in a blanket. He had refused to take food of any kind, but on Mr. Partridge drawing a cigar from his pocket and holding it up to his view, his face was a picture to behold; sunshine and delight gleamed from his old eyes. After cutting the end off the cigar and placing it between the tattooed, withered lips, Mr. Partridge struck a match and held it while the old fellow drew, until he had got a good light. Then he lay back, too weak to talk; but the feeble smile and thankful look from the deep-sunk eyes spoke more than words. It was his last bit of enjoyment on earth.

Tuhoto came of a long line of sacred priests of the ancient Polynesian order. He lived on Mokoia Island in Lake Rotorua, in the early years of last century. He was set apart from his youth as one of the high priests and "medicine men" of the Arawa. He was early initiated into the mysteries of the tapu, and learned in reverent awe the dread incantations and centuries-old formulæ by which the powers of the earth and air can be overcome or enemies slain as surely as with the spear or mere. He was taught the karakia which were constantly necessary to the Maoris, the prayer for removing the sacred spell of the tapu from persons and houses, the solemn ceremonies in connection with the planting and harvesting of the kumara, the omens of peace and war, the mystic art of divination, and the murderous wiles of the makutu, the "evil eye." Of these and many other esoteric matters old Tuhoto was the repository: and his knowledge died with him. The natives of the lake district held him in fear; for he was to them a tangata-makutu, a wizard of much virulence. A year or two before he died the ancient priest was sent for by the people at Ohinemutu to remove by his potent karakia the ban of tapu from a piece of land on Muruika Point, at Ohinemutu, which they wished to give as a site on which to build a church. Tuhoto exorcised the tapu spot, and the Anglican church of St. Faith now stands there. In his later days the venerable sage was so hemmed in by tapu, and so much feared and avoided, that it was with difficulty any Maoris even of his own tribe could be induced to have anything to do with him.

# Te Ua, the First Hauhau Prophet

[*No. 29, Page 69*]

In this portrait the figure has the right hand upraised, with the palm open, on a level with the face. Te Ua Haumene was the first of the Hauhau prophets—in fact he was the founder of the fanatical Hauhau cult—and this sign of the upraised hand, the Ringa-tu, was part of the ceremonial and ritual he taught his followers. When performing their devotions and when in battle they must hold up the right hand in this position, repeating certain words. If, when in battle they raised their right hands so, and exclaimed "Hapa! Pai Marire!" ("Pass over! Righteousness and Peace!"), the white man's bullets would not harm them, but would fly harmlessly over their heads. A Moslem-like faith, but one that did not always work out in practice, as many a bullet-punctured Hauhau discovered when too late. Old customs die hard; and up to quite recent times, long after the wars, the Ringa-tu religion, first promulgated by Te Ua and afterwards revived by Te Kooti, had a strong hold on the Urewera and certain other tribes; and even to this day here and there in many villages, the chant of the Ringa-tu service may be heard, and the men and women may be seen making the sign of the Uplifted Hand.

It was about the year 1863 that Te Ua Haumene, who was a member of the Ngati-Ruanui tribe, of Taranaki, first began to preach his Hauhau religion. In *Reminiscences of the War in New Zealand*, Mr. Gudgeon gave the following account of the founder of the faith:—

"The origin of that fanatical creed is obscure, as well it might be, for the author, Te Ua, had up to the date of his inspiration been considered a harmless lunatic. Its first appearance was in some mysterious manner connected with the wreck of the steamer *Lord Worsley* on the Taranaki coast. At that period, Te Ua, though looked upon by his tribe as of weak intellect, was yet of peaceful disposition, more friendly to Europeans than the King party. He tried hard to persuade his tribe not to plunder either the cargo or passengers, but he failed, the sight of so much loot being too much for a true Maori to withstand; and the failure seems to have prayed so much on his already weak mind that his only consolation from that moment was in praying to his Atua Pai Marire. Shortly after these events Te Ua assaulted a woman of his tribe, and her husband, by way of punishment, tied him hand and foot, and left him in a whare to meditate for a time on his evil ways; and it was while undergoing this punishment that his first intimate acquaintance with the Atua Pai Marire stood him in good stead, and rendered him for ever famous and powerful amongst the tribes, for, to quote his own words, 'the Archangel Michael, the Angel Gabriel, and hosts of spirits landed from the *Lord Worsley* and visited him

as he lay bound. Gabriel, who took the lead throughout the conference, ordered him to break his bonds, which he did easily. The husband, finding him at liberty, again bound him, this time with a chain, but in obedience to the Angel's commands Te Ua with more than human strength burst it in pieces, and thenceforth he was considered a famous man, protected by God and feared by the superstitious Maori.

"Gabriel visited him again, on this occasion during sleep, and ordered him to rise. He did so and found himself surrounded by all the tribes of the earth. While gazing on the assembled multitudes he heard a loud voice saying 'Te Ua, go out and kill your son.' He obeyed and seizing the boy broke his leg in several places, but before he could despatch him the Angel Gabriel ordered him to stop, and wash the boy in water. Te Ua complied, and in an instant his son was restored to him unhurt.

"He was then instructed as to his future proceedings. A pole of a certain height, to be called a Niu, should be erected around which all true believers were to worship, standing in a circle; those found worthy would receive the gift of tongues. The Angel then sang a song apostrophising the Trinity and informed Te Ua that this would in future be part of his ritual.

"With the exception of the hymn, the service appears to have been left to the discretion of the prophet. A scriptural phraseology was retained in all their ceremonies, and throughout their political documents. King Tawhiao was always represented as receiving his power from the Angel Gabriel. The symbol of their faith was 'Pai Marire,' which may be interpreted if each word is taken separately as 'good and peaceful'; but the sentence must have had a very different meaning to the Hauhaus, if one may judge by their actions, in which very little that is good or peaceful can be found. There was also another word of importance which they received from the Angel after the fight of Ahuahu (1864), namely 'Hauhau.' The meaning of this word is even more obscure than the other, but probably it referred to the wind by which the Angels were brought to the worshippers around the pole, as the spirits were always spoken of as 'Hau Anihera' ('Wind Angels'). Perhaps this expression can be more correctly interpreted as 'Wind of the Angels.'

"Up to this period Te Ua and his converts had behaved in a peaceful and well-disposed manner, but he must either have changed his mind or been unable to control his zealous followers, for a fanatical and murderous spirit was soon shown, and the creed took that form of hostility to the pakeha, which it has retained ever since."

The Hauhaus first met the whites in the field of battle at Ahuahu, on the Kaitake Ranges, between Mt. Egmont and the sea, in April, 1864. A detachment of the 57th Regiment and some military settlers, was attacked and routed, with the loss of an officer (Captain Lloyd) and six men killed. The Hauhaus decapitated the slain soldiers; their heads were smoke-dried and were made use of in much the same manner as the "fiery cross" was

used amongst the Highlanders of old. The heads were given into the hands of Hauhau prophets and were sent from tribe to tribe through the island, in an endeavour to work up a savage fanaticism and induce them to become Hauhaus. Most of the Hauhau prophets came to a violent end in one way or another. Hepanaia and Matene fell in battle, and Kereopa—he who condemned the Rev. Volkner at Opotiki—was captured by the Government natives in the Urewera country in 1871 and hanged in the Napier gaol.

Te Ua, before sending out Captain Lloyd's head amongst the tribes, pretended to have been spoken to and inspired by it. "The head informed the high-priest," said Gudgeon in his history of the war, "that legions of angels waited the time when the head having visited all the tribes, a general outbreak would take place, and the pakeha be annihilated by the assistance of these angels, after which a knowledge of all languages and of all the arts and sciences would be bestowed upon the Pai Marire (the true believers). This account must appear utterly absurd to the European mind, yet it was to the Maori a belief in defence of which he was prepared to die. The supposed instructions were admirably conceived and reflect great credit upon Te Ua. Had the head with its attendant train of madmen travelled peaceably through the North Island, carefully abstaining from hostility towards those tribes professing friendship to the Europeans, all would eventually have been converted, and in that case the outbreak when it came would have been so formidable that the utmost efforts of the Government would hardly have arrested its course. Luckily for us, the sub-prophets Hepanaia and Matene, Kereopa, and Patara, were men of impatient character, too impatient to await the appointed time, and so the death-knell of Pai Marire was sounded."

When the Hauhau wars were well under way—they lasted in one part of the island and another until nearly the end of 1871—Te Ua seems to have lapsed into obscurity. We hear little more about him; his fame was eclipsed by Titokowaru, the great war-leader on the West Coast, and Te Kooti, the East Coast rebel chieftain who was revered as a god by his wild followers; and later by the celebrated Taranaki prophets Te Whiti and Tohu. But his memory will linger long in the villages of Taranaki and other old homes of the Hauhaus as the first high priest of the anti-pakeha religion. On the wall of the late Te Whiti's meeting hall at Parihaka there hangs at the present day a large portrait of Te Ua, somewhat as he is shown in Lindauer's painting, with his right hand upraised, the symbol of the Hauhau faith—the sign of the Ringa-tu.

The following paragraph regarding the prophet is from the Rev. R. Taylor's *New Zealand Past and Present*: "Te Ua having previously had lessons in mesmerism in Sydney, was able to do some things which appeared miraculous to the simple natives and thus they hoped through its instrumentality to regain the dominion and drive the Europeans into the sea. By the assumption of supernatural powers, of working miracles, combined with the gift of tongues and the possession of a religion containing a little of Judaism

and much heathenism, they drew largely on the faith of their followers, and greatly diminished their fear of British balls, bombs, rockets and other missiles of civilised warfare; and at the same time by their horrid yells and incantations, exercised a kind of fascinating influence even over our men, as many instances might be brought forward to prove. But all this must be viewed as the efforts of a bold and determined race, to preserve their nationality in face of the formidable foe they had to contend with."

Te Ua made the Maoris fancy that by making passes they could draw their enemies into their hands and compel ships to run on shore.

## Tamaikoha

[*No. 30, Page 70*]

This stern old warrior, Eru Tamaikoha (or Tama-i-kowha) te Ariari, was a remarkable link with the wild days of the past. He had the mien and the heart of the old-time savage toa. Not only was he a warrior but he was a cannibal, and that as lately as the Hauhau War of the Sixties. He was partly tattooed. His wide-nostrilled nose had a suspicion of a Hibernian tilt upwards; this, combined with his favourite headgear—an old and bashed-in billycock hat—and his custom of smoking his pipe with the bowl turned upside down, tempted the writer to liken him to a sunburnt Irishman—very sunburnt—with a dash of blue moko added.

Tamaikoha was the head chief of the Ngati-Tama, a small sub-tribe of the Urewera, connected also with the Ngati-Awa, of the Whakatane Valley. His home was at Waimana, a valley through which the Waimana River flows down to the Whakatane from the Urewera mountains. He was born about the year 1835 or 1836. Early in the Hauhau wars in the Bay of Plenty he became an energetic and daring leader of the rebels. His delight was in ambuscades, a method of guerilla warfare in which the Urewera forest-dwellers were expert. He fought against the Government troops and their native allies at Maketu and Kaokaoroa in 1864. Thereafter his fighting was done in the Whakatane and Opotiki Valleys, and on the northern borders of the Urewera country. In February, 1866, he and his Ngai-Tama had a brisk skirmish with Colonel Lyon's force at the Kopani village, up the Waioeka Gorge, inland from Opotiki. Here the Patea Rangers killed five of the Hauhaus in a running fight. Another fight took place in the same district a month or so later, when Capt. Newland and his men carried the Hauhau position at Kairakau, under a sharp fire, killed several Ngai-Tama Hauhaus, and took a very large quantity of loot, much of which the Maoris had plundered from the Opotiki settlers. After the return of this expedition to Opotiki, Tamaikoha and his tribesmen went on in

the warpath in quest of utu (revenge). They laid an ambuscade at the Waiotahe River, and killed Wi Popata, a Maori of the Arawa tribe, who was carrying mails for the Government. Capt. Newland had a narrow escape from the same war-party. Wi Popata's heart was cut out, and Tamaikoha cooked and ate a portion of it, after offering part in the sacrifice of the Whangai-hau, or Whangai-atua, to the war-gods Hukita and Te Rehu-o-Tainui; he professed to be the medium and priest of these deities. The Hauhaus revived the ancient savage practices of beheading and mutilation of bodies, and in this war were also occasionally cannibals.

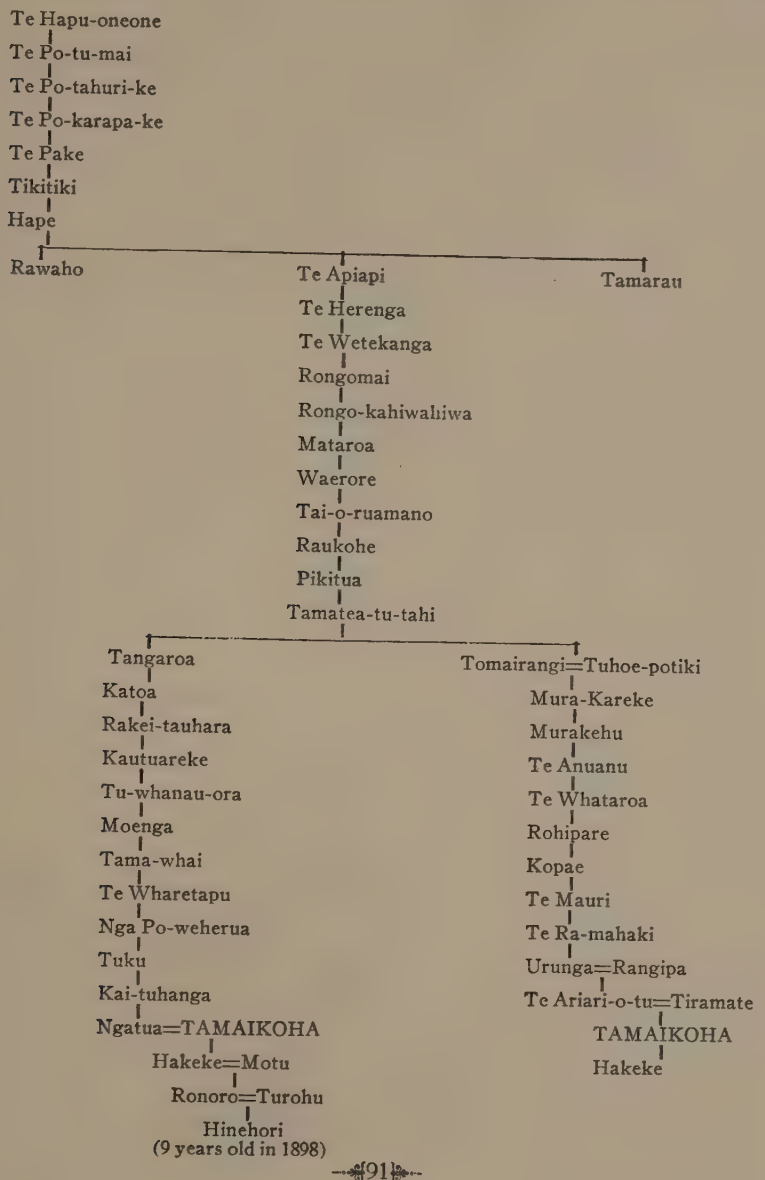
In May of the following year (1867) Tamaikoha and his tribe made a murderous raid on a homestead occupied by four pioneer military settlers—Messrs G. T. Wilkinson (afterwards Government Native Agent in the King Country), Livingstone, Moore, and Beggs, who lived near the Government redoubt (temporarily unoccupied) near the entrance to the Waioeka Gorge. They surrounded the house on a very wet day, and completely surprised the unfortunate settlers, who had rifles but no ammunition. Dashing out through the back of the house the white men made for the bush. Only two of them gained it, Wilkinson and Livingstone; the other two were shot and tomahawked, and their hearts and livers cut out by the savages. Wilkinson and Livingstone escaped to Opotiki, after a terrible flight through the bush. The Hauhaus burned the house, and they cooked and ate their trophies. Tamaikoha again ate a portion of one of the hearts, after offering portion in oblation to the gods of war. On another occasion he similarly mutilated the body of Bennett White, a murdered settler of Opotiki, and ate part of the white man's heart.

Numerous skirmishes occurred in the Whakatane, Waimana and adjacent valleys and gorges between the Government troops and Tamaikoha's men, in 1868. On one occasion the Hauhaus received information that Major Fraser, who was stationed at Whakatane, was in the habit of sending out a working party of his men every day to improve the roads about his post. Tamaikoha and Heteraka te Whakaunua led a party of Hauhaus to surprise these men, but at the Puketi Hill, near Taneatua, in the Whakatane valley, they encountered an armed party of the Ngati-Pukeko tribe, who were friendly to the whites. In the skirmish which resulted the Ngati-Pukeko lost six of their guns and had one man wounded, and one of the Hauhaus was killed. Colonel St. John, on hearing the news of this raid, started from Opotiki and, joining Major Fraser at Whakatane, marched up the Whakatane valley with a strong punitive force in pursuit of the Hauhaus, but the river flooding its narrow bed in the gorges, the chase had to be abandoned.

In 1869 and 1870, Tamaikoha was on the war-path again against the Government forces, which during those years scoured the Urewera mountains in search of Te Kooti and his band. He made peace with Major Kemp (Kepa Te Rangihiwinui) and the Government in 1870.

The old chief exercised a masterful influence over his hapu. He was a determined autocrat in his barbaric way. In his last years an instance of this occurred. He wished his people to remove from their Waimana village to a new site. As they hesitated and seemed indisposed to obey him, he promptly went out and set fire to their raupo whares, which were quickly burned down. The hapu shifted. He had numerous wives to uphold the dignity of his name and whare. Tamaikoha sturdily eschewed the trousers of the pakeha. He always wore the rapaki, a shawl or mat or piece of blanket worn kilt-fashion. When the writer last saw him, in 1901, he was parading Rotorua attired in a shirt and a shawl rapaki, a flax korowai mat thrown over his shoulders, and an old billycock hat decorated with a feather of the kohoperoa, the long-tailed cuckoo. He adhered stubbornly to the ways of his fathers and he died as he had lived—a Maori of the Maoris, a savage warrior who had led his tribesmen in many a raid and ambuscade, and who to his last days reverenced the ancient gods of his race.

The following genealogical table shows the descent of Tamaikoha from the original people of New Zealand, as also from Tuhoe, from whom the Tuhoe (Urewera) tribe derive their name.



Descent of Tira-mate, mother of Tamaikoha, from the original people of the Bay of Plenty:—

Toi-kai-rakau
Hatonga
Hine-ruarangi
Te Maunga
Potiki
Tuhouhi
Tane-te-kohurangi
Te Rangi-tiriao
Puhou
Pou-te-aniwaniwa
Tama-urupa
Tongaraunui
Tawhaki
Tutonga
Tu-manawa-pohatu
Taokaki
Te Rangi-tuke
Uenuku
Tiramate=Te Ariari
TAMAIKOHA
Hakeke
Ronoro
Hinehori

## Major Ropata Wahawaha, N.Z.C.

[*No. 31, Page 71*]

A REMARKABLE figure in the history of New Zealand's wars with the Hauhau rebel Maoris was the late Major Ropata Wahawaha, the warrior-chief of the Ngati-Porou tribe, East Cape. A fearless and determined, even ruthless, soldier, he took the side of the Government at the outbreak of the Hauhau wars, on the East Coast, and the story of his stubborn chase after the notorious leader Te Kooti reads like some wild romance. Ropata (Robert) Wahawaha was born in the old cannibal days, and in his boyhood he was taken prisoner by the Rongo-Whakaata tribe, of Poverty Bay, and kept as a captive for some years, a number of his people being killed and eaten in the raid in which he was captured.

In his after life Ropata took a grim and stern revenge on his old-time enemies. In the year 1864, he first began to distinguish himself on the side of the Queen against the Hauhaus, at a fight at Tikitiki, where he killed a chief with his stone mere, in a Homeric single combat out in front of his people's lines. From this time up till 1871 Ropata was fighting on the Government side, and he established himself as a brave and wise leader. At the siege of Ngatapa, in 1868, he fought most gallantly against a much superior force of the enemy. For this (years afterwards) he was awarded the New Zealand Cross. After the capture of Ngatapa, Ropata was left by Col. Whitmore to deal with the Hauhau prisoners. He gave them short shrift. Over a hundred prisoners were brought in, and every one was summarily executed by the fierce chief's orders. They were stripped, ranged in line on the edge of a cliff, and then shot down by the firing parties, their bodies falling over the cliff.

In 1870 and 1871, Ropata (who now had a commission as Major in the Colonial forces) was engaged with his men scouring the wild forests of the Urewera country for Te Kooti, and he underwent some very severe experiences in this inhospitable region, having to combat starvation, cold and snow, as well as the Urewera. In 1871 his force captured the notorious Kereopa, who was soon afterwards hanged at Napier for the murder of the Rev. Mr. Volkner in 1865.

Innumerable incidents are related of Ropata's prowess in the war-times. His battle deeds were worthy of the old world heroes of the *Iliad*. Around the camp fires in the gloomy wastes of fern and forest,

*His martial men with fierce harangues he fired*
*And his own ardour in their souls inspired.*

When a pa was to be stormed or a dangerous position to be won, there was Ropata in the forefront of the charge. In one of his earlier fights against the Hauhau rebels in 1865 between Anaura and Tologa Bay, he outflanked and defeated the Pai-Marire fanatics after an engagement in which many hand-to-hand encounters took place. In one of these Ropata accounted for two men himself, by tomahawking one and shooting another. In November 1865, he assisted in the seven-days' siege of the Waerenga-a-Hika pa, Poverty Bay, where eight hundred Hauhaus were taken prisoners.

Soon after this event Major Fraser's and Ropata's combined forces had a severe engagement (in January 1866) with the enemy at Te Kopani, near Lake Waikaremoana. Between five hundred and six hundred Hauhaus held a very strong position here in a densely fern-clad defile, and were so protected and hidden by earthworks that the friendly troops walked into a trap. The Hauhaus opened fire by heavy volleys from two sides. Six men fell dead and twenty to thirty were wounded. "The Hauhau position was so strong," wrote Colonel Porter, in his *Life of Ropata Wahawaha*, "and the number of casualties

on our side so rapidly growing that a retreat was under consideration, when Ropata received an inspiration that won the day. He said: 'Let some twenty or thirty men who can run and who are not afraid, put away their rifles and set fire to the fern. Do you not see how the wind blows?' In a few minutes volumes of smoke were rolling up the hillside blinding and discomfiting the concealed enemy, behind which the now exultant friendlies, when they once gained the crest of the ridge and the rifle-pits, were able to shoot down the Hauhaus, who retired with great loss upon Waikaremoana, leaving some sixty or eighty dead.

"In this short campaign, the friendlies, after one of the fights, captured upon the shores of Waikaremoana a celebrated Hauhau chief called Tuatini Tamaiongarangi. When he was brought into camp Ropata asked him his name. The reply was in the figurative language of the Maori: 'Te Wairoa is the village and the Taniwha who lives there Tamaiongarangi.' On hearing his prisoner's rank Major Fraser remarked to Ropata 'The chief ought to be shot.' Ropata took the remarks seriously and said 'Shoot him.' Some hours afterwards, finding him still alive, Ropata said, 'You all appear afraid to shoot this man, but I am not.' So saying he took his captive by the wrist, led him to the edge of the Lake and shot him and three others with his revolver."

After the Poverty Bay massacre in 1868, the Europeans and friendly Maoris attacked Te Kooti at Makaretu. Then Ropata personally reconnoitred the rebel position and said, "To-morrow we will turn that pa over." He thereupon organised an attack, which was carried out next day. Ropata with a party of his best men made an advance down a bush slope on the left flank of the enemy's position. He skirmished most skilfully and boldly out of the bush and down through the fern, and then made an advance on the pa, keeping up a steady and heavy fire. When within a short distance he gave the order to charge, and with his Ngati-Porou warriors gallantly stormed the position, and succeeded in driving the rebels into the river at the rear. Some seventy or eighty men of Te Kooti's band were shot in the river, and many others were killed in the pa.

Ropata won the New Zealand Cross for his gallant action at Ngatapa on December 5th, 1868, when a small party of his bravest men kept an overwhelming force of Hauhaus at bay. Of the fight at Ngatapa (the first attack on that place) Colonel Porter said: "Ropata advanced to the attack of the Ngatapa fort with only about two hundred and fifty men and moved in extended skirmishing order up the range to the bush leading to the pa. Here a severe fight took place between a party who were making a sortie from the fort and Ropata's advance-guard, the casualties being heavy, and a panic took place amongst the friendlies. The result was that a rather disorganised retreat took place to Makaretu camp, Ropata being left with only thirty men to face the formidable stronghold, and force of the enemy. He, after some hours of fighting, succeeded in driving the enemy back

within their fortifications, and then for the first time after getting out of the bush the fort became unmasked to him, and its impregnable appearance was enough to daunt the strongest and bravest force. Ropata, however, did not hesitate, but pursued the retreating rebels up to their own wall of defence, and there established himself, fully expecting to be reinforced. Gallantly the little force opposed to many held their position, fighting muzzle to muzzle with only the wall between. Many were the personal acts of bravery amongst this band of heroes. Ropata towards daylight, finding reinforcements did not arrive and his ammunition being exhausted, greatly against his inclinations found himself compelled to retreat, but it was long before he would give the order to do so. At dawn of day he retreated under heavy fire from the pa, still showing a brave front, and carrying off his wounded. The enemy did not pursue, being rather glad to get rid of him. Of Ropata's small force of thirty men at this attack, he lost six killed and seven wounded."

At the second attack on Ngatapa on January 4th, 1869, Major Ropata stood up from the line of European trenches, fully exposed to a heavy fire, and there, revolver in hand, stood a prominent figure alone directing the movements of the storming party.

During Ropata's campaign in the Urewera country, in 1870, the Urewera chiefs ordered the Government force which had arrived at Maunga-pohatu from Poverty Bay, to return the way they came, saying they would not allow "booted feet to pass through their country." Ropata's reply was characteristic and forcible: "I never return by the same track with a war-party, as I consume all the food on the way, and to return means starvation. I depend upon supplies in front. If you with your bare feet get in the way of mine with boots I shall trample on you." Whereupon he resumed his march, and fought his way through to Waimana, on the Bay of Plenty side, Ropata commanding the rearguard, which was the most harassed, and Colonel Porter (then Captain) the advance-guard.

Soon after this the force attacked and took a pa at the junction of the Waioeka and Waipuna Rivers, inland from Opotiki. The attacking party had to advance up the river bed under fire. Some of the men hanging back, Ropata, although himself fully exposed, rushed from one to the other prodding them forward with his tokotoko (walking-staff). Once under cover of the banks, a heavy fire was opened on the pa from both flanks; Ropata ordered the charge, and the pa was stormed. Such incidents as these showed the natural fearlessness of Ropata, and served to explain the explicit confidence which in course of much campaigning his men reposed in him.

Ropata's column was the last to remain in the field against Te Kooti. After the final campaign in the Urewera country his force embarked at Whakatane on the Government steamer *Luna* (Captain Fairchild), and was landed on November 22nd, 1871, at the Major's then pa at the northern head of Open Bay, East Cape. When the last canoe with Ropata left the steamer's side, a salute was fired as a farewell by the order of Captain Fairchild.

In the after years of peace, Major Ropata was decorated with the New Zealand Cross, and was the recipient of a Highland claymore from Her Majesty the Queen. He was also a member of the Legislative Council of the colony, and was highly respected by Europeans and venerated by his own people. At the time of his death in 1899 he was over eighty years of age.

## Henare Potae

[*No. 32, Page 72*]

The East Coast chief Henare Potae was a distinguished member of the famous fighting tribe Ngati-Porou; his immediate hapus or sub-tribes were Te Aowera and the Whanau-a-Rua. He was the nephew of the warrior chief Tama-i-Whakanehua-i-te-Rangi, who signed the Treaty of Waitangi in 1840, on behalf of the East Coast people, and who was the father of Mrs. Porter, wife of Colonel Porter (the comrade-in-arms of the late Major Ropata Wahawaha) of Gisborne.

Henare Potae first came into prominence in 1865 when he and Ropata made a determined stand against the Hauhau rebellion, and he took part with the loyal section of the Ngati-Porou people in a number of fights. The loyal chiefs and their men were supplied with arms and ammunition by the Government, and they pursued the Hauhau fanatics through the East Coast districts, and round about the back of Hicks' Bay and the Waiapu district near the East Cape. Just about this time a large number of Coast Hauhaus had fortified themselves in a strong pa called Puke-papa, back of Tokomaru Bay. Ropata and Henare and their two hundred men advanced on Pukepapa, and after a short fight captured the rebel stronghold, in which were between four hundred and five hundred Hauhaus. Amongst the prisoners were some of Ropata's own men, of the sub-tribe Te Aowera; these men he shot for disobeying him by joining the Hauhaus.

After this Ropata and Henare had a sharp engagement with a force of Hauhaus between Tolago Bay and Anaura. Both forces extended in skirmishing order along the parallel ridges, between which was an impassable swamp. Ropata and Henare outflanked the enemy, and defeated them after a smart fight, in which many hand-to-hand encounters took place. The Hauhaus retreated to Tahutahu-po pa, which was invested by Ropata and Henare and taken. Most of the rebels surrendered and swore allegiance to the Queen, thanks to the brave actions of the two chiefs and their followers. Later on, in 1868-71, when the Government forces were actively pursuing Te Kooti, Henare Potae was one of the loyal chiefs who actively supported the mana of the Queen, and sent men to join Ropata in chasing the rebel leader.

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No. 33—Ruka Aratapu

[See Page 110

No. 34—Ihaka Whanga

[See Page 111

No. 35—Wiremu Kingi

[See Page 118

No. 36—Renata Kawepo

No. 37—Te Hapuku

[See Page 119

[See Page 119

No. 38—Hakopa te Ata-o-Tu

[See Page 126

No. 39—Topine te Mamaku

[See Page 127

No. 40—Tokena te Kerehi

No. 41—Wi te Manewha

[See Page 129

[See Page 130

No. 42—Kewene te Haho

[See Page 131

No. 43—Haora Tipa Koinaki

[See Page 131

No. 44—Tamati Waka te Puhi

# Ruka Aratapu

[*No. 33, Page 97*]

RUKA (Luke) ARATAPU was one of Major Ropata's right-hand men in many a fight against Te Kooti, and the rebel Hauhaus in 1868-71. He was a Poverty Bay man, and a fighter of determined courage. He first distinguished himself in 1868, at the siege of Ngatapa, the lofty hill-fort in the ranges inland from Poverty Bay, where Te Kooti and his escapees from the Chatham Island took refuge after they had perpetrated the Poverty Bay massacre. Ruka Aratapu was one of a little band of braves who, with Ropata, came to close quarters with the rebels, pursuing them up to their own wall of defence, and fought muzzle to muzzle with only a wall between them. He was one of those who by cool courage ably supported Ropata through a long night of desperate fighting. Towards daybreak, Ropata, not being reinforced, withdrew, under a heavy fire, still showing a bold front and carrying off his wounded. It is stated that at this fight Ruka Aratapu climbed a tree whence he could see down into the pa, and from his elevated position did some execution. Ropata, fearing he might be shot, ordered him to come down, but in vain; Ruka stuck to his tree and came off scot-free.

At the second attack on Ngatapa, Ruka was also engaged. In 1870-71 he was still soldiering under Major Ropata and Captain Porter, with the rank of lieutenant, in the native force employed to hunt down the rebels, and he marched and fought all through the Urewera campaigns. On September 1st, 1871, he took a leading part in the fight near Maungapohatu, in the Urewera Mountains where Te Kooti was very nearly captured. Colonel Porter gives the following account of the engagement in his *Life of Major Ropata Wahawaha*:—

"As the day dawned the force moved to the attack, twenty men under the narrator forming the centre, twenty under Lieutenants Large and Ruka Aratapu the right, and twenty under Henare Potae the left. The two flank attacks extended from each wing so as completely to surround the enemy. The men crept through the bush, with the utmost caution, as the snapping of a twig would have upset everything. The centre took up its position outside the fallen timber at the lower part and directly in front of the clearing, Te Kooti's people being camped in temporary whares just inside the clearing. Instructions had been given to Ruka in the right attack that when the surround was complete he was to call upon Te Kooti and his people to surrender, so as to avoid unnecessary

bloodshed. However, the plan was upset through one of Henare's men shooting a woman who had come out to cut firewood before the surround was complete. All was soon confusion amongst the Hauhaus. The kokiri (charge) was given and the clearing charged. The fighting became hand to hand and the firing dangerously cross for both sides, and unfortunately several women were killed and wounded in the melee. The engagement was sharp and short. The enemy being so completely surprised could offer little effectual defence, and all but eight were captured or killed.

"On the first shot being fired Te Kooti burst through the back of his whare, carbine in hand, being seen only by a few. He stood for a moment behind a tree; then called out in Maori: 'It is Ngati-Porou! Escape who can!' Then, accompanied by one wife and followed by several others, he jumped down a cliff and escaped. There were several personal encounters as usual in the attack. Lieutenants Large and Ruka, upon the alarm being given, were the first to charge upon the right flank. Pursuing parties were at once sent after Te Kooti, but did not succeed in overtaking him, though a few of his party were captured and brought in. Among them was Wi Wehikore, a staunch follower of Te Kooti's with many misdeeds to account for, one being the murder of his own wife and children, whom he had said were an encumbrance to him in the bush. This man was ordered to be shot and not left to the slow process of the law to deal out justice."

After this fight Captain Porter's force occupied Opokere pa, an abandoned Urewera stronghold on the top of a high range, and Ruka Aratapu and Lieut. Large were stationed there some time. They surrounded and surprised the turbulent Ngati-Huri tribe at Tauaki and Te Kakari. When a military post was established at Maunga-pohatu ("Rocky Mountain") in the heart of the Urewera Country, Ruka and thirty of Ropata's best men were detached to garrison it, and remained there till November, 1871, when the forces were withdrawn.

## Ihaka Whanga

*[No. 34, Page 98]*

THIS generous and chivalrous old chief belonged to Nuhaka, near Poverty Bay, and came of a long line of warlike ancestors of high rank. Like the Ngapuhi rangatira Patuone, he was of most amiable disposition in his intercourse with Europeans. On every occasion when the early white settlers of his district were in danger, he gallantly went to their rescue. Once, with the assistance of eighty of his followers, he upset the designs of some three hundred or four hundred Hauhau rebels, who had arrived in the district to attack the whites. He afterwards fought under Major Ropata during the pursuit of Te Kooti, and had a very narrow escape from death at Te Kopani, inland from Te Wairoa

(Hawkes Bay), on the road to Waikaremoana, in 1865. Here the friendly natives encountered some five hundred Hauhaus, who were strongly posted in a steep defile. The friendlies showed signs of wavering under the Hauhaus' fire, when the gallant old Ihaka Whanga rushed to the front, calling on his men. Forcing his way through the fern he fired his carbine in the face of the advancing enemy, and received a bullet through his body just below the hip. He snatched a gun from his immediate attendant and fired again. Just then he got another ball, this time through his leg. He fell to the ground, but his followers promptly rushed up and bore the brave old fellow away. He recovered after several months' illness, and again joined Ropata, but owing to feebleness and old age had to retire. He died some years fterwards. For his many services to the Colony, he was presented with a valuable sword by the Government Agent, the late Mr. Locke. It is related of this old chief that he was a very hospitable and kindly man. In the olden days many European sailors and others came to his settlement. They were always well treated, fed, and given accommodation, and none ever went away hungry from Ihaka's village.

## Wiremu Kingi

[*No. 35, Page 99*]

The East Coast Maori chief, Wiremu Kingi (not to be confused with the celebrated Wiremu Kingi, of Ngati-Awa, of Taranaki War fame) had a war career of thrilling interest. He belonged to Turanga, where the town of Gisborne now stands. Colonel T. Porter, C.B., who knew the old chief well described him to the writer as a tall, handsome Maori of the old rangatira type. He went through the Hauhau war of 1868-70, under Te Kooti, rather unwillingly though, it appears from his own account. In a skirmish towards the close of the war in 1870, near Opotiki, he was captured by the Government troops, and was returned to his home at Turanga. The following story of his adventures in the Hauhau campaign, which began soon after Te Kooti's escape, from the Chatham Islands, in 1868, was told by him after his capture in 1870 to Lieut.-Colonel St. John and Colonel (then Captain) Porter. The latter officer, who had fought Te Kooti and his rebels in many an engagement, interpreted Wiremu's narrative, which is published in full in the *New Zealand Parliamentary Papers* descriptive of the operations against the Hauhaus in 1870.

"My own kainga," said Wiremu, "is Turanga; my grand-father lived there; my proper tribe is Te Aowera, a sub-tribe of Ngati-Porou. The first causes of disturbance were the tribes of Waikato, Taupo, and of Hakaraia (the Ngaiterangi). The God of Madness (Atua Porangi) appeared unto the King and the first causes of death to the Island came by this Atua, being the means of the slaughter of Volkner and other people by

Hakaraia and Patara. The second cause of death was from Te Kooti. He and others were taken to Wharekauri (Chatham Islands) and there they killed a European. They took a ship to return to this Island (the schooner *Rifleman*). Whilst at sea the ship was tossed about by a tempest for a night and a day, and the Maoris collected all their ear-ornaments of greenstone and other articles which they threw overboard as an offering to this Atua porangi. The ship at once stood upright, and Te Kooti's faith was confirmed. When Te Kooti landed at Whareongaonga I and one hundred young men went to obtain his guns, but he refused to give them up. He knew he was followed by us and went to Paparatu, then to Konaki, and thence to Puketapu. He obtained power from his god, and was advised by him that the Government would be utterly destroyed by him. He then proceeded to carry out his mission of overthrowing Turanga.

"Several chiefs told me that they would all turn to Te Kooti. I objected and proposed we should remove to a distance, lest we should be taken by him. The chiefs wrote to him in reply to which he directed them to send him all their swords. Their answer was to give him £10 and a watch as a whakapatipati (a present or bribe). The Atua of Te Kooti was a murderous Atua, and very different from that of Christ who bids us love one another.

"Raharuhi left my pa at Oweta and took and led away Paora and Te Whaitiri to Te Kooti, and Te Kooti came down to my pa, and killed all our pigs as an offering to his Atua. His people then all held a service, and fed, after which he led us away to a place near Kohanga-karearea. When he reached Pukepuke (Fort St. John) I heard that Rangiwhaitiri had been murdered by Te Kooti's orders. Here Te Kooti addressed us and said: "Let us worship my god, as he is the true god, and the Kawanatanga (Government) shall not be saved.' We then got alarmed and were anxious to return to Turanga, as we saw that Te Kooti was a man of evil. However, his answer was that anyone returning should be put to the sword.

"We were then taken to Te Karetu, and there we were surprised by the Government troops. Before this surprise, Te Kooti and his god went to steal the powder of the Government; he returned successful, bringing the powder, but he and his god suffered at Te Karetu, however, he escaped. He killed my young brother Wiremu. He reached Ngatapa as the sun was setting and was followed by the Government troops. They fought and the Government retired, which Te Kooti attributed to his god, and the strength derived from him. A short time after this a small kokiri was sent to murder the people at Pipiwhakao, and Te Kooti accompanied it. They were followed by the pakehas and fought at Pukepuke: no men were killed and Te Kooti still attributed his success to his god. On arrival at Ngatapa from that expedition he glorified the strength (whakamanamana) of his god, and said that no army could reach that place; death could only take place there from natural causes.

"The Government troops came up and besieged us in our pa at Ngatapa. We suffered great distress for want of food and water. While it was raining we caught the water by putting up our blankets and clothing. There was nothing but wailing throughout the whole siege and there were proposals to disperse and leave Te Kooti. There were in the pa two hundred men with guns. The chiefs in Ngatapa were Te Kooti, Nepia, Tahau, Petera, Herewini, Karanama, Paora Toki, Nikora. I do not know why he allowed us to be surrounded. The causes which led to dispersion were want of food and ammunition. As the fighting men were then starving, all the food was taken from the prisoners and given to them, and when it was consumed they were told by Te Kooti to abandon the pa. Te Kooti's knowledge of the position enabled him to ascertain the proper line of retreat. I, too, ran away and was nearly dead when two other men found me; they lit a fire and gave me food—it consisted of pith of the mamaku fern-tree, honey, and kotukutuku. We thought of going back to Turanga, but were afraid. The very night that Te Kooti escaped from Ngatapa, the Whakatohea arrived from Waioweka to fetch him. Timoti was one of them (killed since at Rotorua). The Whakatohea and the Urewera were the chief supporters of Te Kooti—the first supplying him with ammunition and caps, and the second with men.

"We went on to Waioweka, near Opotiki, and there I met Te Kooti again. The reason that I followed in his footsteps was that I feared him on account of the death of Paratene, whom he had killed. When he reached Waioweka I said to Te Kooti: 'I must return to Turanga; why should you detain me when all my people are destroyed—my wife and grandchildren and all related to me?'

"Te Kooti said: 'No, you shall not return; I have made a law that should any man try to desert to the Government he shall be put to the sword.'

"Here we had a visit from a Taupo chief belonging to the tribe of Te Heuheu. His purpose was to disclose the words and thoughts of the second Te Heuheu, whose wishes were always to keep fast hold of the land. He therefore had come to fetch Te Kooti to Taupo there to organise a means of killing the whites, and creating disturbances whereby to fulfil the wishes of Te Heuheu. His name was Wirihana: he was afterwards killed at Te Kooti's kokiri on Whakatane. This man sang Te Heuheu's waiata, urging the people to keep to the land and resist the pakeha."

[The narrator chanted this song, singing nasally for a quarter of an hour.]

Continuing the narrative Wiremu Kingi said: "By Te Kooti's command, the Hauhaus now gathered at Ruatahuna (the central settlement in the Urewera Country). Here we found two hundred Urewera, without clothing but torn blankets and old flax mats; they had guns, both single and double-barrels, but very little ammunition. Presently Te Kooti came to Ruatahuna with one hundred men. He had had a fight, but had been driven back by the Arawa. Here he began to glorify the strength of his god, men-

tioning the three pas that had been delivered into his hands. Then he notified his intention of making a raid on Mohaka, by way of Waikaremoana. He took with him to Mohaka his hundred men as well as the two hundred Urewera. At this time I again urged Tamati te Rangi-tuawaru to get away. Te Kooti went and destroyed Mohaka, and returned to Lake Waikaremoana. On the Government force coming up from Whakatane and Tauaroa, we got alarmed by the firing at Omaruteangi and ran away. We were without food and clothes and were nearly dead with the cold. The Urewera kept on fighting. At Tatahoata (near Mataatua) in the Ruatahuna valley, some of Te Waru's men were killed. A man who was killed afterwards and had his head cut off (by the Government force) was also one of Te Waru's. We retired into the bush where there was a plantation of potatoes. We were nearly dead with cold for four nights. Just after the Government force (Colonel Whitmore's) left Ruatahuna, one hundred Urewera arrived, followed by Te Kooti, who passed the field of battle, and assembled his men at Tataramoa (above Tatahoata). It was here decided to leave one hundred and fifty of the Urewera, under chiefs, to guard the passes to Whakatane and Ohiwa; fifty men were to go with Te Kooti, who arrived there; he armed his men with guns by taking them from those left behind."

Wiremu then described how he and his comrades in 1869 went with Te Kooti to the Taupo district via Te Whaiti and the Kaingaroa Plain. Regarding that march he naively said: "I was in the rear very tired, having no wife or any one else to carry my provisions. On reaching the Rangitaiki River it began to rain. I was very miserable, as my body alone was travelling, but my spirit was with my people far away. I had no interest in visiting strange places or in killing strange people."

The captured chief then described the attack at Opepe, near Taupo, where a small force of the Bay of Plenty cavalry was cut off and nine men out of fourteen were killed. "After crossing the Rangitaiki Te Kooti selected fifty men to go ahead. I was left with the main body. We heard guns firing at Opepe, it sounded like the chopping of logs. On going up we met Eru Peka running back; he said he was in pursuit of pakehas who had escaped. I trembled and felt afraid. The advance guard said the pakehas had been keeping a sentry posted, but that when the rain came on they all went into their whares. The fighting men then came on and some of the pakehas coming out called to them 'Ka pai Te Arawa' ('the Arawa are good'), thinking they were some of the Arawa tribe. This was because Te Kooti had on his 'silver-mounted clothes' (an officer's uniform coat given to a Ngati-Pukeko man by Dr. Baker, and then taken by Te Kooti when he went to Whakatane). Te Kooti then told his men to fire, and the pakehas were shot. I heard that one white man escaped. He was fired at but got away. The first man who began to plunder the dead bodies was Karanama Moepuku. We slept that night in the tents of the pakeha. When the sun rose we got the white men's horses, and rode to Hatepe, on the shores of Lake Taupo. Here an old man of a distant tribe, Hoana, was caught and

killed by Te Kooti's order. In the evening two hundred of our men were ordered to fire their guns in the direction of the island in the Lake (Motu-Taiko islet); I heard this was an offering to the gods. At sunrise we set fire to the pa."

Then, according to Wiremu's story, there was a meeting of the Taupo tribes, headed by the chief Te Heuheu. Te Kooti addressed the people; to this Te Heuheu's people consented.

Leaving Taupo, Te Kooti's next move was to Tokangamutu (close to where the present township of Te Kuiti stands, in the King Country). There were about two hundred people with the Hauhau leader including Wiremu himself. There a meeting was held with the Waikato and Ngati-Maniapoto people. "Manga (the famous fighting chief, better known as Rewi) rose and sang a song and urged us to hold the land and keep up the fighting. Concluding, he handed Te Kooti a sword, with which he was to sever Mangatawhiri and Hangatiki (*i.e.*, to beat the Europeans out of the Waikato). Te Kooti answered 'Here is the sword, take it back. I will remain in front of the King. If he gives the sword I will take it; if not let him keep the sword and I will go elsewhere. The King is in the centre with his sword, and I on the outside.' Te Kooti's reason for going to Waikato was that he wished to gather all the tribes—the people of Wairarapa, of Wanganui, of Taranaki, of Tauranga, of Hauraki and of Ngapuhi; then to consider, and determine upon the matter of striking the pakeha until he should be quite destroyed. By the mouth of Tamati Ngapora came the answer to the words spoken by Te Kooti to Manga and other of the King's representatives. The answer was a refusal. The words were that the people did not consent to Te Kooti's proposals; that his purpose in coming amongst them was to lower their chieftainship and to destroy their Atua, and that they would not bow down to his Atua. But when King Tawhiao heard of the reply, he was wroth. He said: 'Why did you not agree with Te Kooti? What are his crimes? You have robbed me of my dignity as King. My duty is to rise in hostility against the white man."

"Te Kooti asked if there was not a European in correspondence with the King. The custom of this pakeha was to be in opposition to the Queen. His name was Hakara Miraka, and he was chief of the Irish, of the French, and of the Germans. (Henare Potae informed Captain Porter that this man's name was McLeod; he had partly leased a large tract of land in Kennedy's Bay. The Mataura Ngati-Porou were the bearers of his message.) These are enemies to the Queen and said they would join Te Kooti. There were fifteen hundred of them in Auckland and the same number in Hauraki, and the South Island. He was with Te Hira and asked him to concede the land at Ohinemuri to dig for gold, which would make the Government jealous and afford a pretext for his people to rise up against you. That concluded all the talk that I know myself in Waikato. It was after this that Te Kooti had correspondence with that pakeha. He was constantly

urging Te Kooti to have an interview with him. After we left Tokangamutu some few men of Ngati-Porou arrived from Mataura bringing powder and caps with a message from this pakeha. Te Kooti wrote to him and the letter was sent to the kainga of Hera te Kaki. It was in consequence of the letter that the men brought the powder and caps. They were sent back again. The King and Te Hira acknowledged Te Kooti and consented to his god, and Te Kooti wrote and sent presents of clothing. He, the King, wrote to Te Kooti, 'Go and do your work. You are a man of labour. There are two men in the island; one is a man of labour, the other is a man of idleness (*i.e.*, Te Kooti and the King).' He added, 'Ka tae ki te kohanga, ka whakapiro nga uru' (a proverb relating to the shining-cuckoo and the grey warbler, whose nest it usurps—the idler and the worker). Te Kooti was very glad to hear about the Irish, but he would not decide anything until he met their chief. If the interview had been satisfactory, he would have proclaimed him king of the island.

"We left Tokangamutu with Manga (Rewi), whose intention it was to go on to Taupo and join in the fighting against the pakeha; but when he got to Te Iwi-Tuaroa he returned to Tokangamutu. The force was divided into two—one party was sent under various chiefs to Tokaanu, the other under Te Kooti went to Roto-a-Ira. Te Kooti told the Tokaanu party that the enemy would be delivered into their hands. His own party captured four men and they were killed by his orders. One of these was a papa (elder relative) of the Whanganui chief, Topia—hence Topia's hostility to Te Kooti. I was not with either kokiri. From Roto-a-Ira Te Kooti went and joined the other party at Tokaanu, and then went on to Tauranga-Taupo, where he fought the Government forces. Some were killed on both sides. He attacked but the Government men were saved, and Te Kooti was beaten, but in his escape he took one hundred horses, all shod (these were the horses of Ngati-Kahungunu friendlies). The next morning Te Kooti gave orders to march again on Tauranga-Taupo. On the road he came again upon the Government forces, who fired a volley into his people. They broke and retired to a hill, where they fought for some time. Te Kooti was left alone by his men and at last retired, and the whole fell back on Tokaanu (south end of Lake Taupo), where they cried over their dead. Then they crossed over to the Lake Roto-a-Ira. Soon after this the Government forces came to Poutu, on Roto-a-Ira and built a redoubt there. A kokiri (expedition) was then sent to Tokaanu; Wiripo was killed. The men broke and reached us at Te Iwi-tuaroa, where we were told by Takirau to escape to Retaruke (on the Whanganui River). We reached that place and news came that Te Kooti was killed and that his pa at Te Porere (near Mount Tongariro) had been captured. Afterwards a message came from him telling me, Tahau and Rakuraku, and the other chiefs that we were to rejoin him, and retire by Taupo back to Ruatahuna or elsewhere."

Wiremu went on to relate that the Hauhaus now gathered at Taumarunui, on the Upper Whanganui River. While there Wiremu and his companions were joined by Kereopa and Hakaraia, two of the most notorious of the Hauhau leaders. Soon Te Kooti and his followers were on the march again. After a long journey northwards they reached Tapapa, in the forest ranges between Lake Rotorua and Waikato. There were two skirmishes there with Col. McDonnell's troops. "Some of ours were killed," said Wiremu. "I was one of those who bolted into the bush, tearing through supplejacks, trees, and creepers; I was very much fatigued. We collected again and our camp was surprised by the Government forces, and again we broke. Te Kooti was nearly caught. He was completely deserted and only escaped by catching a horse. Thence we went to Kokohuranui, and went to steal food, but the Government men were in the clearing and fired a volley into us. Here again Te Kooti narrowly escaped. He was so closely pressed that he threw away everything but his shirt and trousers. We all fled in the direction of Tauranga, and went into the bed of the gorge, so that our fires might be hidden from view. Again the Kawanatanga (Government) surprised us and fired into us; so we had to run towards Tauranga. Here a pakeha, Louis Baker (a Canadian half-caste deserter, afterwards killed by Major Hay) ran away to the Government at Ohinemutu, Rotorua.

"Here we were waylaid by the Arawa, who had warning from him of our coming. The Arawa fought us here; one of the Kawanatanga, Te Ahuru, left them and came to us. We broke before the Arawa and the flight commenced. Te Kooti was in the rear fighting the whole time. We were closely pressed and had to throw away our things. Every time we turned to fight our loss would be one or two. Timoti, Eru Peka and others were killed." [Note: Peka, who was Te Kooti's best fighting man, was shot by Capt. Gilbert Mair, who received the New Zealand Cross for his gallant pursuit and defeat of Te Kooti's force]. "We broke, continuing our journey day and night for two days and nights merely resting by the wayside, and we reached the Rangitaiki River. We crossed it at the Horomanga ford, and followed up that gorge into the Urewera country, until we reached Omaruteangi. We were about one hundred strong but had very few guns, many having been thrown away. If it had been Ngati-Porou following us, we must all have been killed as we moved along very slowly from hunger and fatigue.

"From Omaruteangi a letter was sent up to Ruatahuna telling them we were come, and had escaped, leaving many of our men in the hands of the Government and unburied; then we went up to Ruatahuna ourselves. The Urewera killed for us one hundred sheep and three cows. The sheep came from the Waikaremoana Hauhaus, who had taken them from the Europeans at Wairoa." (How they got the animals across the terribly rugged Huiarau Mountains between Waikaremoana and Ruatahuna is not related).

Wiremu Kingi's troubles and adventures were now nearing their close. Ruatahuna was no longer a safe refuge, for Major Ropata and Captain Porter and their Ngati-

Porou warriors were scouring the bush in search of Te Kooti. Wiremu and some of his fellow Hauhaus went down to Waioweka (or Waioeka) Gorge, near Opotiki; there they fraternised with the Whakatohea tribe, who were all enemies of the white Government. The rebel headquarters in the Waioweka Gorge were at Maraetahi, a large and well-built settlement with carved houses, and a large and very well-finished Hauhau church, eighty feet long and thirty feet wide, constructed in native style and beautifully finished inside. Te Kooti stayed in Maraetahi a while, holding prayers in his church (whare-karakia). Suddenly the Government forces under Major Ropata and Kepa te Rangihiwinui surprised and captured Maraetahi, killed a number of men and took over three hundred prisoners. Amongst the prisoners was Wiremu Kingi, vastly relieved to be free of Te Kooti and his savage band at last. He had done a good deal of fighting himself and wanted no more. Thenceforward he was a loyal supporter of the Government and returned to his old home at Poverty Bay, where he lived quietly for the rest of his life.

## Renata Kawepo

[*No. 36, Page 100*]

Renata Kawepo Tama-ki-Hikurangi, one of the last of the great chiefs of Hawke's Bay, died at Omahu, near Napier, in 1888. He was a man of courage and was always friendly to the pakeha. When Te Kooti with his fanatics threatened Napier, Renata volunteered for service in the field, and refused the rank of Major, which was offered to him in consideration of his high tribal rank. He first fought at Omarunui in 1866, where under Colonel Whitmore he led his tribesmen of the Ngati-Teupokoiri (a section of the numerous Ngati-Kahungunu tribe) against the Hauhau war-party and was largely instrumental in routing the enemy. He declined pay for his services on this occasion, but accepted a sword of honour from the hands of Sir Donald Maclean. He afterwards took part in the operations against the Hauhaus at Wairoa, Turanganui, Te Karetu, Ngatapa and elsewhere.

Renata's last field service was at Taupo, whither he had taken his people in 1869 as volunteers under Colonel McDonnell to fight against Te Kooti. After some skirmishing they attacked Papakai simultaneously from three points and then found that the enemy had retired on Porere Pa. The Hauhaus were attacked there and a general fight ensued, the enemy suffering severe defeat. There was much hand-to-hand fighting. Being well in front, and separated from his people, Renata killed a Taupo man, and took his wife prisoner. She sprang on him, got him down, and gouged out his right eye. She would have had his other eye also, but Renata seized her fingers between his teeth, and biting them to the bone, held them firmly as in a vice. Government Maoris came to his help, and he was carried to camp in an unconscious state.

Renata was granted a Government pension of £100 a year in consideration of the loss of his eye and his services to the State, and lived in European style on his fine estate at Omahu.

## Te Hapuku

[*No. 37, Page 101*]

THE high chief Te Hapuku was one of the leading rangatiras of the Hawke's Bay district. He died about fifty years ago. Hapuku and his people were driven away from the Heretaunga district northwards, in the course of intertribal warfare amongst the hapus of Ngati-Kahungunu about 1853. The chief leader of his enemies were Karaitiana, Tareha Moananui, and Renata Kawepo. The fighting arose in consequence of a dispute as to selling land to the Europeans. The land involved was the rich country between the Seventy-Miles Bush and Napier. In a battle which took place between the rival factions many noted warriors fell, and there was a large list of killed and wounded. After the war Karaitiana and Hapuku were bitter enemies, but reconciliation took place between the two old warriors twenty-five years after their quarrel when Hapuku lay dying in his village on the shores of Te Aute Lake.

In Rees' *Life and Times of Sir George Grey*, it is related that Sir George, then Premier of New Zealand, was instrumental in arranging the last meeting of the ancient enemies, when he heard that Hapuku was on his death bed, so that the two high chiefs might at last be reconciled. The narrative says: "Travelling forty miles, Sir George Grey and Karaitiana (who was now a member of the House of Assembly) arrived at Te Aute. When the former Governor and Hapuku's old enemy, Karaitiana, entered the pa, wonder and astonishment filled the place, and loud cries of welcome resounded on every hand. They walked to the side of the dying chief and there sat down. Hapuku, with wondering eyes, exclaimed 'Oh, Friend, how did you come here?' 'I come,' was the reply, 'upon the wings of love, and have brought with me Karaitiana, so that you may be friends once more before you leave this world.' While Sir George Grey (still to the Maoris 'the Governor') spoke these words of affection and of peace to Hapuku, the hands of two enemies were clasped together, and deep emotion, testified to by the tears shed by both, witnessed a final reconciliation. Hapuku died within a few hours, and Karaitiana only survived him about twelve months."

## Hakopa te Ata-o-Tu

[*No. 38, Page 102*]

HAKOPA (JACOB) TE ATA-O-TU came of a fighting family of the Ngai-Tahu-potiki tribe, of Kaiapohia, in the South Island. He could trace his descent down through twenty generations from Paikea, one of the Polynesian chiefs who came to New Zealand

from the Eastern Pacific, and whose son was Tahu-Potiki, the founder of the tribe. It was through his mother, a woman of high standing in the Ngai-Tuahuriri hapu, that he derived his chief claim to "momo rangatire" ("blue blood"). His father, Te Moro-Kakahu, a warrior of repute, had four or five sons, all of whom, including Hakopa, distinguished themselves in war. They were all tall, strong, upstanding fellows thoroughly skilled in the art of arms. Like old King Gama's stalwart sons in shining armour clad in *Princess Ida,* they could have sung that "fighting is our trade." Te Moro-Kakahu ought to have been proud of his warrior offspring. The martial brothers made a name for themselves for their eagerness to ngaki maté, that is to avenge a death, carry on a blood vendetta. And the very name bestowed upon him by his father was an indication of his belligerent bent—Te Ata-o-Tu, "The Shadow of the God of War." Hakopa was his baptismal name, given him in later years by the missionaries.

Te Ata-o-Tu was born in Kaiapohia, the great palisaded pa which was the headquarters of the Ngai-Tahu tribe in Canterbury, a few miles from the site of the present city of Christchurch. His birth took place about the beginning of the nineteenth century. When he grew up and became an athletic young warrior he marched with his tribe on several war expeditions before the great disaster of Kaiapohia befell him and his tribe. One of his first battles was at Tokomaru, in the direction of Kaikoura. It was a campaign against another section of his own tribe. This was before the era of firearms: all the battles were fought with Maori weapons of wood and stone and bone, hand to hand. In one of his fights, said to be Tokomaru, he killed a relative of his named Hape, who was fighting against him. One of Te Ata's comrades had wounded Hape, who swam across a stream to escape. Te Ata followed him, and Hape, seeing escape hopeless, begged for his life. He had been severely wounded in the head; his scalp had been cut almost off, and was hanging down over his face. "The War-God's Shadow" might possibly have spared his relative, but seeing how badly wounded Hape was, and no doubt reflecting that he would be better dead than lingering in misery, he killed him with a blow of his sharp-edged club.

When the Ngai-Tahu tribe of Kaiapohia killed the great Ngati-Toa chief Te Pehi Kupe in 1830 in a quarrel over a block of greenstone, Te Ata-o-Tu was in the pa, but was not a party to the murder. He was in his hut decking himself with feathers and kokowai (red ochre) and oil for the hakas which were to be danced in the marae of the pa. It was this murder that led to the speedy undoing of the Ngai-Tahu, for Te Rauparaha invaded the South Island with his army of musket-armed warriors, and laid successful siege to the pa in 1832. Hakopa was taken prisoner there but he had distinguished himself in a thrilling hand-to-hand combat with one of the enemy. To that fine fight he owed his life, as the following narrative will show. The story was told by Hakopa, thirty years after the fight, to the Rev. J. W. Stack, missionary to the Canterbury Maoris:—

"Towards the close of the siege of Kaiapohia, after standing sentry at the foot of the watch-tower all one stormy night, during which heavy showers of rain had fallen, and being very wet and very sleepy, I was dozing with my head resting upon my hands, which were supported by the barrel of my gun, when I was aroused by a hand on my shoulder, and a voice whispering in my ear, 'Are you asleep?' I confessed I had been, and asked if anything was the matter. My questioner, who was one of our bravest leaders, said 'Yes. The enemy have planned an attack and I wish a sortie to be made at once to repel it. Will you take command?' I readily consented on condition that I should choose my own men. He agreed; and I picked out six of the bravest men I knew, and got them to the gate without rousing the rest of our people. I told my men to wait while I and another reconnoitred. We entered a sap and approached the shed where the attacking party, numbering about two hundred, were sleeping awaiting the dawn. They were lying all close together like herrings in a shoal. I motioned to my men to come on. Just at that moment one of them who had gone down another trench, called out, 'Let us go back. I have taken spoil, a club, a belt, and a cartouche box.' The result of this injudicious outcry was very different from what might have been anticipated. Startled by the sound of his voice, our sleeping foes sprang to their feet, and immediately bolted, panic-stricken, in the direction of their main camp.

"The coast was now quite clear for me, and emerging from the trench I proceeded cautiously in the direction taken by the runaways. I had not gone far before I noticed a figure of a man a short distance in front of me. He had nothing on but a small waist mat, and was armed with a fowling-piece; and walking beside him was a woman, who from the way he kept pushing her forward, seemed unwilling to accompany him. Happening to look round, he caught sight of me, and immediately called out to his fleeing companions, 'Come back! and catch this man; he is all alone.' But as no one did come back in answer to his appeal, and as I heard no answering calls made, I felt confident that I had nothing to fear at the moment from his comrades, who were not likely to come to his aid until it was quite light; and that if I could only close with him, I might overcome him, and have the satisfaction of carrying his dead body back with me into the pa.

"I determined therefore to try and force an encounter at close quarters. My only fear was that he might shoot me before I could grapple with him. I had only a tomahawk, with a long handle, having left my gun behind, because the charge in it was wet from the previous night's rain. The ground we were passing over was covered with large tufts of tussock grass, and I leaped from one to another to deaden the sound of my footsteps, squatting down whenever I saw the man turning round to look at me. I kept following him in this way for several hundred yards; fortunately he did not keep moving towards Rauparaha's camp, but in a different direction. By dint of great agility and caution I got within a few feet of him, when he turned suddenly round and pushed the woman

between us, and instantly fired. It seemed to me at that moment as if I were looking down the barrel of his gun. I squatted as quickly as I could on the ground; fortunately there was a slight depression of the surface where I stood, and that saved my life. The flame of the charge set fire to my hair and the ball grazed my scalp; for a moment I felt stunned, and thought I was mortally wounded. My opponent kept shouting for assistance which never came; for his panic-stricken companions I afterwards learnt were at the very time up to their necks in water in an adjoining swamp, clinging in their terror to the niggerheads for support, their fears having magnified my little party of followers into an army. The shout of my opponent recalled me to my senses, and recovering from the shock I had received, I made a second attempt to grapple with him, but without success; as before he slipped behind the woman again, and aimed his gun at me; I stooped, and the bullet flew over my shoulder.

"We were now on equal terms, and I had no longer to exercise such excessive caution in attacking him. I struck at him with my hatchet, he tried to parry the blow with the butt end of his gun but failed, and I buried my weapon in his neck near the collar bone. He fell forward, at once, and I seized him by the legs and lifted him on to my shoulder, intending to carry him out of reach of rescue by his own people. It was now quite light enough to see what was going on, and I could not expect to escape much longer the notice of the sentries guarding Rauparaha's camp.

"Just then one of my companions, who had mustered sufficient courage to follow me, came up to where I was and seeing signs of life in the body I was carrying, ran it through with a spear; and at the same time drew my attention to the movements of a party of the enemy, who were evidently trying to intercept our return to the pa. Hampered by the weight of my prize, I could not get over the ground as quickly as our pursuers, but I was loathe to lose the opportunity of presenting to my superior officers such unmistakable evidence of my prowess as a warrior; and I struggled on with my burden till I saw it was hopeless to think of reaching the pa with it, when I threw it on the ground, contenting myself with the waist-belt, gun and ear ornaments of my conquered foe, and made the best of my way into the fortress, where I was received with shouts of welcome from the people, and very complimentary acknowledgments of my courage from my commanders.

"I owed my life at the fall of Kaiapoia to that morning's encounter; for when I was lying bound hand and foot along with a crowd of other prisoners after the capture of the pa, Rauparaha strolled amongst us enquiring whether the man who killed his chief, Pehi Tahau, was amongst our number. On my being pointed out to him, as the person he was in search of, instead of handing me over as I fully expected he was going to do, to the relatives of my late foe, to be tortured and put to death by them, he addressed me in most complimentary terms, saying I was too brave a man to be put to death in the general massacre which was taking place; that I had fought fairly and won the victory; and that

he meant to spare my life, and hoped that I would in time to come render him as a return for his clemency some good service on the battlefields of the North Island."

In corroboration of the foregoing account the present writer has the evidence of Te Ata-o-Tu's relatives. Further it is said that after he had killed Pehi Tahau at Kaiapohia he fought most valiantly and was at last only overpowered by numbers. He wanted to die there, to perish with his friends and relatives.

The Ngai-Tahu prisoners were taken away in war-canoes to the North Island by Rauparaha and his conquering army, and Te Ata-o-Tu and his wife were forced to work as slaves. To their great sorrow they were separated. The husband was the captive of a man named Te Otaota, or Te Mareha, a Ngati-Koata chief who lived at Kukutauaki, on the mainland opposite Kapiti island. His wife became the bond-servant of a family in an adjacent village. Sometimes they managed to meet secretly at night and weep over each other, and plan vain schemes for escape. One day the wife heard that Te Ata-o-Tu was about to be given away to a hapu of the Ngati-Raukawa tribe, a party who had come down to Otaki, on a visit from Lake Taupo, and who were about to return to their distant home. Te Ata was to be a sort of good-bye gift to the visitors. The poor slave wife was heart-broken when she heard this; it meant that she and her husband in all probability would be separated for ever. When night came she stole away to the spot where she and her partner were wont to meet and talk over their troubles. There she told him what she had overheard from her masters.

This crowning sorrow nerved the captives to a desperate course. "Let's run away," said Te Ata, "and find a new master." So that night they fled together and came to Waikanae, one of the principal settlements of the Ngati-Toa and Ngati-Awa tribes. Here they went boldly up to the home of Te Hiko, a Ngati-Toa chief, one of Te Rauparaha's lieutenants. (Te Hiko's grandson, Hanikamu te Hiko, lived at Porirua in recent times). To him they told their troubles.

Te Hiko received the fugitives with much kindness and gave them his protection. He did so all the more willingly because of Te Ata-o-Tu's reputation as a warrior, and as a man of much intelligence.

There was trouble, of course, when Ngati-Raukawa discovered the flight of their slaves. They sent down and requested Te Hiko to give them up. This he refused to do. Then they sent a party of their leading women to Waikanae to try and cajole Te Hiko into giving up the fugitives. But their persuasions were of no avail. There was much speech-making and singing of songs; and the Ngati-Raukawa ladies stood forth in the marae where the people were all assembled and demanded that Te Ata-o-Tu be handed over. "They tono'd and they tono'd" (made request: begged) said the Ngai-Tahu who told me the story, "but Te Hiko was obdurate. At last the chieftainesses became very angry indeed, and very pouri, and they threw off their upper garments, and bared their

bosoms, and danced in anger, and taking hold of their breasts they shook them at Te Hiko, screaming shrill cries of disappointment and disgust as they did so. This was an old Maori custom in token of anger and chagrin. So angry were they at being refused their slaves."

Te Hiko, however, was not moved from his purpose even by this little display of feminine temper. But he must have felt sorry for the ladies, for he gave them a number of presents, in the form of valuable garments and so forth, to smooth them down, and pay for the two slaves; and so ended the trouble.

For some time Te Ata-o-Tu and his wife—whose name was Te Ao-Paki ("The Fine-Weather Cloud")—lived with Te Hiko at Waikanae. Their lot was now much happier, for they were together and their master treated them kindly. Then their rangatira and his family crossed over to Kapiti Island, and took Te Ata and Te Ao-Paki with them. There they dwelt for many years. The Ngati-toa and Ngati-Awa people had formed a very high opinion of Te Ata-o-Tu by this time, and treated him more as an adopted relative than a slave, and entrusted him with various important missions.

White whalers had now settled at Kapiti Island, to carry on whaling operations from their boat-stations. One of these stations was at Waiorua, at the north end of the island, another was at Te Kahu-o-te-rangi, a short distance southwards; all were on the eastern or sheltered side of Kapiti. And "The Shadow of the War-God" was told off to keep an eye on the rough whalemen. Te Hiko instructed him to see that the pakehas did not interfere with the numerous wahi-tapu (burial-places and other sacred spots). Te Ata did his duty well, and vigorously upheld the ancient Maori code of tapu. Once, it is narrated, he administered severe punishment with his fists, or whatever came handy, to a whaler whom he found cooking food in a pot which was tapu. The gods of the Maori had a religious militant champion in Te Ata-o-Tu.

A white woman named Mrs. Brook—the only pakeha woman on Kapiti in those wild old days—used to say in after years that Te Ata-o-Tu was the only Maori on the island that she was afraid of. He had a commanding walk and look, though he was but a captive, and none of the white people cared to offend him. He was a rangatira by birth, and he never forgot that, nor lost his warrior mein.

A remarkable story, illustrative of Te Ata-o-Tu's courage and determination and physical strength is told by the old Maoris. He and his comrades had become familiar with the methods of whale catching, from watching the white sailors at their work, and they used to go out themselves in their canoes. This was in the period 1830-40. Sperm whales were very numerous in those days and frequently passed between Kapiti and the mainland, and sometimes came very close in shore. One day a small whale came into one of the bays and Te Ata-o-Tu and several other Maoris manned one of their canoes, and set out after it. Te Ata-o-Tu, who was a daring man in a canoe, was foremost in the

whale-hunting work. He harpooned that tohora, but in the resultant excitement he fell overboard from the bows with the harpoon line in his hands. The whale made off with Te Ata-o-Tu flying in its wake holding on tenaciously to the rope. He could easily have regained his canoe had he let go, but he stubbornly stuck to the whale. Round and round the creature went, apparently bewildered, and at last, after dashing about the Bay for some minutes, it made straight for the shore, and was stranded almost at the place whence the canoe-whalers had set out. So Te Ata-o-Tu, half-drowned but whole-limbed, killed his whale. And there was great rejoicing, and "The Shadow of the War-God" was hailed as a hero. "Ha! he taniwha, he atua!" said the Maoris of him. "He is a sea-monster, a god!" A strange tale, but a true one, for the coast-dwelling Maoris of those days were as much at home in the water as on the dry land.

Te Ata-o-Tu was in the intertribal battle of 1839 known as the "Kuititanga," between Ngati-Awa and Ngati-Raukawa; it took place on the sand hills around the large Ngati-Awa palisaded pa near the mouth of the Waikanae River. Te Ata fought on the Ngati-Awa side.

New Zealand now passed under the British flag, and "The Shadow of the War-God's" next—and final—military experience was in defence of the mana of the white Queen. In 1846 he joined Wiremu Kingi te Rangitake (he who in 1860 fought in Taranaki against the British troops) and served in the campaign against Te Rangihaeata. Wiremu Kingi was the head chief of Ngati-Awa, whose headquarters were at Waikanae. There was some fighting about Porirua Harbour and the Horokiwi Valley, and Te Ata-o-Tu and his comrades co-operated with the Imperial troops operating against the enemy. He took part in the fight at Horokiwi, and captured one of the rebels, a man named Te Kumete.

When the Ngati-Toa and Ngati-Awa tribes embraced Christianity in the "Forties" and liberated their slaves, Hakopa returned to his old home and his tribe, travelling southward by way of Kaikoura. He joined his tribe at their settlement near the old pa at Kaiapohia, and lived there most of the time until his death in 1883. He was greatly respected by his people. The fact of his having spent so many years in captivity did not detract from the esteem with which he was generally regarded. He was a cousin of the late Pita te Hori, who was about the last of the Ngai-Tahu tohungas or priests. He always spoke of Pita as his Ariki or supreme chief, particularly in the sacerdotal sense.

Hakopa te Ata-o-Tu came of a family who were expert in the art of working greenstone (pounamu). He was a skillful stone-cutter and méré maker. When Hemi Matenga (the husband of the "Grace Darling" of Whakapuaka) went to Tuahiwi (near Kaiopohia) on a visit to the Ngai-Tahu tribe, many years ago Hakopa gave him a fine greenstone which he had made himself to take up north to Waikanae as a present of aroha for Hemi's half-brother, Te Kakakura (the late Wi Parata, of Waikanae).

# Topine te Mamaku

[*No. 39, Page 103*]

THE venerable fighting chief Topine te Mamaku died in June 1887, at his little kainga of Tawhata, far up the Whanganui River, about one hundred and thirty miles from the sea. Topine was a fine stamp of Maori, a toa of the olden times. He must have been close on a hundred years of age when he died. He was a chief of the Whanganui tribes and was connected also with Ngati-Maniapoto, of the King Country, and with Ngati-Awa of Taranaki. He was a Maori of the Maoris, a fierce and intrepid warrior in the old tribal battles, and a man who offered a stubborn resistance to the British troops in the Wellington and Whanganui districts in the early days. In his latter days he was revered by his people as a rangatira of the highest rank; one of his honorific names was "Te Ika-nui-o-roto-o-te-Kupenga" ("The Great Fish in the Net").

In 1845–46 Te Mamaku and many of his tribesmen were in arms against the British troops and joined Te Rangihaeata in his war against the whites in the Wellington district. Te Mamaku was Rangihaeata's most energetic lieutenant. It was he who led the historic attack on the British advanced outpost at Boulcott's Farm in the Upper Hutt Valley on May 16th, 1846. The war party numbered about two hundred. They attacked the outpost just before dawn, a favourite war practice of the Maori. The outpost was in partly cleared land, surrounded by dense bush and fallen trees. They tomahawked the bugler, but not before the brave lad had sounded the alarm. Then several of the picket, who were imprudently quartered in a tent which formed a conspicuous object in the surrounding darkness, were shot down by a single volley before they had time to extricate themselves. The soldiers, though taken by surprise and at disadvantage, turned out rapidly and maintained their ground, ultimately succeeding in driving off the enemy, although they had had twelve men killed and wounded. Fighting in the Porirua and Pauatahanui districts followed, and eventually Te Rangihaeata and Te Mamaku were compelled to retreat northward, leaving the Wellington country free to the pakeha.

At the close of his fighting in the Wellington district (the Hutt and elsewhere) Te Mamaku went back to Whanganui with his contingent. "He did his best to keep his warriors within bounds on his arrival here," says an old Whanganui colonist, "as he said we were his pakehas and he wished to give us his protection. However, what with malcontents of Te Heuheu's people, the Ngati-Tuwharetoa, and probably some of Te Mamaku's people too, we, the European residents of the town then numbering about thirty males able to shoulder a 'Brown Bess' were forced to apply for troops to protect us. Te Mamaku, when he heard of it, came round to us all requesting us not to send for soldiers, for said he 'If you bring soldiers I will fight them'." As the sequel proved, he was as good as his word, for he was the principal chief who fought against the pakeha in Whanganui in 1847.

Several months of desultory fighting took place. The settlers and military were hemmed in in the town, and Te Mamaku and his men plundered and burned the surrounding farms and frequently fought the small Government forces. The Whanganui white residents built stockades for their protection; these stockades were strongly constructed, and had artillery. The Maoris sometimes boldly advanced within the range of the stockades and even plundered part of the town. Towards the end of 1847 they returned up the river to their cultivations, announcing that they must go home to look after their crops. They expressed themselves as rité, equal, and therefore they were satisfied; there were about the same number killed and wounded on each side.

The Rev. Richard Taylor, the missionary to the Maoris, wrote in his book *Te Ika-a-Maui* (1855) regarding this little war:—

> "The native has been raised in the Europeans' estimation; he has shown so much courage and skill as to elicit the admiration of the military, and he has clearly proved that whilst willing to be one with us he will not suffer himself to be trampled upon."

In those days according to a description of him written by a Whanganui resident, "Te Mamaku was a fine handsome stalwart man, with a commanding and gentlemanly appearance."

The Rev. Taylor says in his book just quoted that nearly the last person he baptised was Te Mamaku; his new name was Hemi Topine (James Stovin), after one of Mr. Taylor's relatives.

## Tokena te Kerehi

[*No. 40, Page 104*]

THE painting of Tokena te Kerehi is an excellent portrait of this tattooed wrinkled old fellow. It shows him at the age of fully ninety years. Tokena, although not a man of much force of character or of special importance in the councils of his people, was of aristocratic lineage. He belonged to the Ngati-Turumakina section of the powerful Ngati-Tuwharetoa tribe, of the Taupo Country. He was a younger half-brother of the famous Te Heuheu Tukino, the venerable warrior chief who was overwhelmed with most of his hapu in the great landslide at Te Rapa, near Tokaanu, at the south end of Lake Taupo, in 1846. Tokena himself had a narrow escape from death in the same landslip. One day in 1901, sitting on the verandah of his raupo whare at Waihi near Te Rapa, the old man told the present writer the following story of the catastrophe:—

"Yes, O friend, I remember that night of blackness and death! I was a young and active man then, fully grown, tattooed on face and body; I had recently been converted to the Roman Catholic faith and I was in my house reading my prayer book when the

mountain and river came down upon us. You must know, friend, that there was a certain prophecy made concerning Te Heuheu, my relative, who was killed there. Pahau, the high-priest of the tribe, stood forth in the marae one day and said, 'Te Heuheu will not die by the hand of man!' You must learn, too, that away up yonder, where the hot springs of Hipaua are, there lived a taniwha, which monster was, like the river, known by the name of Wai-Mataii. Now, whether that taniwha loosened the earth or not, destruction fell upon our kainga. On that night there was a thunderstorm and Te Heuheu, the Ariki of the tribe, went forth to quell the spirits of the earth and sky. He mounted to the top of his whare bearing the famous greenstone méré Pahikaure—the very same which now I hold in my hand—and he recited his patent incantations (karakia), one of which was the karakia known as 'Kuruki whakataha,' to avert any threatened danger. Thus he called upon the gods of the Maori, and then he went back to his wives in the whare.

"After a while I went outside my house. The night was black and ominous; not a star shone forth, but the lightning flashed brightly. Then suddenly up above on the Wai-mataii I heard loud, sharp reports as of thunder. It was the earth monster at work! The reports sounded again. Then all at once the whole hill-side came down. Water and mud, and rocks, and great trunks of trees came sweeping down in a mighty mass. I was knocked over and bruised by the earth and trees. I heard cries of alarm and terror, and I saw houses and fences overwhelmed. I found myself close to the edge of the Lake and there I climbed up on to the top of a tree, which was used as a moari (a native swing) by the young people. I sat there in fear and trembling until the daylight came, and then wept over my lost tribe, for the village was buried. All was gone! There was no time for the sleepers to escape. I and Hoani were the only two men who were saved. Thus was Pahau the priest's prophecy fulfilled. Te Heuheu died not by the hand of man; it was the work of the gods."

This and much more said the tattooed ancient. He told how the venerable silver-haired Te Heuheu was killed by the avalanche while endeavouring to get his household to escape, and how the grief-stricken tribe assembled after the disaster and dug down till they discovered the chief's body. Near by him lay the corpse of his favourite wife, who had the precious greenstone méré Pahikaure clasped to her breast. She was over-whelmed while endeavouring to save the talismanic heirloom of the tribe. Of the in-habitants of the kainga, fifty-four were killed and only two (or at the most three) were saved.

It was close to this very spot that another landslide from the heights near Hipaua occurred, in March 1910, killing a Maori named Wi Tamaiwhana, a relative of Tokena.

Tokena had seen much service in his time, and carried tomahawk and musket on many a war-trial. He accompanied his chief and elder brother Te Heuheu on some of his expeditions in the long days of cannibal warfare. He was, too, a sort of "King's messen-

ger"; the Heuheu family frequently sent him on long journeys with important messages to other tribes. He fought on the side of his countrymen in the Waikato war, and shared in the engagements at Rangiriri and Haerini. He and his tribe watched the siege of the Orakau Pa in 1864, but were unable to assist their compatriots.

Tokena's name was a curious one. Tokena is simply a Maorified form of the English word "stocking," and "Te Kerehi" is "The Grace"—the Rev. Thomas Samuel Grace, the early missionary whose station was at Pukawa, close to the ancient town of the Heuheus on the shores of Lake Taupo.

## Wi te Manewha

[*No. 41, Page 105*]

WI TE MANEWHA was a chief of the Ngati-Raukawa tribe, of Otaki, Wellington Province. He was one of the old-time warriors, and could tell of more than one cannibal feast in which he shared in the days of intertribal warfare. Besides Ngati-Raukawa he was connected with the Ngati-Koroki tribe, of Waikato. He was born in the Maungatautari district, Upper Waikato (near where the town of Cambridge now stands); his birth took place probably about the end of the first decade of last century. He and most of his tribe (Ngati-Raukawa) under the celebrated chief Te Whatanui, migrated to the Otaki district about the year 1834 in order to join Te Rauparaha, who had some twelve years previously conquered the east coast of the Wellington Province from the Muaupoko, Rangitane, Ngati-Kahungunu and other tribes. Wi and his tribe, and also a Ngati-Tuwharetoa war-party from Lake Taupo under the famous Te Heuheu Tukino (who was buried in the historic landslip at Te Rapa, Taupo, in 1846) fought a series of battles at Haowhenua, near Otaki, with the Ngati-Awa tribe and their allies. The Ngati-Awa and Ngati-Ruanui were defeated and their dead were eaten by the victorious army. Flint muskets as well as native weapons were used in this battle. Te Rauparaha and his Ngati-Toa, who as a rule at that period were allies of Ngati-Awa, did not take part in the fight but remained neutral in their pa close by.

Wi te Manewha also fought in the battle of the "Kuititanga," on the sea-beach at Waikanae, facing Kapiti Island, in 1839. This conflict was between Ngati-Raukawa and Ngati-Awa tribes, both of whom suffered considerable losses. The battle raged around the stockade of the great pa of the Ngati-Awa on the sandhills near the mouth of the Waikanae river, and was continued along the beach. Wi was one of those who advanced upon the pa and unsuccessfully attempted to storm it. The defenders successfully repulsed the Ngati-Awa by means of firearms and by thrusting long spears through the interstices of the high stockades. Rauparaha came across from one of the islets near Kapiti, in his war-canoe, to witness the fight, but did not take any part in it. The British ship

*Tory* with the pioneer settlers of the New Zealand Company for Wellington arrived off Kapiti Island soon after the fight, and her surgeons landed at Waikanae and attended the wounded in the pa. As Christianity was by this time making its way felt among the natives, the dead were not eaten as in the cannibal days but were buried on the sand hills.

Wi's daughter, Mrs. Enereta Rikihana, is at present living at Otaki.

Included in Mr. Partridge's collection is a splendid cast of Wi te Manewha's deeply carved face, taken by Lindauer and the late Sir Walter Buller, a few years before the old chief's death.

This is the only known instance of a Maori of rank, or for that matter, any Maori of the old school, permitting such an operation to be performed on him. The cast is consequently of great ethnological interest and value. A reproduction of it appears on the cover of this book.

## Kewene te Haho

[*No. 42, Page 106*]

THE venerable chief Kewene te Haho, who died many years ago, was a link connecting this twentieth century with the savage scenes of carnage and man-eating which occurred before New Zealand became a British Colony. Kewene was about ninety years of age at the time of his death. He belonged to the Ngati-Naho, Ngati-Whawhakia and Ngati-Haua tribes, of Waikato and the West Coast. Kewene was born probably some years before the date of the battle of Waterloo. He was brought up under the ancient regime, and his mind was early filled with the mythology and the religious beliefs of the Maori. As he grew to manhood he took part in the warfare of those days, when his tribes people were periodically raiding Taranaki and slaughtering the people of Ngati-Awa, and taking back captured men and women as slaves. About the year 1830 he was one of the chiefs who led a war party of Tainui and Waikato and kindred fighting men on a cannibal expedition against Taranaki. A pa was taken with great bloodshed and after feasting on the bodies of the slain the victorious taua returned to their homes with a large number of slaves, some of whom became Kewene's personal serfs. Kewene and his people, however, appeared to have treated their captives with a kindness and consideration unusual in those times, for when Christianity was spread amongst the Maoris some years later, and the bonds of the slaves were broken, many of the captured ones preferred to remain with their captors rather than return home. Kewene himself, the late fine old chief Wetini te Mahikai, and others took a number of the released Ngati-Awa people back to their friends at Taranaki, when peace was made. The old man's home was at Makaka, on the shores of Aotea Harbour, West Coast.

## Haora Tipa Koinaki

[*No. 43, Page 107*]

Haora Tipa Koinaki was a famous fighting chief of the Ngati-Paoa tribe of the Thames. He took a prominent part in the tribal wars with the Waikato and Ngapuhi tribes. He was at Mauinaina (Panmure, near Auckland) when Hongi attacked and took that pa. The Ngati-Paoa had only four flint muskets to oppose Ngapuhi's well-armed force. Koinaki used one of these and had one of his teeth knocked out by the recoil of the piece. When his people fled, they left their head chief Te Hinaki in the pa wounded. A Ngapuhi came to despatch him with a tomahawk. Te Hinaki was seated on the ground, dressed in his best mats, and he quietly handed his greenstone méré to the man, saying "Kill me with the weapon of my ancestors, not with that foreign thing."

A later Ngapuhi expedition which came to the Hauraki and Waikato was annihilated by the Thames Maoris under Koinaki and two tribes of Waikato led by Kukutai. During the Waikato war of 1863 Koinaki staunchly adhered to the Government side. He ably assisted Mr. Commissioner Mackay in making peace with the Thames rebels in 1864, and in opening up the Thames district for gold-mining. He was a quiet, unassuming man, brave and thoroughly honest and reliable. He died in 1872.

## Tamati Waka te Puhi

[*No. 44, Page 108*]

This old warrior was one of the survivors of Hongi Hika's attack on the Totara pa, at the Thames, in 1821, where the Uringahu hapu of Ngati-Maru, of which he was chief, was nearly exterminated. He was always loyal to the Government, and much respected by all who had dealings with him. His wife, Rangitehau, was the hereditary ariki of the Ngati-Maru tribe. The Totara pa, the tree-shaded remains of which are still to be seen close to the Thames-Paeroa railway line, was taken by the fierce and treacherous Hongi in the night time, and a terrible slaughter took place. Tamati Waka te Puhi was one of the few who managed to elude their foes in the darkness and escape. He died many years ago.

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No. 45—Takerei te Rau-Angaanga

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## Takerei te Rau-Angaanga

[*No. 45, Page 133*]

TAKEREI TE RAU-ANGAANGA was a leading Waikato chief. His immediate tribe was the Ngati-Mahuta, and he was closely related to the old Maori King, Potatau. He was a man of rather reticent disposition, disliked Europeans and did not care to associate with them. He joined in the Waikato War in 1863, and was one of the three high chiefs taken prisoner at Rangiriri. He was at first confined in the hulk *Marion* in Auckland Harbour with the other captives, but he and Tioriori te Hura, of Ngati-Haua, were released on parole on condition that they remained within the city of Auckland. Takerei te Rau-Angaanga was a large land-owner and lost the whole of his estate by confiscation; this preyed greatly on his mind and he did not long survive his misfortunes.

## Tomika te Mutu

[*No. 46, Page 134*]

TOMIKA TE MUTU was a chief of rank of the Ngai-te-Rangi tribe of Tauranga.

Mr. James Mackay (late Civil Commissioner) gave the following unflattering description of him:—"He was a truculent, treacherous savage, who in the wars between the Thames and Tauranga tribes kept himself out of the fighting and danger by playing fast and loose with both sides alternately. During the Europeans' fighting at Tauranga he pursued the same tactics as those for which he had previously distinguished himself in Maori warfare. He had a sullen morose appearance, which was increased by the darkness and close tattooing of his face."

## Hamiora Tu

[*No. 47, Page 135*]

HAMIORA TU was a chief of the Ngai-te-Rangi tribe of Tauranga. During the fighting at Tauranga in 1864, he was one of the few natives who remained loyal to the Queen. He and his cousin Raniera te Hiahia acted as guides to General Cameron's forces. He was a large land-owner in Tauranga district and received large reserves within the confiscated district in consideration of his services. He was honest and generous in disposition and liked by the European settlers.

# Hori Kingi te Anaua

[*No. 48, Page 136*]

HORI KINGI TE ANAUA was in the Sixties the principal chief of the Whanganui tribe. He was a splendid type of the real old rangatira; Colonel W. E. Gudgeon described him to the writer as a magnificent old chief with all the best traits of the Maori aristocrat of the bygone days. In his youth he had shared in many an intertribal conflict and was reared amongst scenes of war and cannibalism.

When the wars between the whites and the Maoris began, he took up the side of the pakeha. He was a valuable ally of the Government in the expeditions against the Hau-hau rebels in Taranaki.

A story illustrative of the old chief's fine character, was told by Lieut.-Colonel McDonnell (and corroborated by Lieut.-Colonel W. E. Gudgeon). It was in Taranaki early in 1866 when General Chute was preparing to march his troops through the great forest at the back of Mt. Egmont, starting from Ketemarae and emerging at Mataitawa, on the New Plymouth side. It was necessary that the Whanganui native allies should accompany them, but at the last moment, at the instigation of Mete Kingi, one of their chiefs, they declined to march. The story that follows is then told by Colonel McDonnell. Dr. Featherston referred to was the Superintendent of the Province of Wellington:

"Only one chance occurred to me to try—being unable to move about—and with Dr. Featherston's consent, I prepared to put it to the test. Hori Kingi te Anaua, at this time the principal chief of Whanganui, had with his tribe received much kindness from Dr. Featherston. They looked up to him for advice not only from the high position he held but privately. Hori Kingi respected him as one who had never deceived him, whose word, once passed, was good for the performance of what had been promised, but who, at the same time, was not easily imposed upon by threats in whatever shape they were made. I awoke my brother, Captain McDonnell, and asked him to find Hori Kingi, and bring him by himself to our tents. I then advised Dr. Featherston to recount to Hori, when he came in, the events that had taken place between them during the past few years. The friendship that had during that time existed between them—his own fixed determination that the expedition should march as already agreed upon at 3.30 p.m., and then telling Hori that the other natives might remain if they chose, to then ask him, as his old and trusty friend to accompany him. Dr. Featherston caught at the idea and I prepared to translate word for word what the Doctor might say.

"Presently the old chief entered, and squatted on the floor of the tent. 'So the natives won't go to-morrow, Hori?' I said. 'They will not,' he replied. 'They are not required

to now,' I rejoined, 'but the Doctor has something to say to you before he leaves in the morning and he will now speak.' Dr. Featherston then made a short straightforward speech and to the point, that understanding the natives, at the eleventh hour, had resolved not to go, he had sent for his old friend Hori to request that he would accompany him in the morning with the troops.

"Old Hori was much excited, and moved about uneasily. 'I would, O Featherston, go with you,' he said, 'but I am lame. Behold my foot.' 'I sprained my ankle severely some days since,' replied the Doctor, 'yet I accompanied your natives wherever they went. My ankle is much swollen and very painful now, but I will go to-morrow and you Hori, shall accompany me. It shall never be said that the whole of the Whanganui's were frightened. You and I must prevent this evil thing.'

"The blood of his ancestry rose to the old chief's brow, and his face underwent a change. 'Petatone, but for you, where would the tribe be? If Europeans had acted like you, like chiefs, we would not now be fighting. You have been—you are—our father. Hori te Anaua speaks now. Hori Kingi will go with his father—go by himself with you, but will not return again to his tribe. I will, in future, go where you go and stay where you stay. You will hear me tell my tribe this. I go to bid my people farewell. Listen, both of you!'

"As Hori uttered these words he rose and stood upright at the door of the tent. It was a clear night and the Contingent and Kupapa tents showed out white and distinct, and not a rustle was heard as the old warrior spoke. 'O Whanganui! Whanganui! Farewell. The tribe, farewell! The past, farewell! Farewell for ever! Listen to me now. Hearken to me. I cast off my tribe, and they are no longer mine. The spirit of the tribe has fled bewitched by Ngati-Ruanui. They have become strange. They are now what they were not. I cast them on the dark side of the path. I, Hori te Anaua, leave with my father, Dr. Featherston, and the Queen to-morrow. Farewell to you, O tribe, Farewell! I have spoken; it is enough.'

"A low hum, like the working song of the bees, like the murmuring of a stream, arose in the camp of the Maoris as the old chief spoke. I could feel that everyone was drinking in his words and now and then a low moan was heard which proceeded from the women of the tribe. Hori re-entered the tent, and grasping each of us by the hand said in a subdued voice, 'They are my children, I think. Some of them will come with their father.' A shrill voice was now heard addressing the tribe, and, my ears being quick, I told Hori word for word, what was going forward. Chief after chief of the plotters succeeded the man now speaking, but a muffled roar from the Contingent presently echoed through the camp. The young warriors, the best and bravest, had been worked up to a pitch of frenzy. Mete's name was coupled with English oaths, and he was most unromantically told to 'shut up.' 'He is a coward' said one. 'He is always meddling' added another. 'We thought

you did not want us to go, Hori,' said they: and although it wanted an hour of the time to parade, tents were struck, baggage packed, and over seventy of the flower of the contingent (with cries of 'To Taranaki, to Taranaki') formed up on parade, with arms and accoutrements, ready to march.

"The reaction was complete. The excitement had cost old Hori a struggle, and he asked for a glass of spirits, which, by the way, he had scarcely ever tasted before. The General now looked in to wish me Good-bye. He little knew then of the previous night's work we had had. One of the plotters (Paora) now came to the tent and began to tell me and the Doctor how very glad he was that the natives had consented to go and how superhuman his endeavours had been to accomplish the result. 'I feel cold,' he continued, and stretched out his hand to a flask of commissariat. I jumped, regardless and oblivious of my situation, and kicked the rascally hypocrite out of the tent; but I hurt myself worse than I hurt him. The force fell in, and my friends bade me adieu, and marched away on their uncertain journey."

The expedition reached New Plymouth safely, some ten days later after an arduous forest march, but without an engagement with the enemy.

## Tamati Pirimona Marino

[*No. 49, Page 137*]

Mr. James Mackay (formerly Civil Commissioner in the New Zealand Native Districts) wrote the following account of this chief:—

"He was the principal rangatira of the Collingwood district, Nelson, and belonged to the Ngati-Rarua tribe, of Taranaki North. At the time of Te Rauparaha's raid on both sides of Cook Strait, he as a youth joined the expedition, and received as his share of the conquest a large area of land at Massacre Bay (Te Taitapu). Tamati Pirimona Marino was a fine specimen of the Maori chief. He was genial, hospitable, and a gentleman in his habits and bearing. He liked the company of Europeans, to whom he was always well disposed. At the time of the wars of 1860 and 1863 and following years, he was invited to join the hostile forces at Taranaki and Waikato, but he preferred keeping on good terms with his European friends at Nelson. He was the first native in the Nelson district who owned a sailing trading vessel. In 1863 he removed from Collingwood to Westport, where he resided until 1871. In that year he left for Taranaki North, where he died in 1875."

## Pomare

[*No. 50, Page 138*]

POMARE of Ngapuhi was a leading figure in North Auckland a century ago. He lived at Otuihu, Bay of Islands, and was a shipowner in a small way. One or two vessels of his traded along the coast.

The venerable settler Mr. John Webster, of Opononi, Hokianga, wrote under date 3rd August, 1898, to Mr. Partridge:—"I have yours enclosing photo of the old Bay of Islands chief Pomare. He sympathised with Hone Heke in the war of 1845 and was taken prisoner as a precautionary measure, and conveyed on board one of the men-of-war lying off Opua [the *North Star*]. I was visiting the fleet with a friend of mine, Lieutenant H. Aubyn, and we saw the old chief, then in his prime. He was sitting on deck forward under charge of two marines. I shook hands with him, and never saw him again. From what I remember the photo is a faithful likeness, but more than half a century has passed since those days, and old memories are now like dreams."

## Heta te Haara

[*No. 51, Page 139*]

THE Northern chief Heta te Haara, who died about 1895, was a member of the Ngati-Rangi branch of the Ngapuhi tribe. He was a son of Mata-haea, and was one of the last chiefs who signed the Treaty of Waitangi in 1840. In the early days he was a prominent figure at Kaikohe and the Waimate.

## Retimana te Mania

[*No. 52, Page 140*]

THIS Maori lived in the Manukau district until the commencement of the Waikato War in 1863, when he and the Akitai tribe, under Mohi te Ahi a te Ngu, left their settlements at Papakura, Pukekohe, and elsewhere, and joined the King party. He was a man of quiet manners, and did not take much share in tribal leadership. After the war he lived for some years at Pukaki, near Mangere.

## Anehana

[*No. 53, Page 141*]

Old Anehana was a familiar figure in Auckland city in the seventies of last century. He lived at the Wade (Te Weiti). Lindauer selected him as the subject of one of his earliest portraits because of his fine moko. He was a very well-tattooed man, an excellent type of the olden fully moko'd native.

## Ratene

[*No. 54, Page 142*]

This ancient worthy was a resident of Tauranga, and was a good type of the well-tattooed Maori of past days. Like the old chief Anehana, he was painted by the artist for his fine face carving, and as a representative of his race.

## Pera Tutoko

[*No. 55, Page 143*]

This old man was the chief of Nga-Potiki hapu of Te Aitanga-a-Mahaki tribe of Tauranga (Gisborne, Poverty Bay). He died some years ago, venerable and respected.

It is said that he was at Opotiki in 1865 when Kereopa and his Hauhaus hanged the Rev. Carl Volkner, and that he got away and informed the Government of the murder.

## Hon. Sir James Carroll

[*No. 56, Page 144*]

*(Born at Wairoa, H.B., August 20, 1857; died at Auckland, October 18, 1926.)*

Riding down the Whakatane Valley from the Maori settlement at Ruatoki one day in 1895 I met a big man of soldierly appearance, mounted on a big black horse. He was riding fast, and had evidently ridden hard and far, for his horse and himself bore the mud-marks of a long, rough journey. He was a black-moustached, dark, good-looking fellow, a half-caste, I imagined. He gave courteous greeting as he passed, and I admired the tall stranger and wondered who he was. A little later on I came to know him very well as Jimmy Carroll, the East Coast Maori member of Parliament, poetic orator and peacemaker among the tribes. And it was on a peace-making mission that he was bound that day of long ago, one of the many expeditions he made in haste to exercise his gifts

of persuasion, his diplomacy and his eloquent tongue that the Maoris often likened to the voice of the bellbird or the tui.

Ruatoki, the present headquarters of the Urewera or Tuhoe tribe—they are industrious and successful dairy farmers and maize-growers there to-day—was a focus of Maori hostility that month in 1895. Two Government surveyors who had been sent into the Urewera country to carry out triangulation work, had been stopped and turned back, and their theodolites—which the Maoris called the "glass"—had been confiscated. The Maoris, always suspicious of anything in the nature of survey over their lands, and not understanding the difference between a major triangulation and a survey for subdivision purposes, had jumped to the conclusion that the Government had broken faith with them and intended to measure out the country so that they could cut it up for white settlement. The Government (as Carroll told me afterwards) had committed an error of judgment by sending up those surveyors before the tribes had been consulted, and before it had been made clear that nothing detrimental to Maori interests was intended.

So there was much hot, warlike talk in the bush villages, and the young men—and some of the old warriors, too—got their guns ready and made cartridges and prepared to defend their rugged mountain land. As for the Government, it adopted the customary "firm measures," and hurried off military and police expeditions to the Urewera territory, to suppress the "rebellion." I happened to be with the detachment sent to Ruatoki, as a member of the *Auckland Star* staff, to report the proceedings. Our force, which landed at Whakatane and marched up some twenty miles inland one blistering hot day, was armed with rifles and bayonets and enough ammunition for a little campaign. It was, very naturally, an extremely sulky, sullen, war-breathing crowd of Maoris we met at Ruatoki. The old tattooed, blanket-kilted warriors, all of whom had fought us in the Hauhau days, made excited, bitter speeches; the young men sat glowering there; their guns, I guessed, were in the meeting-house close by. Our small column pitched camp by the riverside, and awaited developments.

It was next day that James Carroll, who was then M.H.R. for the Eastern Maori electorate, rode in from Gisborne. And then, in a day or two, the impending thunderstorm passed over. "Timi Kara" explained the position, smoothed the rough places, placated the old diehards, and enlisted the young men in the cause of progress. Hone Heke, too, came in and took a hand, making the position clear. Carroll later on rode up to Te Whaiti, where the Ngati-Whare tribe was talking fight. He showed the anxious, suspicious hillfolk that no robbery of their lands was intended, and that the road projected to link up Rotorua with Waikaremoana would be a benefit to them rather than a possible source of injury in the way of a military invasion.

From Te Whaiti the Maori M.H.R. journeyed on through bush and ravine to Ruatahuna, the heart of the Urewera country. In Wellington, a few months before his

death, when we talked over those exciting times in the bush, he recalled the tense, thrilling "feel" in the air the night he walked into the carved meeting-house "Te Whai a te Motu" at Mataatua, in the Ruatahuna Valley, and addressed the expectant people, who crowded the big council whare. It was nearly midnight when he entered. The people were in the midst of a hot discussion over the survey and the designs of the Government. All at once, when they saw Timi Kara's tall form appear, the orators' voices were stilled. There was dead silence for many moments in the dimly lighted hall, where grim, tattooed, carved figures around the walls and at the feet of the house pillars were now and again half revealed by the flickering fire.

"Timi" presently spoke. He opened with a poetic mihi of greeting, salutations to the dead and the living, to the great men of the past, to the chiefs of the present. The people, some of them weeping, and all intensely wrought up, answered him. In that twilight hall it seemed as if the spirits of the dead had returned to greet the living; such is the Maori fancy.

And then, Timi Kara, having paid his respects to chiefs past and present, launched into an exposition of the Government's policy in the Urewera Country. He explained that all that was intended was a scientific survey, that it was not a survey to measure acres or to ascertain what land there was that could be taken from the Maoris. Their lands would not be interfered with; not an acre would be lost to them; and he invited them to send a party of their chiefs with him to Wellington and he would get an Act of Parliament passed to reserve their lands to them for ever or so long as they chose to retain them. (This the people did a little later on and the Urewera Reserves Act was the result).

And the mission ended in complete peace and friendship. James Carroll took Mr. Phillips, one of the surveyors, through to the snowy Huiarau Ranges; the survey was accomplished with the co-operation of the Maoris; and presently the road through the mountain land was begun—and the Maoris drew Government pay for clearing the bush along the line. And so the dispute that began with cartridge-making and threats of battle and ambuscade ended in perfect amity. It was one of Carroll's many missions wherein tact and straightforwardness and understanding of Maori feelings turned opposition to friendly assistance.

* * * *

Talking over his youthful years, Sir James Carroll used to recall with a chuckle the long-ago glorious days when he was "a perfect little savage," as he put it. Soon after his birth in 1857, under a now historic cabbage-tree on the bank of the beautiful Wairoa River, up near the top corner of Hawke's Bay, he was taken far inland by his mother's people; his mother was the chieftainess Tapuke, of the Ngati-Kahungunu tribe. He did not see a white man until he was seven years old, when his father, Joseph Carroll, one

of the old-time traders, went up and made handsome presents to the Maori folk by way of ransom. Little Timi had been put through the old pagan ceremonies customary on the birth of a chief's son, the "tohi-tu-tama," or baptismal sprinklings, and prayers appropriate to a warrior that was to be. His infant years were spent in a purely Maori environment, and this gave his mind a bent and impulse that his pakeha education in after years never destroyed. Timi was taken out by his elders on bush excursions as soon as he was able to walk, and he learned the ancient arts of bird-snaring and bird-spearing, and much other bushcraft that every Maori boy learned in those forest districts.

Joe Carroll took the youngster down to Wairoa settlement and put him to school there, and later at Napier; this was followed by a year or two on a sheep station at Wairoa, and it was there that Carroll became a first-rate young horseman. By the time he was twelve years old he was a big, muscular youngster, fit to tackle any man's work. And a real man's job came for him in a few months. A Maori boy in the old fighting days was usually taken out on his first war-path at the age of twelve, and Timi Kara was just thirteen when he carried carbine on a bush campaign in 1870 against the Hauhau rebels at Waikaremoana.

That Government military expedition was a purely Maori one, with two or three white officers. Lieutenant James Witty and Mr. F. E. Hamlin were in command; a pakeha volunteer was the late Major J. T. Large. Young Carroll was intensely anxious to join it, and he was the proudest lad alive when he rode off with his Terry carbine and his pouches of ammunition. It was a rough, wild region in those days of 1870. There were war-canoe expeditions on the lake, and miniature naval skirmishes, and several bush fights on the northern shore, and at last after five months the Hauhaus were dispersed. They abandoned their hill-forts and their cultivations and food stores, and vanished into the Urewera mountains. For his share in the campaign Carroll was mentioned in despatches, and besides the war medal he was awarded a bonus of £50.

Sir James Carroll used to tell of many a thrilling bit of work on that war-trail. He recalled a skirmish in which he and young Wiri Witty, his camp chum, each put a bullet into a Hauhau who was crouching down as if about to fire. When they examined his body after the fight they discovered that he had stopped twelve bullets. He described, too, a typical old hero of the war-path whose action always remained in his memory as that of a perfectly fearless man. This was a tall, lean, well-tattooed figure of a man, a chief named Pita, from the Mahia Peninsula. Pita, in order to inspire his men with courage, paraded up and down in front of his forty men of Ngati-Pahauwera, exhorting them, directing them, while the enemy's bullets were snipping off the fern all round him. His men were well under cover; he was their chief, and he must show an example of fearless disregard of the foe. "He was a perfect picture of courage and defiance," said Timi; "I have seen many splendid soldiers in my day, but whenever I think or hear of fearlessness

in peril—recklessness some would call it—I remember good old Pita that day on the banks of Waikaremoana."

* * * *

"Those were the grand old free-and-easy days, when we didn't wear trousers any oftener than we could help. I wore a shawl about me and went barefooted." That winter at Waikaremoana had its rough side; rations ran short, and until the Hauhau stores of food were captured the Government men had to draw their belts pretty tightly. Potatoes were the great stand-by; and Timi used to relate how his uncle humorously lamented that all they had to eat were "spuds for breakfast, murphies for dinner, and Paddy's apples for tea."

All his life long the Ariki cherished admiration and love for beautiful Waikaremoana, where he wielded canoe-paddle and carbine in those guerilla-fighting days. He delighted to chant the praises of the lovely, lonely Wairau-moana, the island-strewn, many-bay'd western arm of the mountain lake. Its silence, its peace indescribable, that enchanted him in his early years, always remained with him; "it's like a benediction," he said.

* * * *

That bit of war-service was really Timi's means of introduction to the strenuous scenes of politics in which he spent most of his life. Sir Donald Maclean, the most able and far-sighted of all our Native Ministers of the pioneer days, took a close interest in young Carroll, as a lad of promise, and he put him into the Native Department in Wellington. From that office to the post of Native Interpreter in the House of Representatives was a natural step for so clever and gifted a young man, and from the interpreter's seat to a politician's was the next move. In 1887 he entered the House as M.H.R. for the Eastern Maori seat, and for over thirty years he was continuously in the Lower House, winding up his great Parliamentary career in the Legislative Council. He was nearly twenty years a Minister of the Crown, in Liberal Administrations, and he was Acting-Prime Minister during Sir Joseph Ward's absence at the Imperial Conference. He entertained Royalties, he did the honours of his race and country to innumerable distinguished guests with a dignity, courtesy and eloquence that none but he, with his mingled Celtic and Maori blood, could display.

Soon after Carroll entered Parliament in 1887 a writer said of him: "Were he to do nothing else, his efforts in the direction of the political and social union of the two races in this colony would hand his name down in New Zealand history as that of a statesman of broad and comprehensive views, far-seeing and a benefactor alike to Maori and European. As one of the foremost young chiefs of the large and powerful Ngati-Kahungunu, whose mana extends nearly the whole length of the East Coast of the North Island, he exercises a vast influence with the native race, and his opinions on native questions naturally command the greatest attention. On the other hand, his fine presence, his youth, his

genial and courteous bearing, his past services, and his signal ability as a public speaker, command the friendship, the admiration, and the attention of European members. James Carroll is, in fact, one of the few remarkable men of the House. His political future should be a great one in its personal advancement, and in its usefulness to the European and Maori races. As an outcome of native representation, he is in himself a valuable and instructive lesson to the colonists."

The end of a many-coloured life came in Auckland on October 18, 1926; the well-beloved Timi Kara was just entering upon his seventieth year.

* * * *

Sir James Carroll's career partook of the romantic and adventurous; a career which saw a half-caste Maori lad rise to the highest position that his country had to bestow on him. Physically and mentally, he represented the highest type of New Zealander; a man who blended in his being the talents of pakeha and Maori. Handsome, soldier-like, cultured, kindly, and gifted with an eloquence that his mother's people likened to the voice of the korimako—the bellbird—and the tui. James Carroll was one to win attention and affection wherever he went. Not long before his death he made one of the most touching speeches of his long life when he spoke at the unveiling of the monument to his old friend and political opponent, Sir William Herries, at Te Aroha. In the light of his own sudden end, that speech was almost prophetic, a foreshadowing; "the sunset of life gives us mystical lore." It was indeed Timi Kara's own swan-song.

The following is an extract from an eloquent eulogy by J. R. Kirk, of Gisborne, when the news came of his old friend's death: "Of kingly mien and noble bearing, 'the Ariki' attracted by the greatness of his heart and the kindness in his handsome face all those, learned or unlearned in the arts and sciences, who instinctively knew a man. He was acting Prime Minister: he was born in something less than a manger! He could talk with crowds and keep his virtue; he walked with kings nor lost the common touch. His great heart, now silent and inactive, beat generously in unison with the full pulsation of struggling humanity; his purse was never closed; he was a great lover. His is a name that posterity will honor and acclaim and to which the historians of to-morrow will do justice. If the British rule in New Zealand has been successful; if a good understanding between pakeha and Maori has developed, to Carroll most of the credit is due. His was a deep-plumbing understanding, applied equally in general legislation as in that most nearly affecting the relations between the two races. He was a sweet singer, New Zealand's greatest orator. Blending as he did in himself the gracefulness and imagery of the Native, drawing his similes from nature, and the fervid spirit of the Irish, he caused words to flow from his lips as a stream of pure water gliding over smooth stones. The greatest speech in the English language was made by one born in a log cabin, one whose books were the Bible, Shakespeare, and Burns. On such was Carroll's education based,

developed though it was in the school of experience, yet nurtured previously among the mystics, and it is little wonder that under such influence his generous disposition, loving nature and manly spirit developed the gentleman of nature which he became."

No. 57—Hone Heke, M.P.

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No. 58—Hon. H. K. Taiaroa, M.L.C.

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No. 59—Hon. Wi Tako Ngatata, M.L.C.

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No. 60—Wi Parata

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No. 61—Major Waata Kukutai

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No. 62—Topeora

[See Page 182

No. 63—Te Rangi-Pikinga

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No. 64—Keeta (Kate)

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No. 65—Sophia the Guide

[See Page 189

[See Page 190

No. 66—Ana Rupene and Child

[See Page 191

No. 67—Pare Watene

[See Page 191

No. 68—Julia Martin

No. 69—Piki-Rakau (Mary)

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No. 70—Raiha Reretu

Painting by Kennett Watkins.

No. 71—The Phantom Canoe

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# Hone Heke, M.P.

[*No. 57, Page 157*]

Of all the young generation of Maoris who have earned fame, none was more beloved by the race, and none in his youth gave richer promise of great things than the late Hone Heke, M.P. for the Northern Maori District. Hone Heke bore an illustrious name; he was head chief by ancestry of the numerous Ngapuhi tribe; he had the advantage of a good English education; he was intellectual, talented, and personally an amiable gentleman—a true rangatira. He was a polished and cultivated speaker; the gift of oratory was given him in no small degree. Such a man could have done much for his people. Heke assayed much; he was earnestly desirous of improving the conditions of life of his race, but in the midst of his Parliamentary career, death claimed him. After suffering for several months, he died of an affection of the lungs, in a private hospital in Wellington, early in 1909, at the age of forty years.

No prominent Maori has been more mourned in recent years. The remains were taken north to the Bay of Islands, reverently attended by numerous chiefs, and by the Hon. James Carroll, Native Minister, one of Mr. Heke's closest friends. The tangi and interment took place at Kaikohe, the ancestral home of his people, and there Sir James (then Mr.) Carroll unveiled a monument to his memory in April, 1911.

Hone (John) Heke was born in 1869 at Kaikohe, in the Bay of Islands district, the ancestral home of his people. He was the grand-nephew of the famous Hone Heke who fought against the British forces in the North in 1845–46, and he was connected with every tribe in the North of New Zealand by lineage and intermarriage of ancestors. The greatest names in the history of the north are those of the Heke family, and their connections, Hongi Hika, Titore, Pokaia, Tamati Waka, Patuone—all these were his ancestors. His remote ancestors came over the seas to New Zealand from Hawaiki in one of the historic canoes; some Ngapuhi elders say in the Mamari, others trace the line to the Mataatua canoe, while another version goes back to the noted ancestral name Puhi-Moana-Ariki. The more immediate ancestor from whom Hone Heke traced his descent is Rahiri, who was the founder of the Ngati-Rahiri section of the Ngapuhi tribe, and to whom the people of the Bay of Islands district trace back their whakapapa (genealogical trees) in the Native Land Courts. A famous descendant of Rahiri was the chieftain Hua, who lived ten generations ago, and Heke's male and female ancestral lines both go back

to Hua. Amongst the warrior chiefs of ancient days on the Heke family-tree are Whakaria and Auwha, who lived six generations ago, and who conquered a large tract of the North from Kaikohe to Whangaroa, driving out by force of arms the original occupants, Ngai-Tamatea, Ngai-Tahuhu and other tribes. A son of Auwha was the celebrated warrior Te Hotete, who was the father of the great man-slayer, Hongi Hika.

The ancestral stronghold (pa) of the family was Pakinga Pa, at Kaikohe, the ruins of which can yet be seen. Here the stern soldier-chiefs Te Wairua (Hotete's uncle), Whakaria, Te Hotete, and others held sway. When Te Hotete died about one hundred and twenty years ago, his three sons—Moka, Pokaia, and Hongi, took up the fighting trade bequeathed to them from their fierce ancestors. Moka and Pokaia became two distinguished warriors. (Tapua, the father of Tamati Waka Nene, was a comrade-in-arms of theirs). They were eventually both killed by the Ngati-Whatua tribe, in a battle at Moremo-nui, near Maunganui bluff, on the West Coast. Pokaia had made the attack on Ngati-Whatua but failed, and a great slaughter followed. Hongi Hika (the late Hongi Heke's great-uncle), then a young man, was present at the fight, but he escaped, his elder brother Pokaia ordering some of his people to rescue Hongi and take him safely off the field while he, the tuakana, remained to fight his last fight.

This killing of Moka and Pokaia was one of the chief causes which in after years induced Hongi to visit England in 1820, and obtain firearms wherewith to vanquish his enemies; and in after years he took a stern revenge on Ngati-Whatua at the battle of Te Ika-ranganui, in the Kaipara district. In those fierce wars waged by Hongi more than a century ago, he was assisted by the famous chief Titore Takiri, who is mentioned in many of the early chronicles of the colony. A letter of thanks sent to Titore from King William the Fourth (to whom Titore had sent a greenstone mere) in recognition of the chief's efforts in assisting H.M.s. *Buffalo* to get a load of kauri spars, and also a sword-stick sent to the chief by the King, were in the late Hone Heke's possession at Kaikohe. One of Hongi Hika's nephews was the chief Hone Heke the elder, who cut down the flagstaff at Kororareka, Bay of Islands, in 1845, and thereafter conducted a campaign against the British troops. Heke died without issue, but his elder brother Tuhirangi begat Hone Ngapua, who married Niu, who gave birth to Hone Heke the younger.

When still a child Hone Heke came under European influence. He was handed over when young to pakeha care, and went to school at Kawakawa, and also to the Oromahoe native school near Pakaraka. Then about 1879, when Sir George Grey went to the Bay of Islands on a visit, he suggested to the boy's elders that they should allow him to be taken in hand by him (Sir George) and educated at St. Stephen's Native School, Parnell, Auckland. This was done, and Hone spent several years at that school. In 1892, he entered the Native Office at Wellington on the suggestion of the Hon. Mr. Cadman. Soon after the idea of politics entered his head, and in 1893, at the age of twenty-four years,

he was elected to represent the Northern Maori electorate in Parliament—a position which he occupied at the time of his death. The suggestion that he should enter Parliament came first from the representative chiefs of the Island assembled at Waipatu, Hastings (Hawke's Bay), who wished to nominate him for the Eastern Maori electorate. This caused some debate amongst Hone's people, who forthwith nominated him for their own Northern District, and elected him.

The young M.H.R.'s first active political work amongst the Maoris was commenced in 1894, when he came into prominence as the head of the "Kotahitanga" or union of tribes, embracing all the tribes in the North Island, with the exception of the Kingites. This purpose was political, and the efforts of the Kotahitanga were directed, amongst other measures of reform, towards inducing the Government to cease the purchase of native lands, and to make a permanent reserve of all unsold Maori lands remaining for the benefit of the present and future generations. The harassing land legislation of the colony had so irritated the natives that they hailed with high anticipations the prospects which a federation of the whole native race afforded them. Large meetings were held annually at various native centres, and Mr. Heke continuously urged the claim of his race in Parliament. The natives succeeded in gaining a part of their demands in 1900, when the Native Lands Administration Act and the Maori Councils Act were passed into law. In these Acts certain of the Kotahitanga's provisions had been embodied; but their leaders recognised that they could not expect to get everything they asked for in their ardent and patriotic combat for legislative reform in regard to native lands.

One of the causes which led up to the Kotahitanga movement was the resentment felt by the natives at what they considered to be a violation of the second article in the Treaty of Waitangi, which secured to the people "The full, exclusive, and undisturbed possession of their lands and estates, forests, fisheries, and other properties." Under this article of the Treaty the natives claim the undisturbed right to manage their lands; also amongst others the rights to gather the produce of the sea and the sea-shore (mataitai) as food—a right which has in their eyes been infringed by the oyster fishery restrictions imposed by the Government. This, with a variety of other grievances, led up to the banding together of the tribes, and the aspirations of the Kotahitanga were first ventilated in Parliament by Mr. Heke in 1894, when he introduced the Native Rights Bill. This measure, however, was thrown out in the following year by the votes of the House. Since that time Hone Heke and his co-workers of the "Union" steadily directed their efforts towards securing a permanent reservation by legislation of the balance of the native lands for the perpetual use of the Maori Race.

Hone Heke's career as a Parliamentary representative and as a leading chief was not devoid of exciting incidents. In 1895 when trouble occurred in the Urewera Country between the natives and the Government surveyors, and when an armed Government

force of Permanent Artillery and police was despatched to Ruatoki, up the Whakatane Valley, Hone Heke hurried to the scene from Auckland at the urgent request of some of the principal natives. He was received at Ruatoki in the old-fashioned style by the warlike ceremony of the taki and by a powhiri of welcome, and he then met in conference the assembled natives of the Urewera (Tuhoe) and kindred tribes. He urged them to lay down their arms, to abandon all thoughts of strife, and to place their views before the Parliament of the country. It was in part owing to his efforts that Kereru, Rakuraku, and all the other chiefs of the Urewera agreed not to oppose the Government surveyors by force of arms, and consented to lay down their weapons as a token of peace. This they did, laying down at the feet of the Hon. James Carroll, Mr. Heke, and the Government officers a quantity of arms, consisting of guns, stone patus, taiahas, etc. These were formally presented to Carroll and Heke, who in accordance with custom accepted their word that they would not fight, and returned the weapons to them. Since that time the Urewera people have been on very friendly terms with the Government.

In 1898, Mr. Heke took a notable part in preventing serious bloodshed at Waima, in the Hokianga district, where the redoubtable Hone Toia and his Mahurehure men took up arms against the Government forces, arising out of the dog-tax and land-tax grievances. There is no doubt that the armed natives, numbering about eighty, concealed in the bush, would have fired on Colonel Newall's column, while it was marching along the forest road from Rawene to Waima, had it not been for an urgent message from Hone Heke, who had hurried up from Auckland to Whangarei and ridden overland at top speed to save his excited people from suicidal foolishness. Heke worked night and day to allay the revolt against the law, and induced his people to come in and surrender. For many weeks he remained there in the North, smoothing down the aggrieved natives and acting as mediator, peacemaker, and counsellor. Yet the only reward he received from his country when he returned to Wellington was to be fined for his good services by the docking of his Parliamentary honorarium during his absence, with other penalties in addition. To Hone Heke was due the restoring of peace in the North, and the colony owed more to him for his work on that occasion than was ever made public.

The present writer was with Heke at the meeting with Hone Toia and his rebellious tribe, the Mahurehure, at the Pukemiro kainga, Waima Valley, on the morning of May 6th, 1898. The Government troops under Colonel Newall had the previous night entered the valley unmolested—thanks to Heke—and were camped a mile and a-half up the Waima. The Maoris at Pukemiro numbered about two hundred, of whom seventy or eighty were men; their guns were stacked in the large meeting-house. Heke addressed the people, urging them to make no more resistance but to surrender and submit themselves to the penalties of the law. Never was man more moved than Heke, as he stood there in the marae addressing the sullen-looking assemblage. Tears flowed down his

cheeks while he spoke. The Mahurehure, too, were intensely moved when Heke ended. It was an exciting yet pathetic scene. The result of the meeting was that Hone Toia and his people agreed to surrender unconditionally to the law, and at noon that day all the men rode up to Colonel Newall's position, where the force had fallen in under arms, and laid down a number of guns in token of surrender. Toia and a number of his men were brought down to Auckland, and tried for taking up arms against the Crown, and were sentenced to terms of imprisonment. Since then there has been firm peace with the Mahurehure.

In 1899 Mr. Heke was again to the front as a peacemaker amongst his people. The Ngatihine (Maihi Paraone's hapu) and Te Parawhau (Tirarau's tribe, of Whangarei) quarrelled over a survey dispute. Both parties got out their guns, and serious trouble was feared. However, Heke and several other chiefs intervened, and the pipe of peace went round once more.

Hone Heke was a clever and logical thinker and speaker, and while conversant with "Ritenga Maori," the laws and customs of the old regime, he was thoroughly imbued with modern ideas. Mr. Louis Becke, the Australian author, who met him in Auckland in 1895 (just about the time of the Urewera trouble) thus wrote of the young M.H.R., in the *Review of Reviews*:—

"To real oratorical powers in both languages and a splendid education are added a personality of great charm and attractiveness and a mind of no ordinary calibre. To such men as he the Maoris are looking for guidance. They know that the time is past for them to contend for their rights, as they did not so many years back, with their rifles in their hands, and that with such leaders the fight can never be hopeless."

The following correspondence which passed between Mr. Hone Heke and Mr. H. E. Partridge relative to the actual meaning or translation of the words "Kia-Ora", is here given for its interest to the student of Maori linguistics.

June 28th, 1901.

HONE HEKE, ESQ., M.H.R.,
AUCKLAND.

Dear Sir,—

Some nine or ten years ago, while travelling from Auckland to Gisborne in the s.s. *Te Anau*, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the Honourable James Carroll, our present Native Minister. On reaching Gisborne, and while having a wine together in Harding's Hotel, Mr. Carroll gave as a toast when drinking, the words "Kia-Ora." The soft and musical sound of the expression, together with the many pleasing interpretations given me at the time by Mr. Carroll, has kept ringing in my ears ever since.

My principal object in writing you now is to ask if you will kindly give me the literal translation of the words "Kia-Ora" and also some of the many applications to which

these words can be properly applied. The Duke of Cornwall and York by his constant use of the words "Kia-Ora" has evidently been struck with the short, crisp and pleasing expression. Apparently he believes that "Kia-Ora" is equal to, or synonymous with, all of the most affectionate and kindly European greetings, farewells and general expressions of good-will. Coming from such an authority any translation you may be good enough to send will not only be accepted as unquestionably correct, but will be accepted as a favour by all those who take an interest in your fascinating language and by

Yours faithfully,

H. E. Partridge.

Auckland,
1st July, 1901.

H. E. Partridge, Esq.,
Auckland.

Dear Sir,—

Your letter of the 28th June last has been received by me. Before giving you the literal meaning of the words "Kia-Ora" as used by our people I might as well separate the two and show the use they would have in English.

Take "Kia"—This represents your word "to".
Take "Ora"—This represents "Live" or "Life."

There are many other words for which "Ora" is used, such as "safe", "saved", "satisfied" and a few others. However, when the words are used jointly the literal meaning would be—"To live". The wider use of the words however has always been accepted by the Maoris to convey—

(1) Long life.
(2) Good health, happiness and prosperity.
(3) Kind greetings.

In fact it conveys all the best wishes one person intends to convey to another or to a number of people. The two words are used so as to avoid the expression being made cumbersome by the use of many words. To make it as simple as possible but to convey as much as possible. The weight and strength of the expression and the length, breadth and depth of its meaning would be better understood and appreciated by the kindly and sincere manner of the person who gives it utterance.

When you say in your letter that the Duke of Cornwall and York must have been struck with the words "Kia-Ora", as witness his constant use of them, I can only say that the Maori Tribes of New Zealand who were assembled at Rotorua felt and appreciated the use of the words by our Royal and most distinguished visitor.

Yours very truly,

Hone Heke.

## Hon. H. K. Taiaroa, M.L.C.

[*No. 58, Page 158*]

THE late Hon. Hori Kerei Taiaroa, member of the New Zealand Legislative Council, was a chief of the Ngai-Tahu tribe, of the South Island, and lived at Taumutu, Canterbury, and at Otago Heads. He came of a long and honourable Maori line, and was the highest rangatira in the South Island. He was a son of the fighting chief Taiaroa, who took part in the South Island wars in 1830, and thereabouts, and a descendant of Te Ruahikihiki, who conquered a large tract of what is now known as Canterbury from the ancient owners of the soil, the Ngati-Mamoe.

Taiaroa the elder was closely connected with the history of Banks Peninsula and Kaiapoi, in the early part of the century, and he was one of those who fought against the savage invader Rauparaha. He was a man of wisdom, courage and generosity, and became chief military ruler of the Ngai-Tahu tribe. Before 1830 he took part in various campaigns in the South Island, notably at Kaiapoi in 1831, when Rauparaha took that pa with great slaughter. Taiaroa, whose home was at Otakou (Port Chalmers) was about to leave Whakaraupo (Lyttelton Harbour) in his canoes for the South, when news came that the Northern cannibal-warriors were on their way to attack Kaiapoi. He immediately turned back to help his friends, and with his men eluded the enemy, and got back into the pa. He performed some brave deeds during the siege, but withdrew his contingent before the pa fell, intending to try and create a diversion in his friends' favour by attacking Rauparaha's camp from without—an intention which, however, he was not able to carry out. Taiaroa thus escaped the ovens of the cannibal conquerors. Some time afterwards he headed an expedition of four hundred Ngai-Tahu warriors, who started for Cook Strait in a flotilla of canoes and boats. At Queen Charlotte Sound they met and attacked a force of Ngati-Toa men and had several days' fighting. The scarcity of food compelled the Southerners to return before they were able to accomplish anything decisive. About 1840 peace was made between Rauparaha's people and their ancient enemies.

The son of the late Taiaroa was about seventy years of age at the time of his death. For many years he had been connected closely with political life, first as Parliamentary representative for the South Island Maoris, and later as a member of the Upper House.

## Hon. Wi Tako Ngatata, M.L.C.

[*No. 59, Page 159*]

THE name of Wi Tako Ngatata was closely associated with the history of Wellington Province. The old chief, who was considerably over eighty years of age at the time of his death, in 1887, was a firm friend of the white people, from the foundation of the Wel-

lington settlement. And in the Forties he assisted greatly in preventing a hostile attack on the infant town on Port Nicholson. Wi Tako was born about the beginning of the last century and was reared amid the then inevitable scenes of rapine and cannibalism. He was of high rank in the Ngati-Awa tribe of Taranaki and he grew to manhood under the shadow of Mt. Egmont. His father, Ngatata, was a renowned warrior about a century ago, and he and a section of his tribe decided to shift to the neighbourhood of Cook Strait, where they would be near the European traders, and safe from the incursions of the Waikato warriors. They fought their way down the coast from Taranaki to Te Whanganui-a-Tara on whose shores Wellington City now stands, defeating amongst other tribes, the Ngati-Kahungunu, of Wairarapa.

In later years Ngatata the younger and his people became very friendly with the pakeha new-comers, and they helped to prevent Te Rangihaeata, Te Mamaku, and other hostile chiefs from attacking the infant town in 1846. Afterwards Wi Tako, as he became generally known, rendered considerable assistance to the Government, at a time when the services of friendly Maoris were highly valuable. He acted with Sir Donald Maclean on the Commission appointed to settle Hawke's Bay, and through him the Government was enabled to purchase several large tracts of land on the East Coast, and so advance the settlement of the Colony. In 1872 he was appointed a member of the Legislative Council, and was made a member of the Board of Native Trustees, which position he filled until his death. One of Wi Tako's children was the late Mrs. Love, wife of Mr. Daniel Love, of Waikawa (near Picton, Queen Charlotte Sound) and of Petone, Wellington.

## Wi Parata

[*No. 60, Page 160*]

THE half-caste rangatira Wi Parata te Kakakura, of Waikanae, in the Wellington Provincial District, was a great patriot; no Maori exceeded him in patriotic enthusiasm for the cause of the native people. On his mother's side he was one of the highest men of rank in the Ngati-Awa tribe, of Taranaki, Waikanae, and was also closely connected with the Ngati-Toa, the tribe of the famous Te Rauparaha. Wi Parata's grand-father was Te Rangihiroa, a celebrated fighting chief who was one of Rauparaha's lieutenants and close comrades. When the battle of Waiorua was fought at the north end of Kapiti Island, over a century ago, between Rauparaha's people and the allied tribes of the West Coast, Te Rangihiroa was the chief who bore the brunt of the attack with his own warriors and who at last, with the help of the reinforcements, completely defeated the host of invaders. Te Rangihiroa's daughter, Waipuna-a-Hau, married a white man named Stubbs, who established a whaling station on Kapiti; their son was Wi Parata. He was born at

Kapiti about the year 1835, and on that storied island and in the great stockaded pa of the Ngati-Awa on the sandhills near the mouth of the Waikanae River, he spent his early years. As a youth he witnessed the historic departure of nearly the whole of the Ngati-Awa tribe, under Wiremu Kingi, for Waitara, Taranaki, in 1848. Waitara was their old home, but they had abandoned it more than twenty years before in order to join Te Rauparaha at Waikanae and Kapiti and place a safe distance between themselves and their ancient enemies the Waikato and Ngati-Maniapoto. It was the complications caused by Wiremu Kingi's return to his old home at the mouth of the Waitara that largely caused the outbreak of the Taranaki war in 1860.

Wi Parata spent most of his life at Kapiti and Waikanae, where he was a large landowner. For some years he represented the South Island Maoris in the House of Representatives—he had tribal and landed interests in the South, and he was also for some time a member of the Executive Council. He was for many years a strong supporter of Te Whiti, the celebrated prophet of Taranaki, and annually sent liberal contributions for the upkeep of the prophet's little kingdom in Parihaka. Physically he was a fine looking stalwart man, of active and industrious habits. He died at Waikanae many years ago, from the effects of a fall from horseback. His son Hira Parata lives in Wellington City. Hemi Matenga, of Whakapuaka, Nelson, the husband of the heroic Huria Matenga (Julia Martin) referred to elsewhere in this book—was a half-brother of Te Kakakura, as Wi Parata was usually called by the Maoris.

## Major Waata Kukutai

[*No. 61, Page 161*]

THIS chief, attired in military uniform, was given a commission in the New Zealand Government Forces in the Sixties of last century. Waata Kukutai was the principal rangatira of the Ngati-Tipa tribe, of the Lower Waikato River. He was a friend of Governor Grey in the early days. When the Waikato War began in 1863 he and most of his tribe arrayed themselves on the side of the Government, and gave the troops valuable assistance in the campaign by providing large canoes and acting as a water transport corps in the conveyance of supplies up the river by canoe. Some years after the war the Government enlisted a number of Te Wheoro's and Kukutai's Lower Waikato people in a contingent for the purpose of making military roads and guarding the frontier of the Upper Waikato against the Hauhaus.

Many of Kukutai's tribe were stationed on the banks of the Puniu and other points on the frontier for some time, road-making. One of the Government surveyors who was engaged in constructing these military roads at this time was Mr. Edward Tregear, late

Secretary of the New Zealand Labour Department; he held the rank of Captain in the New Zealand forces and had charge of a company of these Waikato Maoris. Hori Kukutai was a lieutenant under Tregear. Later on Hori was a well-known figure at Maori political gatherings in the Lower Waikato; a little white-moustached spectacled man, whose home was near Tuakau, the old-time headquarters of his tribe. Hori was killed by falling off a train between Tuakau and Auckland.

## Topeora

[*No. 62, Page 162*]

Topeora, or, in full Rangi-Topeora, was a splendid type of a Maori chieftainess of the olden time. The artist has produced a fine picture of this imperious lady, venerated by her people as an Ariki-Tapairu, a queen-like woman. In fact she was often styled "Te Kuini" ("The Queen") in her later days by the people of Otaki. The painting shows the proud Topeora attired in a beautiful taniko-bordered cloak of the finest flax; her thick curly hair richly plumed with four of the rare tail feathers of the huia; her neck hung with greenstone jewels. Three tikis are hanging on her breast from her neck ribbon, besides two kuru-pounamu or whakakai, pendants of greenstone; from one ear-lobe hangs another stone pendant, and from the other a Mako shark's tooth.

Topeora came of the "blue-blood" of Maoridom. She was a niece of the celebrated Te Rauparaha, and a sister of Te Rangihaeata, who was Rauparaha's great fighting lieutenant. Her mother was Waitohi, Rauparaha's sister. She was born at Kawhia, on the West Coast of the North Island, and migrated thence to the shores of Cook Strait and to Kapiti Island with her tribe, the Ngati-Toa, led by Te Rauparaha, over a century ago. She witnessed and shared in many of the thrilling events of those days of almost constant battle and cannibalism. For many years she lived on Kapiti Island, and afterwards at Otaki, where she died about the year 1873.

Topeora could trace her descent down in a direct line from Hoturoa, the leading chief of the Maoris who came from Hawaiki to New Zealand in the canoe *Tainui* six centuries ago. From Hoturoa sprang Raka, whose eldest son Tuihau was the ancestor of Toa-rangatira, the actual founder of the Ngati-Toa as a separate tribe. From another son of Raka, named Kakati, through Tawhao and Turongo, sprang Raukawa, from whom the Ngati-Raukawa derive their name. From Toa-rangatira, in direct descent, came Kimihia, the mother of Werawera, who married a Ngati-Raukawa woman named Parekohatu. These were the parents of Te Rauparaha and his sister Waitohi, the mother of Rangi-Topeora and her brother Rangihaeata.

Going back along the genealogical lists again we find Te Urutira and his sister Hine-Kahukura in the third place in the ascending line from Toa-Rangatira. From Hine-

Kahukura sprang Pare-wahawaha and Parekohatu, the former of whom had a son Whatanui, the father of the great chief of that name, who was at the head of the Ngati-Raukawa tribe during Rauparaha's career. It will thus be seen that the leading chiefs of Ngati-Toa and Ngati-Raukawa tribes claim descent from common ancestors, and that frequent intermarriages took place between the members of these tribes since they branched off from the common stock. This also applies to the relationship existing between the Ngati-Toa and Ngati-Awa tribes. The marriage of Maui (twin brother of Te Ra-ka-herea, father of Rangi-Topeora and her brother) to a Ngati-Awa woman of high rank and great influence among her people, brought the two tribes into nearer relationship and closer touch with each other and served to strengthen the former ties of relationship. The marriage of Maui to the Ngati-Awa woman was important because it was the real means of uniting the ties of blood relationship between three powerful tribes of warriors; and it gave to Rauparaha and his own followers access to Taranaki, and he was enabled to pass through the Kawhia to Taranaki when he liked.

The Maoris of the Ngati-Toa, Ngati-Raukawa and Ngati-Awa tribes tell many interesting stories of Topeora. She was a poetess and composed some songs, which are well remembered and chanted to this day. Her daughter, too, Rakapa—who became the wife of the late Petera te Pukuatua, the head chief of the Ngati-Whakaue tribe of Rotorua—inherited her poetic gifts; some of her touching love songs for Petera are widely known amongst the Maoris of the North Island.

One of Topeora's love-waiatas embalms a memory of her girl-days in the north. There was a chief of the Ngati-Awa tribe, of Taranaki, named Rawiri Te Motutere. With him Topeora fell in love, long before she had seen him, simply because of his reputation as a very handsome man and warrior. Te Motutere was a tall active man, straight as a spear; he was an urukehu, that is, he had an unusually fair complexion, almost as fair as a European. His face was beautifully tattooed and on his fair skin the lines of moko were quite blue. His features were regular and well-formed; physically he was an example of the Maori aristocracy at its best. And he was very proud, not to say vain, of his handsome face. When travelling or in other ways exposed to the sun, he wore a mask, called by the Maoris a mata-huna, or "face-hider", in order to protect his complexion. This mask consisted of the rind of the hue, the vegetable gourd of which the Maoris used to make their taha (calabashes). The hue was cut in two longitudinally and one half fitted over the face, after having been suitably prepared. It was tattooed on the convex side in careful imitation of Te Motutere's moko, and was ornamented at the sides with tufts of feathers (raukura). This curious mask covered the face completely from hair to chin, and was fastened round the neck and head with cords. Holes were cut for the eyes and mouth, and so there stood Te Motutere with his mask ready for the trail or the war-dance.

Te Motutere, as his grand-daughter Mere Ngamai told the writer, had another reason besides that of protecting his treasured complexion for wearing his mata-huna. This was to prevent the women of the various tribes he met from falling in love with him because of his beauty. He appears to have been run after in his day much as a modern beauty actor is, so, unlike the pakeha actor, he covered up his beautiful face, and Rangi-Topeora was one of these love-sick rangatira girls. Maori women, especially those of high rank, made no concealment of their passions. They sought their pleasure where they pleased. But Rangi-Topeora in her home at Kawhia longed for the young Ngati-Awa chief in vain; and in her sorrow she composed and publicly sang a waiata-aroha for Te Motutere. This is a translation of part of the song:—

*How calm the day,*
*How soft and bright,*
*But, oh, how sad my heart!*
*My tears flow down my cheeks*
*Like yonder waterfall*
*Beneath high Taiki hill.*
*I weep for thee.*
*Thy fame has come to me,*
*From lip to lip.*
*I want no man but thee.*
*Would that the kindly winds*
*Would waft my name*
*To thee, O Motutere,*
*On thy castle-hill at Puketapu!*
*Ah me, I sigh,*
*I wonder now how far from me*
*My loved one lies.*

Rangi-Topeora's passion for the young chief in the tattooed mask, however, was all in vain. She went to the South to Kapiti. Te Motutere came down to Waikanae and afterwards to Wellington in the early days of the white settlement. He was often to be seen in the town of Wellington up to the early Sixties, with his cousin Te Puni. He died about 1865.

Another of Topeora's early love-affairs—for she had many—was that with the Taranaki warrior chief Te Ra-tu-tonu ("the Mid-day Sun"). In the year 1818 Topeora accompanied a great northern war party under Rauparaha and other chiefs against the Taranaki and southern tribes. In its southward march the opé besieged the large pa called Tapui-nikau, which is situated on the Ika-Parau stream near the present township of Warea, and about five miles from the coast, some distance south of New Plymouth. Te Ra-tu-tonu, Kukutai, and other noted chiefs led the defence. Mr. S. Percy Smith, in his

book *History and Traditions of the West Coast* (1910) give the following story of Topeora and "The Mid-day Sun":—

"After the first attack on Tapui-Nikau, the invaders prepared to make a regular siege of the place, with the idea of starving out the garrison, whilst the young men of the taua ranged the country in search of food and plunder. Now comes in one of those instances of Maori custom peculiar and strange to us. During the first attack, the allies had seen and admired the splendid courage of Te Ra-tu-tonu, who was a fine handsome man in the prime of life. His deeds were the talk of the camp, and it appears that one of the women had also beheld his valour, and on that account desired to have him as her husband. This woman who—Te Watene says—was very beautiful, was Rangi-Topeora, the sister of the celebrated Te Rangi-Haeata, and daughter of Te Rauparaha's sister Waitohi. Topeora was perhaps more famed than any other Maori lady for the number of her poetical effusions, which generally take the form of kai-oraora, or cursing songs, in which she expresses the utmost hatred of her enemies, and consigns them to all kinds of horrible deaths, and execrations so much indulged in by the Maori. At the same time her songs are full of historical allusions. She was also of the best blood of Ngati-Toa, and, therefore, with a good deal of influence in the tribe. Te Ra-tu-tonu was known to Topeora before this event, for he had formerly visited Kawhia. One child was the fruit of this union, who died young.

"At Topeora's instigation, Te Rauparaha arranged that Te Ra-tu-tonu should be called," i.e., some one would approach the beleaguered pa, and call him to come to the enemy camp under a guarantee of safety. This was done, and Te Ra-tu-tonu descended from the pa to the camp, where, after speeches, he was married to Topeora. Mr. Skinner adds to the foregoing (which is Watene's account): 'When Te Ra-tu-tonu was leaving the pa to meet Topeora and Neke-papa (who had also taken a fancy to this handsome warrior) the question arose as to which of the two should have him. But Topeora, being fleet of foot, ran to meet the advancing chief, and cast her topuni (dog skin) mat over his shoulders and thus claimed him as her husband. This being in accordance with Maori custom Te Ra-tu-tonu became the husband of Topeora.

"Now this other lady, Neke Papa, who belonged to the Ati-Awa tribe, was also a poetess of some fame in her time. It is somewhat remarkable that this warrior chief should have thus been sought after by two well known poetesses. There was no doubt a hope in the Taranaki people that this marriage would bring about a peace and a retirement of the taua, for there are many historical instances of a similar result, as indeed in the case already quoted, in their own tribe, when Rau-mahora was given in marriage to Takarangi, at the siege of Te Rewarewa pa. But Watene says, the taua had no such intentions and continued the siege as closely as before. The probability is that the Northern element amongst the besiegers was determined to have revenge for the loss of some of their

people. And hence, said Watene, was the chief-woman Topeora belittled by the taua. The great bravery of Te Ra-tu-tonu had been exhibited in the assault on the pa, when a great many of the taua fell, notwithstanding that they possessed guns, whilst the defenders had only their rakau-maori, or native weapons. Few of the besieged fell on this occasion."

Topeora took part in the battle of Waiorua at Kapiti Island, early last century. Te Rauparaha was then living at Wharekohu, at the south end of the island, and did not share in the fighting on the shore. Ngati-Awa bore the brunt of the fight. Rauparaha's people pursued the retreating canoes in the early morning and caught some of them, and there were naval skirmishes between the Island and Otaki. The Whanganui chiefs Pehi Turoa and Te Paetahi were captured amongst others and were brought back to Rangatira, where there was a big palisaded pa at the point. When the prisoners and their captors were landing from their canoe amidst the wildest excitement, Topeora climbed up on the palisade at the entrance and stood on the top of the carved kuwaha, the gateway of the pa. She stood with her legs extended, one foot on one side of the kuwaha, and one on the other. All she wore was a rapaki or mat round her waist. Her breasts were bare; she held a taiaha in her hands; she grimaced with rolling eyes and protruded tongue—the grimacing of the pukana. She stood in that attitude while Ngati-Toa and their prisoners entered the pa, stooping as they did so under the top-cross piece of the kuwaha, which was about five feet high. They had to pass between her legs, between her kuwha, her thighs, as the Maoris expressed it. This was an old Maori custom, its object was to whakataurekareka or degrade and enslave the captured chiefs. Topeora and her people could always thereafter taunt the Whanganui chiefs and the prisoners and their descendants with having been forced to pass beneath her kuwha after the battle of Waiorua.

An incident that displayed Topeora's pitiless temper when angered is told me by a Maori who was born on Kapiti. One of Topeora's husbands on Kapiti—whether the first, or the second, or the third, I do not know—was an autaia, a gay lothario, whose affections frequently strayed from his lawful spouse. In the village there was a certain young girl of considerable beauty. Topeora suspected—no doubt with good reason—that her husband was making love to this girl, and that the girl returned it. The chieftainess quickly settled the little affair. "That girl must be killed," she said to her followers. There were at that time a number of white whalers settled on Kapiti, and when they heard that the girl was about to be sacrificed to Topeora's jealousy they tried to save her life, and offered gunpowder and other goods in exchange for her life. But Topeora was not be bought out of her revenge. "Take her away and shoot her," she ordered; and shot the poor girl was. Some of Topeora's kinsmen took her out to the rocks and there they killed her.

Topeora's first husband on Kapiti Island was a Ngati-Raukawa man of high rank named Te Rangi-Kapiki; their son Matene Te Whiwhi was one of the great chiefs of

the Ngati-Toa and Ngati-Raukawa tribes, and one of the first to advocate the Maori Kingdom in the Fifties. Matene Te Whiwhi married a Ngati-Raukawa woman named Pipi; their daughter, Heni Te Rei, died some years ago at Otaki. Te Rangi-Kapiki himself claimed to be closely connected with Ngati-Toa both by ancient descent and through frequent intermarriages between members of the two tribes. Later, Topeora took another husband, Te Wehi-o-te-Rangi, whose daughter was the late Rakapa (Kahoki), who married Petera te Pukuatua, of the Arawa tribe.

In her later years Topeora came to be called "Queen of the South." When Bishop Selwyn—the first Bishop of that name—baptised her in the Forties at Otaki, the name she selected for her christening was "Queen Victoria," and for her husband that of "Albert," after the Prince Consort, hence her Maori title of "Kuini Wikitoria" and her husband's "Arapeta." Topeora and her husband were whakahihi (proud) to a degree, and they chose the greatest names they could get when they adopted Christianity. There is a story of a Maori chief, who when he became a member of the white man's church, wanted to be baptised in the name of Jesus Christ, and was much surprised when the shocked missionary declined. Topeora was one of those who signed the Treaty of Waitangi. She signed at Kapiti in 1840, when the Rev. H. Williams came down there in a man-of-war.

It is related of Topeora that her personal mana was on one occasion of material assistance to the Government in the early days. Sir George Grey, the Governor, wished to cut a road through the Horokiwi Valley on to the Paekakariki beach, but Te Rangihaeata would not permit the construction of the road through his territory. After a great deal of opposition on the part of Rangihaeata, Rangi-Topeora asked her people to assist the Government. They, however, upheld Rangihaeata in his refusal to allow the road to go. She then with her cousin went out and placed pegs along the line of the proposed road. This act removed all opposition. No one dared to interfere with her road-pegs. The road was made, and many of the young Maoris helped to construct it. Sir George Grey in acknowledgment presented Topeora and her brother with a trap and horse, brought over from Sydney. This gift Rangi-Topeora handed on to her cousin Te Rau-o-te-Rangi.

Topeora to her last days at Otaki prided herself on her true Maori attire. She would not wear the raiment of the pakeha, preferring the comfortable and picturesque korowai and parawai and other garments woven of the softest flax. These she had specially made for herself, and queenly she looked in them, as she stood forth on the marae to greet the guests or to weep over the dead, a proud and stately Ariki-tapairu.

## Te Rangi-Pikinga

[*No. 63, Page 163*]

THIS woman, Te Rangi-Pikinga (or Pikinga), was a chieftainess of the Ngati-Apa tribe, of the Rangitikei district. She was amongst the people who were encountered by Te Rauparaha and Te Rangihaeata, the great Ngati-Toa warriors, on their first fighting expedition southward to Wellington district, 1819–1820. Some of the Ngati-Apa, Muaupoko and Rangitane tribes, inhabiting the West Coast between Whanganui and Otaki, were taken prisoners or killed. Te Rangihaeata took a fancy to the young woman Pikinga, and made her his wife. She accompanied him back to Kawhia and later returned to Rangitikei and Kapiti with him in 1822. She shared his stormy life for many years and survived him. Her last years were spent at Poroutawhao, Rangihaeata's old pa, between the present towns of Levin and Foxton.

The following incident of Rauparaha's cannibal campaign against the West Coast tribes (Ngati-Apa, etc.), in 1823, in which Te Rangi-Pikinga figures, is from Mr. W. T. L. Travers' *Life and Times of Te Rauparaha*:

"Rauparaha and Rangihaeata marched to Hotuiti (on the north side of the Manawatu) with a well-appointed taua (war party), accompanied by Pikinga, who on the arrival of the party before the pa, was sent into it to direct the Ngati-Apa chiefs to retire to the district occupied by that tribe on the north side of the Rangitikei River. This they declined to do, and Rauparaha then sent messages to the Rangitane offering peace and desiring that their chiefs should be sent to his camp, to settle the terms. Being advised by the Ngati-Apa chiefs to accept the offer they sent their own headmen to Rauparaha's quarters, where they were at once ruthlessly slain. And whilst the people in the pa, ignorant of this slaughter, and believing that hostilities were suspended, were entirely off their guard, it was rushed by the NgatiToa, and taken after a very feeble resistance, the greater number of the unfortunate people and their families, as well as the three Ngati-Apa chiefs, being slaughtered and devoured, such prisoners as were taken being removed to Waikanae to undergo the same fate. The treacherous slaughter was speedily avenged by the Ngati-Apa at Waikanae, where Te Hakeke and his men fell upon Ngati-Toa by night and killed upwards of sixty of them." The reprisals which followed ended in the subjugation of Ngati-Apa and Muaupoko.

## Keeta (Kate)

[*No. 64, Page 164*]

THIS woman, Keeta, or Kate, was the wife of Aterana te Kani, of Manukorihi, the large Maori village near the mouth of the Waitara river, North Taranaki. Kate, it is said, came

from the native village of Oakura, situated some miles to the south of New Plymouth. She figured prominently in the events which led to the Waitara war, in 1859. When the late Mr. C. W. Hursthouse went out with Mr. Carrington to survey the disputed block at Waitara in 1860, Kate was one of the women who pulled up the survey pegs and so obstructed the survey. She died at Arapawa Island, Queen Charlotte Sound (South Island).

## Sophia the Guide

[*No. 65, Page 165*]

THE fame of Sophia (Tepaea), the Rotorua Lakes guide, spread beyond New Zealand; she was written about more than most New Zealand Maoris, or pakehas either, of our times. In the palmy days of the Lakes District, before the famous White and Pink Terraces were destroyed, Sophia was in great demand as a guide to the wonders of Rotomahana and the Terraces. She lived at Wairoa village, on the shores of Lake Tarawera, and with native crews took the tourists down the Lake, and up into Rotomahana. Sophia was an expert hand in a boat, and her fluent command of English and her pleasant manners made her a great favourite with travellers. She distinguished herself in the awful night of the Tarawera eruption, June 10th, 1886, when she behaved with great courage and self-sacrifice, and took a large number of refugees from the destroyed houses in the Wairoa village, into her own wharé, which fortunately escaped the fate of the other buildings, and gave safe shelter to some sixty persons. Her occupation as guide to the Terraces was gone, when those beauties of the Hot Lakes Wonderland vanished in the eruption. She and the Tuhourangi tribe, or those who were left of them after the catastrophe, shifted to Whakarewarewa, where Sophia for many years was a popular guide to the geysers and the other wonders of the place.

Sophia's full name was Tepaea Hinerangi. She was not an Arawa by birth, but came from the far north, from the land of the Ngapuhi. She was a half-caste; her father was one Alexander Gray. Her mother, Hinerangi, belonged to the Ngati-Ruanui tribe of Taranaki. Sophia was born at Kororareka, Bay of Islands, about the year 1840.

Sophia's father, Alexander Gray, a Scottish gunsmith and silversmith, came out to New Zealand with Captain Herd, in 1825, to Hokianga. They came up Hokianga Harbour, but most of the immigrants on board, becoming frightened of the Maoris, whom they saw performing a terrifying but quite amicably-intentioned war-dance, asked the captain to take them away. They went to the southern part of New Zealand. Mr. Gray, however, was pluckier. He and a Mr. Nimmo were amongst those who remained at Hokianga. Gray was speedily in great demand amongst the natives, for they found that he could mend their firearms, which were far more precious to them than gold. He was as impor-

tant a man in his day and generation in Maoriland as Hal-o'-the-Wynd, the armourer, was to the clansmen in Scott's *Fair Maid of Perth.*

Later Gray removed to Kororareka, Bay of Islands, then the most important shipping port of New Zealand. At Kororareka, he married the young Taranaki rangatira woman who became Sophia's mother. She was a girl of about eighteen when he first met her. She was among the children who had been gathered by the Rev. Samuel Marsden, for his mission school in the North: the intention was that when the girls had been taught some of the European ways, and the new religion, they were to be sent back to their tribes. When this Taranaki girl was about to be sent back, the Maoris at the Bay of Islands were disinclined to let her go; they had a great regard for her and to keep her with them they proposed that she be given as wife to their pakeha, Gray. So it was that the gunsmith was provided with a permanent Maori wife.

Sophia could well recollect the sacking and burning of Kororareka by Hone Heke's warriors in 1845, and the flight of the Europeans to the ships in the Bay. She married an Arawa man and coming down to the Rotorua district many years ago, threw in her lot with the people of the Hot Lakes. She was the elder sister of Mrs. Jane Gray Phillips (Topeora) of Taranaki. The celebrated Takiora, who acted as a guide to the British troops in Taranaki, 1865–68, was her step-sister.

## Ana Rupene and Child

[*No. 66, Page 166*]

Ana Rupene was a well-known resident of the Thames in former days, and was noted as being one of the handsomest girls on the Hauraki. She and her baby make a pretty study of native life. Ana, who is now dead, was a woman of the Ngati-Maru tribe.

It is the opinion of nearly everyone who has had the pleasure of seeing this charming portrait, that Herr Lindauer must have had his heart and soul in his work when painting it; certainly no picture in the collection has been so universally admired.

Ana Rupene, with her pretty child on her back, as depicted on the canvas, was often to be seen in the early Seventies of last century walking the streets of the Thames goldfields town with her handsome friend and constant companion Paré Watene. The two Maori girls made a beautiful picture as they sauntered along, seemingly unconscious of the admiring attentions of all who beheld them. Although both Ana and Paré have long since gone the way of all humans, the memory of them still lingers with many of the old miners and residents of the goldfields.

In like manner, the Committee of the Palace of Art, at the Exposition held in St. Louis, U.S.A., in the year 1904, were evidently enamoured of this specimen of Herr Lindauer's art. A few canvasses from the collection were loaned by the owner to the New

Zealand Government for the purpose of attracting visitors to the New Zealand Court at the Exhibition. This Court was visited by the Committee controlling the exhibits in the Palace of Art. On seeing the picture they immediately requested the New Zealand Commissioner, Mr. T. E. Donne, to allow them to remove it, and the other canvasses, to the Palace of Art, but this Mr. Donne steadfastly refused, on the ground that as his Government had been to the expense of bringing them to the Exhibition to adorn and attract visitors to their Exhibition of the products of New Zealand, he could not see his way to their request. Towards the close of the Exhibition they, the Committee referred to, marked their approval of Mr. Donne's show by awarding him the only Gold Medal given for installment, and at the same time offered for Herr Lindauer's acceptance a Gold Medal, and attached the Exhibition's Grand Prize to the picture of Ana Rupene and Child.

## Pare Watene

[*No. 67, Page 167*]

THIS woman was noted in past days as being one of the handsomest native women in the Thames District. Her splendid hair was the admiration of all who saw her. She was a daughter of Hemi Watene, of the Ngati-Maru tribe, Thames.

## Julia Martin

(A NEW ZEALAND GRACE DARLING)

[*No. 68, Page 168*]

HURIA MATENGA, or Julia Martin, who died in 1909, was the heroine of a remarkable and exceedingly courageous deed in her girlhood. She was the daughter of the late chief of Whakapuaka, a native village on the shores of Nelson Province, near where the cable station now stands, and she and her young husband, Hemi Matenga, lived at Whakapuaka. Early on the morning of December 4th, 1863, the Maoris saw a vessel lying wrecked on the rocks off Whakapuaka. This was the Delaware, a brigantine of two hundred and forty-one tons, which had sailed from Nelson (Whakatu) the previous day for Napier. A strong gale was blowing, and in endeavouring to beat out against it, the unfortunate vessel was driven on to the rocks, where she lay with the sea sweeping over her. The mate made ready to swim ashore with the line, but a sea caught him and dashed him on a rock, and he was hauled back dying. The natives on the shore saw the shipwrecked craft, and several of them hurried along the beach until they reached the nearest point to the *Delaware*, eager to succour those in distress, while the others in the kainga

lit a fire, and prepared for the reception of the shipwrecked mariners. The three who came to the help of the crew, were Julia Martin and her husband, and a man named Kahupuku. One of the crew threw a light line overboard, and Julia and the two men threw off their clothes, and bravely swam out, in spite of the high seas, towards the rocks on which the brigantine lay shattered. They swam out for quite half-a-mile, diving under the big seas that came thundering in. They secured the line and took it to the rocks near the shore. The crew then bent on a large rope to the light line, and the Maoris hauled their end of it ashore and made it fast to a rock. By this means the crew were saved, each in turn getting ashore along the rope, and they were most hospitably cared for by the Maoris.

The brave deeds of the Maoris created a great sensation in Nelson, a subscription was immediately raised, and two gold watches were purchased; these suitably inscribed were presented to Julia and her husband. The Board of Enquiry which sat to investigate the circumstances of the wreck, gave great praise to the Maoris for their bravery. The Government also gave £50 each to the three rescuers.

The following story of the rescue of the *Delaware's* crew is taken from an account written several years ago, by the chief Hemi Matenga, Julia's husband:—

"When we came near the ship the people beckoned us to go out to them, through the raging waves. We had no canoes, no boat—but no boat or canoe could have made the attempt. I said to my elders: 'It is not well that we look long. It were better for us to try and swim thither, and see whether a rope cannot be brought to the shore; that is if we ever appear again without the sea.' Then began our swimming. We swam for perhaps half-an-hour before we passed through the waves, bringing with us a small rope, and it was not long before we landed again on the beach. (These are our names—Huria Matenga, Hemi Matenga, and Hohapata Kahupuku). Then we pulled in the rope, and fastened it to a great rock, after which we returned and waited upon the rocks for the coming of the sailors by means of the rope. One man came ashore upon the rope, for it stretched taut, the ship being canted out towards the sea. But when a wave came the vessel canted in towards the land, that is to the beach, and then the rope sagged loose, and the man upon it fell off into the sea. This was the great difficulty of our work—swimming into the sea to land. Perhaps you know that if a man falls into the sea and his hands grasp another man, they will not be loosened. This, then, was the cause of our suffering; that we had to save all the men of the ship in this way. At last we were all gathered together on shore.

"We did not know that one man still remained lying in the ship. After the rope was severed by the violence of the waves the Captain told me that there was still one of his men in the vessel. Just as these words left his lips, I saw the man, who had now come up on deck. It was not long before he fell into the sea. I said to the Captain, 'Why did you

not tell me before that there was still one of your men on board?' But we succeeded for the second time in swimming to the ship and fetching him ashore. This was the mate, who died from his injuries. After all was done I went at once into Nelson to take the news. We suffered very much from the biting of the rocks and the scratching of the men's hands on our faces and bodies."

The heroic Julia died at Whakapuaka in 1909, at the age of seventy-five years. Whites and Maoris united to do her honour at the funeral. Early in 1910, a memorial portrait of her, painted by Lindauer, was placed in the Public Art Gallery in Nelson. Hemi Matenga, the gallant husband, died some years later. He was a tall, straight, fine-looking old man. He was a half-brother of the late chief Wi Parata, of Waikanae, and was a man of considerable wealth. He was educated at St. John's College, Tamaki, Auckland, in the first Bishop Selwyn's time, and was well acquainted as a youth with the famous Bishop. In the intertribal fighting in Taranaki caused by the land purchases just before the war with the British troops in 1860, he saw some active service with his tribe, and for a time lived in one of the strong palisaded pas of Ati-Awa.

## Piki-Rakau (Mary)

[*No. 69, Page 169*]

THIS painting is a curiously interesting one. It depicts a Maori amazon, a female warrior of Whanganui, named Piki-Rakau, which means "The Tree-Climber." She was better known by the sobriquet of "Bloody Mary", given her by the white troops. Mary, or Piki-Rakau, belonged to the Ngati-Hau tribe of Hiruharama, on the Whanganui River. She came of a famous fighting hapu, and was closely related to the celebrated little Ngati-Hau warrior, Winiata Pakoro, who fought on the Government side, and was killed at the storming of Te Porere pa, Te Kooti's redoubt, at the foot of Mt. Tongariro, in 1869. Mary, it is said, first made her name as a warrior at the battle of Moutoa, on an island in the Whanganui River in 1864, when the friendly Maoris defeated the Hauhaus. It was related of her that Sir George Grey, the then Governor, presented her with a sum of £30, in recognition of her services (she had shot several rebels) and after praising her prowess, told her "not to kill any more"! She frequently accompanied the Colonial forces under Colonel T. McDonnell, in the Taranaki war.

## Raiha Reretu

[*No. 70, Page 170*]

RAIHA RERETU was a woman of high rank and lived with her family near Hastings, Hawke's Bay. She was one of Lindauer's earliest subjects and was painted by him as a fine type of her race.

## The Phantom Canoe—Painting by Kennett Watkins

### A LEGEND OF LAKE TARAWERA

[*No. 71, Page 172*]

THIS dramatic picture by Mr. Kennett Watkins of Auckland, is included in the gallery because of its theme, a weird folk-faith of the Maoris in the Hot Lakes District of New Zealand.

The Maori, like the Highlander and the Irish peasant, believes in Matakité, or "second-sight," and in wraiths and visions that portend disaster or death. In the tradition of the Tuhourangi tribe, that section of the Arawa nation which owned the land around Lake Tarawera, a phantom war-canoe appeared on the waters of that romantic lake before some great tribal or national disaster. This was seen frequently in the ancient days by the Maoris. Its last reported appearance was a few days before the great volcanic eruption of June 10th, 1886, when Tarawera Mountain was rent in twain by the tremendous forces of the underworld, and Wairoa and Te Ariki and the villages of the Tuhourangi were overwhelmed by the showers of mud and ashes and stones rained from the volcano and from Lake Rotomahana; in this terrible cataclysm half the tribe perished. That phantom canoe, alleged to have been seen by Sophia the Guide and certain others possessed with the gift of Matakité, was indeed a tohu-aitua—an omen of death.

In this work Mr. Watkins makes manifest the awesomeness of the Maori story. The moon, just rising over the bold peaks of Tarawera, casts its light in a path of silver on the wind-rippled lake. In the foreground, a Maori in his little kopapa, or fishing canoe, sits with his head bowed in awe and fear, his paddle in his hands. He has just beheld the wraith of death, the Phantom Canoe—Te Waka Aitua. A ghostly craft, a long war-canoe, with high and decorated stern-piece and carved figurehead, floats mistily on the Lake. The glare of a lightning flash is cast upon her, that zigzagging flash which portends death. The war-canoe holds two rows of men. One row is standing, wrapped in long toga-like cloaks, their taiahas in their hands, their heads bowed over their breasts, their

hair plumed with feathers as if for death. The other row of men is seated; they also are bowed of head, and in their hair are feathers, arranged as feathers are placed in the hair of the dead. The canoe prow points straight for Tarawera Mountain, the ancestral burying place of the tribe. There is no splash of paddles, everything is silent and solemn. They are the company of the dead, and to see them is to look upon death. Mists enfold the sacred mountain, like the vast steam-clouds that are soon to burst forth and envelop the land; above, the round moon lights with its glory the stormy clouds. It is a bold picture, fine in composition and in treatment, fit presentment of a wild and gloomily romantic story.

The Rev. S. M. Spencer, the venerable missionary, who spent the greater part of his New Zealand lifetime among the Arawa at Lake Tarawera, was asked by the artist in 1874 whether he thought there was any truth in the legend. His answer was that there was no reason for doubting it. The Celts of Scotland were accredited with such powers, why not our Maori? Their tradition was that when the canoe of the ancestors was seen by a member of a tribe or hapu it betokened disaster to that tribe whose member had witnessed it. The apparition was always seen as crossing the Lake of Tarawera in the direction of the mountain (then an extinct volcano), the northernmost peak of which was a sacred burial place.

# Appendix

Hon. Sir Maui Pomare
(When Native Health Officer)

Hon. Sir Apirana Ngata, M.P.

Hon. Te Heuheu Tukino, M.L.C., and his wife, Te Rerehau

Mahuta Tawhiao Potatau te Wherowhero

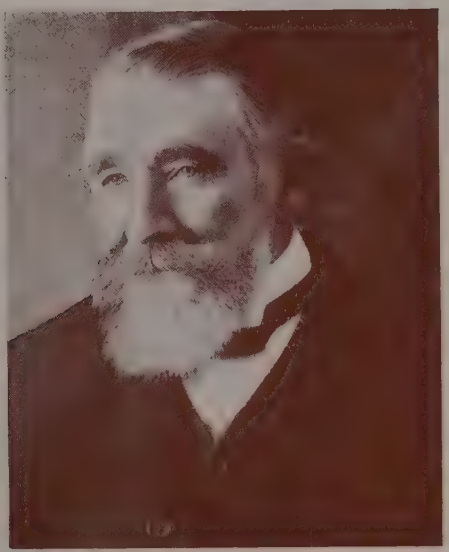
Te Marae Mahuta
(Wife of Mahuta Tawhiao Potatau te Wherowhero)

Heni te Rau-o-te-Rangi
(Mrs. James Brown)

Sir John Logan Campbell

Mr. John Webster

The Rev. William Gittos



Mr. James Mackay

# Appendix

THE following are translations of a few of the comments made in the Visitors' Book at the Lindauer Gallery by native relatives and personal friends of the subjects represented and also letters, testifying to the faithfulness of the likenesses and details of the pictures, from several men who figured prominently in the early history of New Zealand.

REVD. PERERE PENETI *(now Bishop Bennett, of Aotearoa):*

Great is our admiration for the skill and wisdom of the pakeha who painted the pictures of many of our ancestors who have already been gathered into the presence of Hine-nui-te-Po [The Goddess of Death]. It seems as though the dead have returned to life. We gaze here upon the faces of our noble ancestors of the Maori race, whose heroic deeds of the past have been related far and wide.

HON. SIR MAUI POMARE, M.P.:*

I am of the Ngati-Toa and Te Atiawa tribes. This man of 'shadow-making' stand alone in his art. He is a tohunga in his profession. May he live long and follow on in his art which gives birth to praise and to memories of the countenances of our predecessors whom we behold no more.

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The Hon. Sir Maui Pomare (who when the above appreciation was written was Chief Health Officer to the Maoris under the New Zealand Health Department and the Native Department), was born on January 15, 1876, at the native village of Onaero, Taranaki. He is of the highest rangatira rank; his tribes are Te Atiawa and Ngati-Mutanga, and he is also closely connected with Ngati-Toa, Ngati-Maru (Taranaki), Ngati-Ruanui (Whanganui), and Ngati-Maniapoto. His mother, Hau-tonga ("The South Wind") was the daughter of the warrior chief Te Matoha, he who helped to defeat the Waikato army on the battlefield of Motu-nui, near Urenui, Taranaki, in 1822, and who is credited with having slain at that desperate engagement the great chief Mama, of Waikato. Young Pomare was named after his noted tupuna Ngatata Pomare, who led the Maori expedition from Port Nicholson to the Chatham Islands in 1835. These cannibal conquistadors seized, or forcibly chartered, the trading brig *Lord Rodney*, then lying in the harbour on whose shores Wellington City now stands, and were taken down to the Chathams for the express purpose of capturing those islands (Wharekauri) from the peace ful Moriori. This they did, and literally ate the Moriori out.

Dr. Pomare was given his early education at the Boys' High School, Christchurch, and afterwards went to Te Aute Maori College. There he met other enthusiastic young Maoris of high ideals, full of plans for the regeneration of their race, and with co-operation of such earnest youths as A. T. Ngata, Mokena Kohere, Tawhai, and others, an organisation was set on foot for the uplifting of the race socially, morally, and politically. The Young Maori Party these enthusiasts were called. The Party has done a vast amount of good to the Maoris, and the fine work of Pomare and his coadjutors will never be forgotten. From Te Aute Pomare was sent abroad for training in the profession of medicine, and after some years in America and the Continent he returned to New Zealand with the degree of M.D. He took up a private practice in Auckland, but was soon engaged by the Government to attend to the health of the Maoris. In his capacity of Health Officer he travelled from end to end of New Zealand, attending to the sick, and advising the Maoris on matters sanitary. As the result of his pioneer work and counsel the whole standard of Maori life was raised during his ten years as Health Officer. The censuses show increases in the Maori population, and to Dr. Pomare's sanitary crusade a great deal of the increase could fairly be attributed. The Doctor then left the Government service in 1911 in order to enter actively into Maori politics.

In Parliament Pomare found a wider field of usefulness, great as had been his labours in his capacity of Native Health Officer. He has held his seat as M.P. for the Western Maori electorate since 1911, defeating all opponents. In the administrations of Mr. Massey and Mr. Coates he held

* See Page 199.

Ministerial rank; his chief portfolio was the administration of the Cook and other Islands, New Zealand's tropic dependencies, and he was also a member of the Executive, representing the Maori race. For a great deal of native legislation during recent years in the direction of redressing Maori wrongs, Sir Maui is entitled to credit. It was chiefly through his persistent advocacy that a Royal Commission was set up to investigate tribal grievances of the confiscation of land after the wars of the Sixties. This Commission vindicated the Maori cause in Taranaki and recommended the payment of compensation.

In the administration of the Cook Islands and Niue and other Islands, Sir Maui was conspicuously successful. He smoothed over all difficulties, acted as conciliator in rival interests, improved matters hygienic, educational and commercial. In this work, one of considerable difficulty in the beginning, he displayed true statesmanlike qualities.

During the Great War Sir Maui headed the work of recruiting Maori soldiers for the Pioneer Battalion. His knighthood (in 1922) was a recognition of his work in that direction, and his many-sided labours in the interests of the Maori-Polynesian race generally.

As a Parliamentary speaker, Sir Maui is capable of rising to heights of real eloquence, a gift rare in the Parliament of these times. He is at his best when addressing a Maori assemblage, for he possesses the talent of classic poetic speech, in which the natives of the old school so delighted. He writes as well as he speaks; he has a vast store of Maori legend and song, and withal possesses the touch of wit that gives his writings a special charm.

### Hon. Sir Apirana Ngata, M.P.:*

I am of the Ngati-Porou tribe. I have come here to lament over the great men of other days, the people brought before us coloured as if they were living. Pleasing to the eye is the shadow-carving of the European artist—it is as if they had all arisen from the dead. Thankful are we to the man who has preserved these pictures of our elders, our old chiefs, as a treasure for the years that are to come.

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The Hon. Sir Apirana Turupa Ngata, M.A., LL.B, for many years Member of Parliament for the Eastern Maori District, was early recognised as a type of the young educated Maori at his best. A scholar, an orator, and an organiser and leader of great ability, and more than the equal of the average white colonist in every way, he is at the same time a Maori of the Maoris, intensely patriotic, proud of his ancestral and tribal traditions, and well schooled in the mystic and poetic lore of his race. He is a pure-blooded Maori; his father, Paratene Ngata, was a prominent East Coast chief and was for many years an Assessor of the Native Land Court. Sir Apirana is a chief of the Ngati-Porou tribe, the celebrated warrior clan of the district about the East Cape. He is a near relative of the late Major Ropata Wahawaha, the soldier-chief of Ngati-Porou, whose headquarters were at the village of Wai-o-matatini, near Waiapu, some distance south of the East Cape. It was at the primitive Maori kainga of Kawakawa, Te Araroa, near the Cape, that Apirana Turupa Ngata was born on July 3, 1874. He entered the native village school at Wai-o-Matatini in 1881, and Te Aute College, Hawke's Bay, in 1883. Passing the matriculation examination in 1890, he entered on the books of Canterbury College in March, 1891, passed as B.A. in 1893, and was runner-up for the Senior Scholarship in Political Science the same year. He was articled to Mr. (afterwards Justice) Theo. Cooper, of the legal firm of Devore and Cooper, Auckland, in May 1894. Mr. Ngata took his M.A degree with honours in Political Science the same year at Auckland, and passed his final LL.B. in 1896, being admitted barrister and solicitor in 1897.

On the formation of the Te Aute Students' Association ("The Young Maori Party") he was appointed travelling secretary, in March 1899. This necessitated his giving up practice, and devoting his time to travelling in Maori districts, lecturing on sanitation, initiating various reforms, and undertaking communal sheep-farming on the East Coast. He was appointed organising inspector for the Maori Councils during 1902-4, but resigned that position because of the great and successful development of sheep-farming among the Maoris of the Waiapu County. He was elected to Parliament for the Eastern Maori district in December 1905, and he holds that position to-day. He acted on the Royal Commission of 1905 (under the Native Land Act of 1904) and in 1906 on the Commission to enquire into Te Aute and Wanganui Native Trusts. In 1907 he was appointed to the Native Land Commission, of which Sir Robert Stout, Chief Justice of New Zealand, was Chairman. He was Secretary to the Maori Congress held in Wellington in the winter of 1908. In January, 1909, he was appointed a Member of the Executive Council of New Zealand to represent the Native race; later on, when Mr. Massey succeeded Sir Joseph Ward as Prime Minister, Sir Maui Pomare was appointed to that position in the Cabinet. When Sir Joseph Ward re-assumed the premiership in 1929, Sir Apirana Ngata (who was the third member of the Maori race to receive a knighthood), became Native Minister, and also Minister for the Cook Islands.

### Te Heuheu Tukino, *of Taupo*:†

I belong to the Ngati-Tuwharetoa tribe. I have come here to see these great chiefs of our past generation. It is a work which brings forth love at the sight of these life-

* See Page 199.
† See Page 199.

like presentments of the chieftains of the Maori race. Towering like the kauri above the other trees, the pictures bring forth the praise and admiration of the present generation, when they gaze upon the faces of old. The heart rejoices, too, at the thoughtfulness of our friend Mr. Partridge in obtaining and possessing these pictures, to be preserved for ever onwards.

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"Ko Tongariro te Maunga; ko Taupo te Moana; ko te Heuheu te Tangata" ("Tongariro is the Mountain; Taupo is the Lake; Te Heuheu is the Man"). And again:

"Ko Rongomai te Atua; ko Te Heuheu te Tangata." ("Rongomai is the God; Te Heuheu is the Man").

These are the proverbial sayings of the Taupo tribe, the Ngati-Tuwharetoa, as applied to their hereditary high chief Te Heuheu Tukino, who comes of the highest stock in the land, the "blue blood" of the Maoris. The late Te Heuheu Tukino, M.L.C., was a chief of the greatest rank, and he was justly proud of his long ancestral line and his famous forefathers; in his prime he was a very handsome rangatira, with the noble bearing, the flashing eye and the eloquent tongue of his illustrious grandsire. No native chief in New Zealand was superior in rank to him. He could trace his family tree back generation after generation, for nearly a thousand years, away back into the misty ages when his ancestors dwelt in the palm-studded isles of Kiwa. His tribe have ever held their mana intact; secure in the central recesses of the island they lost no land by confiscation, though their warriors often fought against the soldiers of the Queen. They had a special god of their own, these Ngati-Tuwharetoa, a tribal deity known as Rongomai, Te Heuheu's family guardian, which took the form of a meteor and which was observed to shoot across the sky on the occasion of war expeditions or other events of great moment. Such was the Maori belief. This explains the proverbial expression already quoted; the other is an example of the poetic sayings of the Maori—Tongariro, the sacred snow-clad volcano, and the great sea of Taupo were the only objects sufficiently grand and imposing to compare with their god-like chieftain and high priest Te Heuheu who was killed in 1846.

Te Heuheu was the fourth Heuheu in direct descent. There were five Heuheu chiefs in all, but the third of these, in the line of succession as chief of the Ngati-Tuwharetoa, was Iwikau Te Heuheu, the grand-uncle of the late chief. Iwikau succeeded to the leadership of the clan on the tragic death of his brother in the great landslide at Te Rapa in 1846. When Iwikau died in 1863 his nephew, Te Heuheu Horonuku became the head of the tribe, and on his death in 1888 his son, Tureiti te Heuheu Tukino, "reigned in his stead."

A very King of Arikis was old Heuheu Tukino, he who perished at Te Rapa with fifty of his tribe. He was a noble-looking chieftain, of commanding presence, a giant in stature, and with a head as white as the winter snows on Tongariro. He was a chief of sacred powers, and highly revered as the spiritual as well as temporal head of his people, the dwellers by the shores of Taupo Moana. In the early part of this century he and his father, Te Heuheu the First, took part in a great many tribal wars.

An especially memorable expedition of Te Heuheu's was in the early Twenties, to the Hawke's Bay district, where the Taupo men took the strong pa of Ngati-Kahungunu at Te Roto-a-tara (Tara's Lake), near where Te Aute College now stands, killed and ate a number of the defenders, and captured the famous greenstone mere "Pahikaure," a beautiful weapon of sacred associations, which is now in the possession of Heuheu, at Waihi, near Tokaanu.

Young Te Heuheu (Tureiti as he was then called) was four years of age at the time of the Porere fight, near Tongariro, in 1869, and he was reared in all the surroundings and associations of a purely Maori district. When his father died in 1888 he became the head chief of his tribe, and for the rest of his life he took an active part in the political movements and aspirations of his people. He spent a considerable portion of his time in moving about the country, in company with Mr. Hone Heke, M.H.R., and Sir A. T. Ngata, in endeavouring to consolidate the whole of the Maori tribes in a Kotahitanga or union for political purposes, in place of the effete "kingdom" of the Waikatos. He was a man of great intelligence, and a courteous and polished Maori gentleman. Te Heuheu took a prominent part in the great Maori reception accorded to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York (the present King and Queen) at Rotorua in June, 1901, and he sent a handsome model of a carved Maori house as his present, his token of "aroha," to the Duke, on behalf of himself and his people. He was appointed to the Legislative Council, and held his seat there until his death, in Wellington, in 1921.

MAHUTA POTATAU TE WHEROWHERO (*the Waikato King*):*

I have come to this place to see the pictures of the Maori Chiefs of Aotearoa and Te Waipounamu—the North and South Islands of New Zealand. Love and grief rise from the heart at the sight of the faces of these ancestors of ours—our fathers and mothers in the days when they were alive. Oh friends, salutations to you all! Remain there in your last resting place. This ends my lament of love and sorrow. Greetings to the artist who made these pictures, the owner of them and the person who has them in charge. May God protect you all!

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The late Mahuta Tawhiao Potatau Te Wherowhero, son of King Tawhiao, was regarded by

* See Page 200.

many Maori tribes as King, carrying on the mana of his father. He lived for many years at Waahi, on the west side of the Waikato River, near Huntly. For some years he occupied a seat in the Legislative Council of the Dominion.

HENI TE RAU-O-TE-RANGI *(Mrs. Jane Brown)*:*

H. E. Partridge, Esq.,
Auckland.

Dear Sir,—Having visited your splendid picture gallery I cannot allow my visit to pass without expressing my amazement to see facing me as in life the pictures of many old friends, and among them are relations of my own, so true to life, the expressions, the features and attitudes all appeared to me as in life. I have seen many Maori pictures by many artists, but nothing to be compared with your collection; the work of colouring, the expressions, features, all so true and lifelike. They appealed to me as when I knew them in life. Allow me to congratulate you for the splendid collection of these oldtime Maori rangatiras, the true types of the Maori race, who have passed away.

Your Friend,
HENI TE RAU-O-TE-RANGI.

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Mrs. Jane Brown, or Heni te Rau-o-te-Rangi, as she was known amongst the Maoris, died at the end of 1929, at the age of ninety-four years. She was a native lady of remarkable ability and force of character. She was personally acquainted with many of the notable Maori chiefs of more than half-a-century ago, and also with the Governors and other high officials who had much to do with the native people in the early days. The famous Rauparaha and Rangihaeata, the great warriors who conquered the shores of Cook Strait over a century ago, she knew in her childhood, and such men as Sir George Grey, and Sir Donald Maclean were friends of her family more than fifty years ago. Heni te Rau came of a race of distinguished toa or warriors on her mother's side (she was half-white), and in her work in the Native Land Courts conducting cases on behalf of her tribespeople, she exhibited an energy and fire that mark her as a daughter of the old fighting stock.

Heni te Rau was born on Kapiti Island in the year 1835. The place of her birth was the celebrated pakeha-Maori whaling station Waiorua, at the north end of the Island. Her mother was Te Rau-o-te-Rangi, a chieftainess of the Ngati-Awa and Ngati-Toa tribes, but chiefly belonging to Ngati-Awa. Te Rau-o-te-Rangi was born at Kawhia Harbour, in the early years of the nineteenth century, and came down the coast with her father Te Matoha and the conquering army of Te Rauparaha and his allies in the early Twenties of last century. Te Matoha was of much influence in Taranaki in the Ngati-Awa and other tribes of that province, and particularly in the Ngati-Mutunga division of the people, whose headquarters were in the great pa at Okoki, above the Urenui River, a stronghold of immense size and great strength. There Rauparaha and Rangihaeata and their fellow-migrants from Kawhia dwelt for some months on their great southward heke, which could not have been accomplished but for the friendship and practical assistance of the Ngati-Awa, through whose territory they had to pass. Te Matoha was one of the leading heroes in the great battle of Motunui, which took place near Urenui in the year 1822, and in which Ngati-Awa and Ngati-Toa defeated the pursuing army of Waikato and Ngati-Maniapoto and slew, amongst many others, the high chiefs Mama and Te Hiakai. Te Matoha particularly distinguished himself in this battle. He was a very fine and powerful man, and his daughter Te Rau-o-te-Rangi was a magnificent specimen of Maori womanhood. Her daughter Heni describes her as a tall, strong, beautifully proportioned woman, of great muscular strength and endurance, as was proved many a time. She was prolific, too, to a degree that is very seldom seen in these degenerate days. She had twenty or twenty-one children in all (Heni was not quite sure of the exact number); three or four of these were to her first husband, a Maori, and the rest to her white husband, John Nicoll, sailor, whaler, and trader with the Maoris. Heni te Rau was the last surviving child of all this family. One of her sisters, Mere Neera Pomare, was the mother of the Hon. Sir Maui Pomare; she died at the Chatham Islands in 1889.

A remarkable incident of Te Rau-o-te-Rangi's life, illustrating the wonderful qualities of strength and endurance of which her daughter used to tell, was her great swim by night from Waiorua, Kapiti Island, to the mainland, with one of her children on her back. The coast-dwelling Maoris were often great swimmers, and this exploit of Te Rau's far outdid Hinemoa's much-sung swim across Lake Rotorua to Mokoia Island. The feat was performed in the year 1826, as nearly as can be ascertained, about the time that Rauparaha's foes, to the number of several thousands, attacked him at Waiorua, on Kapiti Island. Te Rau, whose father Te Matoha was a particular ito or enemy of the Northern assailants, was warned by her slave—a Ngati-Kuia man—of the approach of the enemy; in the moonlight the great flotilla of canoes was seen afar off approaching the Island from the direction of Otaki. It was decided that Te Rau should swim to the mainland (a canoe would have been seen by the enemy) to call reinforcements to the Island. She took with her her little child, a girl, afterwards baptised as Ripeka (Rebecca) when the missionaries came to Kapiti. Fortified by the prayers of the tribal priest, she struck out for the distant shores of Waikanae. The child was fastened

* See Page 200.

securely on her shoulders, supported by a pad or mat of raupo, the light and buoyant dried bulrush, so that she might be kept high and safe. It was a great swim. The current took Te Rau some distance south of the mouth of the Waikanae River; the place where she landed was about seven miles in a straight line from Waiorua. She crossed the channel safely in the perilous night, and her little daughter lived to tell the tale of her mother's heroism to her own children many a year afterwards.

Te Rau-o-te-Rangi and Topeora were, it is stated, the only two women whose signatures were affixed to the Treaty of Waitangi. They signed the Treaty in 1840, probably at Kapiti. Te Rau's name was then Kahe.

Te Rau-o-te-Rangi's white husband, John Nicoll, first landed on the shores of New Zealand in the year 1825. He lived with the Ngati-Toa and Ngati-Awa Maoris at Kapiti and Porirua and Paekakariki, trading with them for a quarter of a century. For some time he and the late "Barney" Rhodes were partners in the trading business and furnished cargoes of New Zealand produce for vessels trading to Sydney. About the year 1830 he was given Te Rau-o-te-Rangi in marriage (her Maori husband having died), and with her he lived at Kapiti and later at Paekakariki. He was a particular friend of Te Rangihaeata, the great fighting chief, and when Rangi was pursued by the British troops in the war of 1846-47 in the Porirua district, Nicoll assisted him by supplying him with food and helped him to elude his enemies and retreat by the Horokiwi forest track to Waikanae and the Horowhenua country.

Heni te Rau's childhood was spent chiefly at Waiorua and at Paekakariki. Those were the wild old Maori days of primitive living and frequent hard fighting. She well remembered seeing, at Taupo Pa (now Plimmerton, at the entrance to Porirua Harbour) a combat on the beach between Rauparaha and Rangihaeata. These two chiefs, though old comrades, quarrelled over the proceeds of the sale of some land to the Europeans; Rauparaha had kept more than his fair share of the utu. Rangi furiously attacked him, and the two old warriors had an exciting duel with native weapons on the sands, in front of the assembled people. However, they did not do each other any great damage. Rauparaha she remembered as a small active man with a strong hooked nose; Rangihaeata was a tall, fine man, over six feet, very straight and well-made and powerful.

In 1857 Te Rau was married at Wellington to Mr. Henry Brown, and with him she went to Australia in 1862, and remained there, chiefly in Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide, until 1875, when she returned to New Zealand with her husband. It was soon after this that she entered upon Native Land Court work, in active championship of the rights of her tribe and family connections. First of all she had a family claim to press. Sir George Grey had asked the British Government to make a special grant of land to her mother Te Rau-o-te-Rangi in recognition of her services to the Government during the troublous times in the Wellington district in the late forties, just after Rangihaeata's war. Her father and mother both being dead, Heni saw Sir George Grey and he, though not then Governor, helped her to obtain her land. She did not obtain it without much difficulty, for the Government, she said, would probably have repudiated the arrangement had she not stoutheartedly kept her crusade going; at last she obtained the grant, some one hundred and fifty acres in the Patea district. Then she set to work to carry her peoples' cases through the Land Court, and as an advocate and agent (kai-whakahaere) she displayed remarkable ability and eloquence. The most notable case she fought through the Court was that of the valuable Ngarara block, a tract of land of twenty-five to twenty-six thousand acres, in the neighbourhood of Waikanae. Mrs. Brown conducted the case for her tribe, Ngati-Awa; her opponents, chiefly Ngati-Toa, were represented by the late Wi Parata, of Waikanae. It was a wonderful fight, a battle of wits and a battle of tribal war-history, going back to the days of the great heke more than half-a-century before. The contest lasted for six years, off and on; and Mrs. Brown and her people won it in the end and got the land. The case began in 1886, and was not finally settled until after 1890. Some remarkable scenes were witnessed in the Court, during the hearing of the case, particularly when the famous chieftainess Topeora chanted her great song of rejoicing over the brave deeds of Ngati-Awa in the battle of Waiorua in 1826, and when the late Major Kemp (Kepa te Rangihiwinui) gave the evidence in favour of Ngati-Awa and their mana that finally decided the Court's judgment.

After that time Mrs. Brown devoted herself chiefly to her tribal interests in Taranaki and for years battled with Parliament and officials in the direction of obtaining for the Ngati-Awa Maoris the right to deal with their own lands. The West Coast native reserves were administered by the Public Trustee, and there were various restrictions imposed upon the Maoris in respect of these lands, which they owned but were not permitted to handle except under conditions which they considered harrassing and tyrannical. The law in regard to these Taranaki lands was regarded as an enormous injustice by the Maoris who lived around the foot of Egmont and northward to the Urenui; and certainly it was ridiculous that a woman like Heni Brown could not deal with her own family lands except through the agency of a Government Department. But she made her influence felt in the ranks of Native Land Court and other officials and in Parliament, and her native shrewdness, her gift of public speaking, and her patriotic love of Taranaki went a long way to gain recognition of the rights of Ngati-Awa and Ngati-Mutunga. At the age of seventy-six she actively engaged in another crusade, canvassing the West Coast people in support of the first candidature of her nephew, Dr. (now Sir) Maui Pomare, for the Western Maori seat in Parliament, in opposition to the sitting member, Mr. Henare Kaihau. She looked to her gifted nephew to carry on her task of fighting for justice for her Taranaki people in

respect of their lands, the remedying of the grievances which for the last thirty years or more embittered their minds against the whites and all their ways. Sir Maui succeeded after long battling in carrying through many reforms for the betterment of the Maori, and his crowning achievement was the work in connection with the setting up of the Royal Commission to investigate the confiscation of native lands and the question of redress. The outcome in Taranaki was the complete vindication of the Maori cause and a recommendation that £5000 a year be paid by the Government in compensation.

HEREWINI TE WHEORO RANGARIRI:

This day I have seen the faces of the old chiefs of the North and South Islands. Great are my love and grief at the sight of their faces, the likenesses of the ancestors, fathers and mothers, who have passed away from this world. Oh friends, greetings, remain you there in your place! This ends my lament to you. Oh friend, the Pakeha who carried out this thought, salutations to your children and your wife. May God protect you. Long may you live!

HEMANA POKIHA, *Maketu*:

I belong to the Arawa tribe. I greatly wondered and felt delight on seeing the faces of the Fathers and Chiefs of the Maori people, who have passed away to the night. This is why I am thankful to the man who made these beautiful pictures. The faces of this company of the dead are as if they were living now. [Speaking to the pictures he says] O friends, I salute you. Major Ropata and Major Kemp, I greet you, the fellow majors of my grandfather Major Pokiha.

HONI TUHATA, *Taranaki*:

I belong to Te-Atiawa and Ngati-Toa tribes. Certain of these old chiefs I have seen face to face. Their names and their greatness were famous. Great of hand and great of thought is our European friend who has seen and brought to life these spirit faces. Some of these were the great totara trees of Aotearoa in their days, even up to the present time. Great is my praise for these pictures and also for the work of our European friend. O friend, may you continue to live and prosper.

SIR JOHN LOGAN CAMPBELL:*

Auckland,
October 8th, 1896.

Dear Sir,

Allow me to express the pleasure it gave me to inspect your valuable collection of paintings, representing so many Maori Chiefs. I can testify to the faithfulness of the likenesses of those I knew in days gone by. It was my fortune to know Tamati Waka Nene so long ago as 1845, at Hokianga, when he made war against Heke before we had any troops in the field. It may interest you to know that Waka Nene was the recipient of a valuable silver presentation from the Queen, in recognition of his faithful services; it is thus inscribed:

"The Queen of England
To Her Loyal Subject and Friend
Na Tamati Waka Nene
June, 1861."

as you will see by the enclosed photograph of the presentation, which pray accept from me.

Yours faithfully,
J. LOGAN CAMPBELL.

Mr. H. E. Partridge,
Auckland.

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Sir John Logan Campbell, who was Mayor of Auckland in 1901 when the present King and Queen visited New Zealand, was affectionately and reverently known as "The Father of Auckland," for he was the earliest permanent white settler on the shore of the Waitemata. Some episodes in his early life in these parts are related in the biographical notes dealing with Taraia and Te Hira te Kawau. He arrived in New Zealand as a young doctor in 1840, and he was closely identified with the rise and progress of Auckland from that date until his death in 1912 at the age of ninety-five years. He bought Motu-Korea, now known as Brown's Island, and land in Auckland town in 1840, and he became a wealthy merchant and a shareholder in many prosperous companies. He served in Parliament in the old Provincial days, and he was practically the founder of the volunteer rifles movement in Auckland; he encouraged art and all movements for the public betterment and culture. In order to mark the Royal visit to Auckland in 1901, he presented to the citizens his beautiful estate of Maungakiekie, known generally as One Tree Hill, which forms a very beautiful public park to-day. There on the summit of lovely Maungakiekie the "Father of Auckland" was buried.

* See Page 200.

Mr. John Webster:*

Mr. Partridge,
Grafton Road.

Dear Sir,—I regret to notice in the papers the destruction by fire of Nathan's block in Queen Street, and which includes your business premises. I hope you are fully covered by insurance. Had it been your private residence, and your valuable pictures destroyed, it would have been a public calamity. I have seen nowhere such a collection which includes the portraits of many noted chiefs and warriors now gone to their happy hunting grounds. The painter is a true artist and had his heart in his work, and painted Maori character to the life.

Yours very truly,
JOHN WEBSTER.

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Mr. John Webster of Opononi, Hokianga, who died not long before his old friend Sir John Logan Campbell, was a pioneer who had lived a very adventurous life, and a man of great personal charm. He was born at Montrose, Scotland, in 1818, and arrived in North New Zealand in 1841, after a series of adventures cattle-droving overland in Australia. He settled at Hokianga and entered into the kauri timber trade. In Hone Heke's war in the north in 1845 he and his friend F. E. Maning (afterwards the famous Judge and author of *Old New Zealand*) served as free-lances with Tamati Waka Nene's forces on the British side. In 1849 he went to San Francisco with other New Zealanders, attracted by the great Californian gold rush. He joined the celebrated Ben Boyd for a South Sea cruise in the schooner yacht *Wanderer*, and was in the Solomon Islands when Boyd was killed there. Later he returned to New Zealand and resumed his timber business at Hokianga. In his beautiful home at Opononi he entertained many distinguished travellers.

Mr. C. E. Nelson:

Whakarewarewa, Rotorua,
February 2nd, 1898.

H. E. Partridge, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—A great deal of pleasure was afforded me by seeing your interesting collection of Maori portraits, especially as I instantly recognised some of my old friends, long since dead.

Your collection is unique, being the only one of its kind in the colony, and may be looked upon as an additional chapter to our present record of the Maori "as he was." I will also mention that the artist has displayed very great skill in depicting the peculiar but indescribable mien of semi-sadness so typical of the Maori Race.

I remain,

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES E. NELSON.

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The late Mr. Charles Edwin Nelson (originally Nilson) was born in 1829 in Stockholm, Sweden, and was the son of the well-known Swedish naturalist and anthropologist, Mr. Sven Nilson, who was a professor at Lund University from 1831 to 1856, and wrote, among other works, *The Origin of the Inhabitants of Scandinavia* and *The Fauna of Scandinavia*. Professor Nilson was born in 1807 and died in the year 1883. Mr. C. E. Nelson went to sea in 1844, and during his twenty-one years' experience sailed under the flags of fifteen countries, viz.: Sweden, Denmark, German Confederation, Hamburg, Bremen, England, France, Portugal, Austria, Turkey, Russia, Greece, his mother's native country, Arabia, U.S. of America, and Brazil. At the age of nineteen Mr. Nelson qualified as mate of a ship, and in the same year passed as master in the extra first class at Malmol, Sweden. He first touched New Zealand in a whaler in 1852, and remained a few months in Auckland. After cruising about the Pacific he again visited Auckland in 1857, and was afterwards on the coast for about three years. Upon settling in Auckland Mr. Nelson worked as a surveyor under the Government. He afterwards entered the Native Land Purchase Department, and held the position of Native Land Purchase Officer in the North of Auckland for about thirteen years.

Mr. Nelson settled in Rotorua in 1891 to complete researches into ancient Maori history. He was keenly interested in the traditions of the native race, and was a great student of all matters that tend to show its origin. He was an exceptionally clever linguist, being a master of twelve languages. He claimed to have at least three thousand Maori words which do not appear in any extant Maori dictionary. His name was prominently associated with a very fine Maori house, which he had erected at Whakarewarewa, and is said to be the only complete Maori house in existence. Some of the leading pieces date back a long period, to the time when Maori artificers were at their best. It was completed under his supervision. It was afterwards bought for the Ethnological Museum in Berlin.

*Letter from the late* Rev. William Gittos *Wesleyan Maori Missionary for over forty years:*†

* See Page 201.
† See Page 201.

Auckland,
13th October, 1911.

H. E. Partridge, Esq.,
Auckland.

Dear Sir,—I have on various occasions had the pleasure of visiting your picture gallery and I consider the collection of Mr. Lindauer's old paintings of a number of the prominent and influential old warrior chiefs of the past, a work worthy of special recognition it being I believe one of the best collections of this nature in the Dominion. The portraits of the old and fully tattooed chiefs are lifelike and perfect, and to us who knew the old men personally, the likenesses are strikingly real, and if preserved will help to keep in memory such men as Tamati Waka Nene, his brother Patuone, Major Ropata, Wahanui and many others. In my opinion this valuable collection is worthy of a place in any Art Gallery. The paintings give a correct idea of the special features of tattooed Maori faces, heads indicating strong mental force and splendid physique generally. You are, I think, to be highly congratulated on being possessed of the collection.

Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM GITTOS.

MR. JAMES MACKAY:*

No more valuable testimony to the accuracy and ethnological value of these portraits and pictures of native life can be quoted than that of the late Mr. James Mackay, who was in the foremost rank of Maori scholars and authorities. For nearly half a century he served the Government in various important official positions in connection with Native Affairs. The following is a copy of his letter to Mr. Partridge.

Auckland,
25th November, 1901.

H. E. Partridge, Esqre.
Auckland.

Dear Sir,—After a very careful inspection of your Gallery of Maori Portraits, I am of opinion, that it would be impossible to have more correct or life-likeness of the persons represented in those pictures. I was (or am, in the case of those now living) personally acquainted with thirty-four notable individuals shown in your collection; and a glance at each sufficed for immediate recognition of their well-known features; and they were as if they stood in the flesh before me. The clothing, ornaments, weapons, and pose of the figures, as delineated, is truly and thoroughly Maori; and the manner in which the tattooing (moko) of the faces has been reproduced on the canvas, is marvellously correct, even to the most minute details. Had Mr. Lindauer lived in the old Maori days, and have exercised himself as skilfully in the art of tattooing faces as he has done with his brush, he would have been a tohunga-ta-Moko (artist in tattooing) of great renown and become a rich man from the number of valuable presents he would have received for his services. In the olden times the tohunga-ta-moko was a man of importance, and one who had to be propitiated in various ways. In performing his duties he duly considered the rank of his subject, and calculated whether the gratuity for his services would be large, or small, according to his previous knowledge of the stinginess or liberality of the person operated on. In the one case the work would be slowly and carefully performed, and the lines finely cut; in the other it would be coarser and the best (ngarahu) pigment might not be used. An old professional informed me that he had operated on a man against whom he had a grudge, and he purposely made mistakes in the position of two of the lines; thus as from a Maori point of view, disfiguring the man for life, and causing him to be the laughing stock of the people. He, however, added rather sorrowfully, that he overlooked the fact that he would lose his reputation as tohunga, which he consequently did, and was dubbed "crooked eye and clumsy hand" and lost both caste and business. There is an erroneous impression common among Europeans that tattooing was a mark of rank among the Maoris; such, however, was not the case. A slave could be as elaborately tattooed as his master, and in precisely the same pattern; it all depended upon the remuneration he was able to give to the operator for his work.

The picture of the "Tohunga Under Tapu" is an admirable artistic production. It

* See Page 201.

is true to life and history. In my youth I frequently witnessed the administration of food and drink to tapu'd persons. The last occasion on which I saw it performed was in 1866 at Ohinemuri, when Taraia Ngakuti Te Tumuhiua (the subject of one of your portraits) received a drink of water from a slave. Taraia placed his two hands close together with the thumbs outwards, and palms upwards; he then put the wrists under his chin, and elevated the fingers, and the water was poured from a gourd, or calabash, into his mouth. In removing the vessel the attendant happened to touch the chief's extended fingers with it. Taraia cursed the man, seized the calabash, and broke it into fragments, collected the pieces, and burnt them on a wahitapu (a sacred place). The elaborate description of tapu given by the compiler of your sketches is both correct and amusing, and reminds me of many troublesome, ridiculous, and sometimes risky episodes, connected with various phases of the tapu question, and in which I have either been the offender personally, or have had to relieve or release some other culprit.

You will, I hope, excuse me for suggesting that your unique and highly valuable collection should not be exposed to the risk of destruction by fire, but should if possible be placed in a fire-proof room. If damaged or destroyed, it would be an irreparable public calamity and loss to science and history, irrespective of the time, trouble and expense incurred by you personally in making such a valuable permanent record of the past.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

JAMES MACKAY.

# Appreciations from the Visitors' Book

## Lindauer Art Gallery, 1902.

HON. SIR J. CARROLL, Native Minister and Commissioner of Stamp Duties, Wellington, N.Z.

*Charming group of pictures representing our most celebrated Maori Chiefs who figured prominently in the history of the Colony.*

W. J. BUTLER, Judge, Native Lands Court, Wellington, N.Z.

D. SCANNELL, Judge, Native Lands Court, Auckland.

*A magnificent collection of most interesting portraits, those known to us personally most true to life.*

MAJOR D. SCANNELL, Judge, Native Lands Court, Auckland, N.Z.

*The more I see of this collection the more impressed I am with the value of the portraits and the public spirit of the owner in placing it at the convenience of visitors as he has done. The portraits are perfect likenesses of those they represent, so far as I have known them, and I was personally acquainted with the majority of the individuals represented here.*

C. N. BAEYERTZ, Editor and Proprietor *Triad.*

*An absorbingly interesting collection to me. The artist has caught the air of distinction of the Maori rangatira.*

W. H. FIELD, M.H.R., Wellington, N.Z.

*I am delighted with this exhibition of pictures. Having personal acquaintance with Renata Kawepo, Wi Tako Ngatata, Wahanui, Tawhiao, Wi Parata, Taiaroa, Major Ropata and others. I can say that these portraits are excellent and speaking likenesses of these chiefs.*

W. J. BECK, New York, U.S.A.

*Admiration too great to express in words.*

CHARLES E. NELSON, Rotorua, N.Z.

*Yes, "The Tohunga" fifty years hence will be priceless, it is the* non pareille *of Maori priestly* tapu *depicted in oil. The whole collection is unique and could only have been acquired by an enthusiast of means and patience. Many of the natives represented were personal acquaintances of mine, and I can only add that their likenesses are wonderfully correct.*

REV. A. G. PURCHAS, M.R.C.S.E., Epsom, Auckland.

*I am very much pleased with the portraits of many of my old friends.*

GENERAL SIR HECTOR A. MACDONALD.

*Very interesting and highly valuable collection.*

S. PERCY SMITH, Secretary for Crown Lands, and Surveyor General, N.Z.

*I am very pleased indeed to have had the opportunity of seeing such an excellent collection of pictures. Many of them were old personal friends of myself, which renders the sight of their faces all the more pleasant. It is by far the best collection of Maori portraits I have ever seen.*

T. E. DONNE, General Manager, Govt. Tourist Department, Wellington.

*I break the Tenth Commandment each visit to this charming gallery.*

H. M. STOWELL, (Hare Hongi) Native Interpreter, Wellington.

*Likenesses to original in known instances remarkably good. I experienced a real treat in scanning the visages of those grand and dignified chiefs of the former generation.*

JAMES MACKY, Late Civil Commissioner for New Zealand, Paeroa.

*This space is too small to contain my opinion of this admirable, interesting and highly valuable collection of historical portraits, and I have considered it to be my very pleasant duty to write Mr. Partridge a letter conveying my opinion of this exhibition of celebrities, which I now hand to him.*

*—J.M.*, 25/11/01.

M. J. GANNON, Auckland.

*Many of the chiefs whose portraits are in this gallery were known to me over thirty years ago. The unrivalled genius of the talented artist depicts them to the life. Apart from its artistic merit the collection of Maori portraits has a great historical value. The collection for that reason if for no other should be made the property of the Colony.*

LIEUT. COL. E. GORTON, Rangitikei, N.Z.

*A most excellent collection admirably painted.*

ALLEN HUTCHINSON, Sculptor, St. Louis, U.S.A.

*The value of Mr. Lindauer's work can hardly be estimated by this generation. The time when such types can be procured is rapidly passing. It will be the generations to come who will understand the full value of such a collection.*

J. A. BAKER, London. (Special artist and correspondent accompanying the Duke of Cornwall and party.)

*Fine examples of disinterested work in interests of education, than which no subject is more important,* Kia-Ora, *Mr. Partridge! When New Zealand wakes to a proper interest in its traditions it will owe you much.*

E. M. GRAHAM, Auckland.

*Realistic. True conception of Maori life.*

J. S. HOOPER, Surgeon, Auckland.

*A really excellent interpretation of the Maori, so lifelike.*

HENRY BREWER (and party), Registrar, Supreme Court, Auckland.

*All pleased and delighted with the collection. To fully appreciate the pictures we must come again.*

MALCOLMSON BOULT, New Plymouth, N.Z.

*Highly delighted with the artist's skill and deeply impressed with the historical value of the collection.*

KENNETH WATKINS, Artist, Auckland, N.Z.

*A noble record of the Maori race.*

CAPT. MEIKLEHAM, The Christchurch Press Co., Christchurch, N.Z.

*A splendid collection and one which in years to come will be of immense value as a memento of old New Zealand.*

HON. J. A. TOLE, Auckland, N.Z.

*A most interesting and valuable collection of very faithful portraits.*

J. M. BEAMISH, Colonel R.A.M.C., Allahabad, India.

*Much pleased with this most interesting and historic collection.*

C. H. GILMER, Wellington.

*A lasting monument of New Zealand's romantic history.*

N. REID, Wellington.

*Very interesting to old colonists and instructive to the rising generation.*

W. H. SKINNER, New Plymouth.

*Have had personal acquaintances with many of these men, the pictures are in my opinion perfect in every detail.*

J. J. HOLMES, M.L.A., Fremantle, W. Australia.

*Excellent collection, one of the most interesting sights of Auckland.*

WALTER BURKE, F.R.G.S., Christchurch.

*Of historical interest; the fact of the existence of such a collection should be made better known. Well worthy of minute inspection.*

SAMUEL VAILE, Auckland.

*Very good and true portraits of those I knew.*

CHAS. A. TISDALL, Auckland, N.Z.

*Knew Tawhiao, Wahanui, Rewi and others and can testify to the excellence of portraits.*

LOCKIE GANNON, Auckland.

*Truly realistic paintings of historic value: the originals only require to be known and then the paintings would be doubly appreciated.*

FRANK J. TEAT, Gisborne, N.Z.

*As one who knows the Gisborne natives personally, only real life itself could surpass them.*

RICHARD WORTHINGTON, Pukekohe, Auckland.

*This collection of valuable paintings calls back pleasant recollections of the past.*

H. N. WARNER, Grahame Street, Auckland.

*Many of these men are old acquaintances of mine; they are life likenesses.*

ARTHUR J. HEWSON, Walsall, England.

*Remarkable collection of interesting pictures. The picture of* tapu *much interests me, as it was the first time I have ever heard the meaning of the word* tapu, *so commonly used in the New Zealand language.*

PHILIP WALSH, Archdeacon, Waimate North, N.Z.

*A valuable historical record artistically treated—a collection unique of its kind—worthy of a place in any gallery in the world.*

R. W. ROCHE, Mt. Roskill, Auckland.

*I was intimately acquainted with some of the natives and can vouch for the faithfulness of their portraits.*

DANIEL MAHONEY, Thames, N.Z.

*As a New Zealander enjoyed seeing old familiar faces.*

F. W. HOWARD, Settler 1840, Auckland.

*Splendid collection, good likenesses of all old chiefs, most of whom I know.*

W. P. SEON, Hokianga.

*A speaking likeness of those whom I know.*

F. STANDISH, Ashburton, N.Z.

*A priceless memento of a bygone time and a noble race.*

J. WEBSTER, Hokianga.

*The collection of Maori pictures—splendid—* pai rawa (*magnificent*).

J. M. SHERA, Auckland.

*I have known several of these chiefs and I consider their likenesses excellent.*

D. B. McDONALD, Auckland.

*Having been a resident of New Zealand for over forty years and knowing many of the originals I consider the pictures speaking likenesses.*

MR. AND MRS. V. H. L. WOOD, San Francisco.

*Extremely excellent, has given us much to talk of in our far-away home.*

MAJOR MORROW, "Simla," Mt. Eden, N.Z.

*A collection of sure value and excellence.*

DON ROBERTO JUAN BREIZMANN, JUNR., San Francisco.

*Beyond my expectations. Very fine collection.*

G. B. HULL, Wellington.

*Most interesting pictures it has been my lot to see.*

D. A. GILRUTH, Wellington.

*Extremely interesting; paintings admirably executed.*

VEN. ARCHDEACON WILLIAM N. DE L. WILLIS, Cambridge, Waikato.

*A great admirer of Lindauer's work.*

C. W. McMURRAN, New York City, U.S.A.

*Unique and exact.*

L. KINGI (Captain of the *Ngapuhi Sisters*) Whangarei.

*I know twenty of the natives whose pictures are painted and I consider them most lifelike —and true representations of them. The individual expression of each native is there.*

DANIEL FALLON, Auckland.

*Having been thirty-nine years in the colony, and seen the natives in the various parts. This collection is a real-life exhibition, and it is to be hoped it will be kept in this city for future generations to see.*

GEO. K. BRUCE, Turakina, Wanganui.

*A grand and striking collection of Maori portraits, most true and faithful to type.*

R. W. FAIRCLOUGH, Dunedin.

*A collection of great historical and ethnic value.*

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